Edward E. Hale

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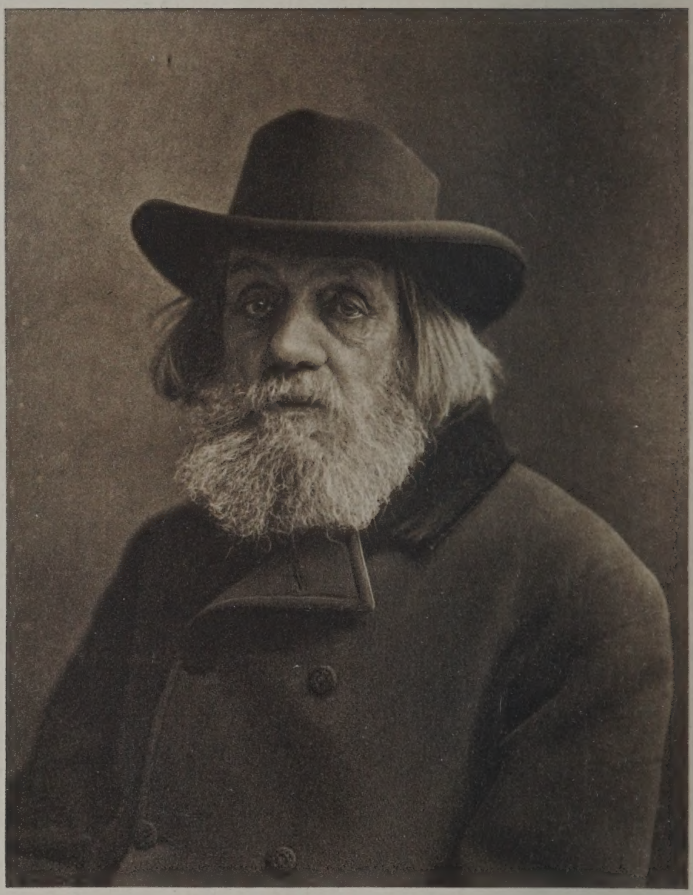
THE
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
EDWARD EVERETT HALE

VOLUME ONE



Edward Everett Hale in Later Years

THE
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
EDWARD EVERETT HALE

BY
EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

VOLUME ONE

With Illustrations

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PREFACE

MY father had in mind during his later years some publication of his letters, and desired that they should be edited by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, an old friend with whom he had been closely associated in their work for a Permanent High Tribunal. Mr. Mead, therefore, undertook the task with the help of several of my father's friends. Unfortunately, however, after some years he found himself unable to continue his work, and it was thought best that it should be finished by me. It turned out that I was not able to use the studies of Mr. Mead and his fellow-workers, with one or two exceptions, and I therefore found it necessary to plan the book anew and carry it out myself.

The amount of material placed in my hands was very great. There were thousands of letters, many diaries and day-books covering almost the whole of my father's life, a great number of sermons as well as lectures and addresses, beside note-books, scrap-books, common-place books, sketch-books, and other such material. His printed writings, also, were voluminous and had never been entirely collected, nor even completely catalogued. It was not possible for me to examine and digest all this material in the way I should have liked, nor could I, even, select all that I could have wished. I have tried,

however, to bring out the personal character of the man as it stood in my mind. To try to criticize or estimate seemed no proper part of my work.

I could never have finished the undertaking without the help of many of my father's friends. I must mention particularly my dear sister, who was always very near my father, but especially in his last years. She has given me invaluable help throughout, and has written the chapters describing my father's trips to Texas and California. I am also particularly in the debt of Miss Abby W. Clark, who has herself written so well of my father's earlier days, for her work in arranging the materials before they were given to me. Besides these, I should give particular thanks to Rev. Christopher R. Eliot, who wrote the chapter on Ten Times One, to Miss Harriet E. Freeman, who placed at my disposal a number of books of reminiscence and remark taken down by her from my father in his later years, to Mrs. William B. Weeden, who gave me many letters written to her husband, one of my father's most intimate friends, and to William H. McElroy, also one of my father's intimates, who gave me a considerable collection of material which he had got together.

Edward E. Hale

Union College

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Volume One

* * *

CHAPTER ONE

FAMILY LIFE

1822–1835

ONE of the earliest allusions to Edward Everett Hale is to be found in a letter from his grandfather. On May 14, 1822, the Rev. Enoch Hale of Westhampton, Massachusetts, wrote to his son Nathan in Boston:

"I rejoice with you, my dear son, in the increase of your family. Every child added to your household increases care, responsibility, and obligation to consider whose all things are. I have reason gratefully to notice God's Providence, that all my children, as far as I know, are continued, and all favored with comfortable circumstances. Of their children a larger proportion than is common are alive."

The Nathan Hale to whom this letter was addressed, the son of the Westhampton minister, had been educated at Williams College, and had established himself in Boston, where at this time he lived on Tremont Street in a house which later made way for the present Parker House. He had

come to Boston with a view to studying and practicing law, but although admitted to the bar, in 1811, he became more attracted by journalism, and was now owner and editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*. He had also become interested in engineering, and somewhat after this time became President of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and also Chairman of the first Board of Commissioners for Internal Improvement in the State of Massachusetts. He was a man of consideration in the city, and was often called to public service, either in legislature, convention, or public commission.

When Nathan Hale came to Boston from Exeter, where he had been teaching mathematics in Exeter Academy, he was returning to that part of New England from which the family had originally migrated. The first of the family to come to New England was Robert Hale. He settled in Charlestown in 1636 and lived there till his death. He was a good representative New Englander, of some position in Church and State, — he is called in the records either Deacon or Ensign, — and apparently of moderately comfortable circumstances throughout his life. His son, John Hale, was educated for the ministry, and was called to the church of Beverly, which he served till his death.

He was succeeded in the old house at Beverly by his eldest son, Robert, who became a man of importance in the town. His fourth son, Samuel, moved from Beverly farther along the coast to Newbury, where he settled and lived. Richard,

the son of Samuel, moved to Connecticut and settled at Coventry, where the house in which he lived may still be seen. Deacon Richard Hale of Coventry had several children, of whom Nathan Hale, captain in the Revolutionary Army, is the best known. Enoch was the brother next older than Nathan; the two boys had gone to Yale College together, but after being graduated, Nathan began to teach, while Enoch studied for the ministry and shortly settled in Westhampton.

His son Nathan, already mentioned, having gone to Boston, had married Sarah Preston Everett. The Everetts, like the Hales, were representative New Englanders. Richard Everett, the first in the country, had been one of the original settlers of Dedham; John Everett, also of Dedham, had been father of another John, and he the father of Ebenezer. Ebenezer Everett had been the father of Oliver Everett, of Dorchester, and he the father of Sarah Preston Everett, my father's mother, to whom were written many of the letters in the following pages. The Everetts had not wandered as had the Hales; they all had lived at Dedham or one of the other towns near Boston. Of the sons of Oliver Everett were Alexander Hill Everett and Edward Everett, both men of distinction.

Besides such ancestors as those mentioned, Edward Everett Hale could have counted many others who came between the first generation of New Englanders and himself, all of much the same kind, men and women of good local repute and character, if rarely of great distinction, and with

few exceptions all of one or another town in eastern Massachusetts. His grandfather on the Everett side, Alexander Hill, had married Mary Richey, a lady of Scotch family; but otherwise all known names in the genealogical table are of New Englanders.

My father, in the fine old New England fashion, was always deeply interested in these matters of genealogy and descent. It used to be a family custom, on Thanksgiving Day at dinner, to examine the children in the subject. The first questions were easy: "Ellen, what was your father's name; Arthur, what was your mother's name?" But it soon became more complicated, and such questions as, "What was your father's mother's father's mother's name?" became too hard for the youthful mind. In an old Thanksgiving journal, written by his mother apparently about 1858, may be read: "Soon the company began to arrive, the Misses Huse with their niece being first in the field. Edward and Miss Eliza soon fell into a discourse upon some genealogical matters. She mentioned that the father of Alexander Hill died early and that his widow married a Mr. Grey." All such information my father eagerly collected, as well as the more noteworthy facts about more distinguished persons. One of his many sketches of family history — more informal than some — he wrote from England, May 18, 1873, to his son Philip, at the time eight years old:

"We rode through the county of Kent from London to Dover. I think you can find all these

places on the map of England. Kent means a corner, and they call it Kent because it was the corner of England. Then the great town of Kent was called the borough of Kent, because a borough is a town. So this was called Kenterborough, but it is always spelt Canterbury. This is just as the Borough of Rocks where you live is spelt Roxbury. Well, you know almost all the white people in the United States came from England or Ireland and from Germany, and I believe it was from the borough in the corner, or Canterbury, that Robert Hale came who was a good blacksmith who lived at Charlestown, where Katy took you to see the ships. Then his son went to Beverly, and his son Samuel went to Newburyport, and his son Richard went to Coventry, and his son Enoch went to Westhampton, and his son Nathan went to Boston, and his son Edward went to the Borough of Rocks, which is called Roxbury; where his son Philip will go I do not know, — but they all seem to have had a disposition to live in a different place from their father's."

Edward Everett Hale, born April 3, 1822, was the fourth child of the family. His elder brother, Nathan, his elder sisters, Lucretia and Sarah, and himself made up the elder half of the children, followed shortly by a later quartette of Alexander, Charles, Susan, and Jane.

In earlier years, however, the older four considered themselves, aside from father and mother, the representative persons of the family. Till the boys went to college, they went about and acted together.

Of these years of childhood, my father has left several accounts, one in particular in his book, "A New England Boyhood." The characteristics of Boston as the representative New England town of that day; the incidents of his school life, first at Miss Whitney's, then at Mr. Dowes', and finally at the Boston Latin School; the amusements and occupations of home life; the larger world of social relations both in Boston and elsewhere in the neighboring country, are there dealt with largely as memory served him in later years, and are well worth reading by those who would get his own opinion of the influences which went to make up his training and education.

He went at an early age to school. "At the dame school of Miss Whitney, whither, less from a precocious love of literature than from a desire of imitating my elders, I went when I was hardly two years, I passed most of four years. At Mr. Dowes' school, which was the next step in my education, I staid nearly four years. At the Public Latin school where I was fitted for College, I remained four years." [1]

After his first beginning, at least, he was an excellent scholar, and at all times in his life to the very end of it he loved learning better than almost anything else. He remarks, however, of his school life: "I may as well say, first as last, that school was always a bore to me. I did not so much hate it as dislike it, as a necessary nuisance." [2] Of the school

[1] From his "Class Life," 1839.

[2] "A New England Boyhood," p. 21.

BIRTHPLACE OF EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The house is at the extreme left at the corner of Tremont and School Streets

to which he went to prepare for the Boston Latin School, he says: "I disliked it, as I disliked all schools; but here, again, I regarded the whole arrangement as one of those necessary nuisances which society imposed upon the individual, and which the individual would be foolish if he quarreled with it when he did not have it in his power to abolish it." Often in later life he spoke with approval of the education of John Stuart Mill, which was gained chiefly at the study table of his father, and in the summer, at least, he used to give his own sons a little experience of this sort of training. He probably thought that the best education was that which a boy might gain (under ideal conditions) from an intelligent family. But as he saw that the necessities of social life interfered with the ideal condition, he never tried to carry out his theoretical ideal very fully. The case, however, is more noteworthy as showing, at the very beginning of his life, his characteristic determination in favor of individualism, and his implicit understanding of the insufficiency (in spite of their necessity) of the efforts of society to do in general what the individual should do in particular. He was through and through a descendant of the New England pioneer: he respected the social framework about him and deferred to it, but he depended chiefly on himself.

One exercise his later recollection saw to be useful, namely declamation. He did not like it, never got a good mark in it either in school or in college, but he later judged it to have been useful. "The

exercise," he says, "did what it was meant to do; that is, it taught us not to be afraid of an audience. [This is something, it may be added, that family or individual training cannot give.] I owe to the public school, and to this now despised exercise of declamation, that ease before an audience which I share with most New Englanders. This is to say that I owe to it the great pleasure of public speaking when there is anything to say. I think most public men will agree with me that this is one of the most exquisite pleasures of life."

Other things also he got from school, but the important thing in his earlier years was his home life. His father and his mother had very definite opinions on the subject of education, and with ideas very like his own on the value of school training, they made every effort in an unobtrusive way to have the family give each one of its members everything that it could and ought. Besides the particular effect of this on the different individuals, a strong family feeling was thus aroused which lasted through life. Home was made the real center of life. Here the children were encouraged to occupy themselves and to bring their friends. Here were provided for them, not a stock of playthings, but all sorts of materials for purposes of manufacture, which in those days of the diffusion of useful knowledge often served the purpose of toys. He and his brother built various kinds of locomotive engines, in imitation of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, experimented in simple forms of chemical processes which they found in "Harry

and Lucy" or the "Boy's Own Book", or set up a printing press with type from the *Advertiser* office.

The accounts of these early years often seem a little "as if the boys described were a sort of Robinson Crusoe and man Friday who lived alone in their happy island." [1] There was, however, plenty of social intercourse: Boston was in those days rather a small city with an almost homogeneous population. Though everybody did not by any means know everybody else, yet there was so much of common ancestry, common tradition, and common custom that there was plenty of life in common. Everyone went to church, children as soon as it seemed probable that they would not make a disturbance. Nathan Hale and his family went to the Brattle Street Church, of which in earlier years Dr. John G. Palfrey was minister and later Dr. J. Kirkland Lothrop.

My father went as a matter of course to church and to Sunday school. In later years he expressed less disapproval of Sunday school than he did of day school.

"A Sunday school then was a very different thing from what it is now. Then you were expected to learn something and you did. For my own part, I have often said, and I think it is true, that fully one half of the important instruction which I now have with regard to the Scripture history of mankind, — with regard to the history of the Jews, for instance, or the travels of Paul

[1] "A New England Boyhood," p. 125.

right and left, or anything else which can be called the intellectual side of the Bible — was acquired in Brattle Street Sunday school before I was thirteen years old."

Besides church, there were other forms of social intercourse such as will be easily imagined, — dancing school (my father was one of the first pupils of Mr. Lorenzo Papanti), evening parties for the young people, evening lectures to which everybody went. With such means of social diversions and communications, one would naturally think of life as not absolutely a home affair; but home and the family was the nucleus and indeed by far the greater part.

The first letter of my father's that remains is dated October 6, 1831, at a time when he was nine years old. It is not remarkable, but should be given as the first of a very long series, some of which will follow:

"BOSTON, *October 6th*, 1831

"DEAR FATHER:

"Your departure was quite unexpected to me, as I did not hear of it till about half past twelve the same day. Nothing very important has happened at the Latin School about the headmaster; Mr. Dillaway, having taken our (or Mr. Leverett's) room and a Mr. Streatton taken Mr. Dillaway's. This arrangement began Saturday and will last till the eleventh of this month when (I suppose) the new master will have been appointed. I heard on Saturday that Messrs. Felton and Dillaway

were the candidates. Did you arrive at Worcester safely and how long was your journey? Have you felt your rheumatism much since you left? Edward Webster [1] is now recovered from his sickness and he attended school to-day, but there are large sores round his mouth still. As it is *general muster* [2] I am sorry that you are not at home to see the show, though I suppose that you do not care nearly so much about it as I do myself. Last night just as I was going to bed, we heard the cry of 'fire.' We looked out of the window and saw the flames. The direction was as if it was a vessel in the harbour, but I do not know whether it was or not as I have not heard anything of it this morning. The time for fires has just about set in. Have you had a pleasant journey? I cannot think of anything to say but I still remain your affectionate son,

"Edward E. Hale.

"P. S. Please excuse the writing."

The writing was good, much better than at various later periods of his life. It was somewhat helped by the paper having pencil lines ruled, an assistance which he afterward abandoned, al-

[1] The son of Daniel Webster and one of my father's early friends. There are a number of early letters from him, written when he was in Washington.

[2] Fall muster was the day when every member of the State Militia — "every man who considered himself a man" says my father in "A New England Boyhood" — "attended with his gun, cartridge box, belt, and primer." Nathan Hale had been a member of the New England Guards, but being now over forty-five was exempt from service in the militia, and was therefore able to attend to railroad business at Worcester instead of going to general muster and training on the Common afterwards.

though all the time that I remember he did most of his literary writing in blank books about six inches by eight which had ruled lines.

Among other remains of this period are two or three journals, generally of Election Day, but once extended to a week, and a very interesting flower calender begun in the summer of 1835 and carried on for several years. In 1835, when he lived in Boston, there is but a page of entries, but in 1837 and 1838, after he had gone to Cambridge to college, there is a record, very delightful to the flower lover, of his first finding of the wild flowers as they came along in the spring as well as of the planting and growth in his garden near Divinity Hall, of which mention will be found in the college journal. Most curious of these records of early days, however, are those of printing, journalism, and literature. "My father was editor of the *Daily Advertiser*," he writes in "A New England Boyhood", "and in that day this meant that he owned the whole printing plant, engaged all the printers, and printed his own newspaper. He never was a practical printer, but with his taste for mechanics he understood all the processes of the business. Not unnaturally this grew into his establishing a book office, which did as good work in its time as was done anywhere. . . . All the arrangements for these contrivances were, of course, interesting to his sons. So, as I have said, we had type from the printing office, and we all learned to set type and to arrange it. When, in 1834, my brother went to college I used to repair every day to the book

office for my printing, and there learned the case and all the processes of imposing scientifically."

Of course the children wrote and printed books and newspapers. At a somewhat later time they wrote a whole library. It still exists — the Franklin Circulating Library — little booklets of perhaps three or four inches square in which are printed by hand youthful tales in many volumes. My father's earliest book printing was of a poem on "Jack and the Bean Stalk", written by his mother. They also had newspapers both printed and written. Of these, *The Fly* still exists,—rather a small newspaper (four inches by four), doubtless on account of difficulty of manufacture. The written newspapers were larger. The earliest is named *The Public Informer*, a name with an unfavorable significance that the children were doubtless unaware of. In their minds it was sufficient that the newspaper really informed their family public. The earliest recorded verse of my father's is an "Address of the Carriers of the Public Informer to their Patrons, January 1st, 1835", written during the year that he was left rather to himself at home by the departure of his brother Nathan for college, where he joined him a year later. It has enough curious interest to make it worth recording.

ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIERS OF THE
PUBLIC INFORMER
TO THEIR PATRONS
JANUARY 1ST 1835

Time has rolled on another year,
Since last we met our patrons dear;
We've brought your papers to your door
Through all the year of 'thirty-four;
Quick though it passed, in that short space,
Full many wonders have found place;
And we are almost forced to believe with you,
That fairy stories will at length come true.
First then, we find, that by steam-engine's power,
We now can move full eighteen miles an hour;
And what ten years ago, untrue would seem,
Is now accomplished perfectly by steam.
Another wonder, patrons, we have told,
How stern New England's sons though famed of old,
For moderation of their strong desires,
Have burned a convent down with raging fires.
The more we think, we wonder more and more
And hope these times of change will soon be o'er.
We also find these modern innovations,
Exerting force in all the foreign nations;
In one a rash adventurer says he'll try,
With a machine in liquid air to fly
Where'er he will; th' experiment he makes,
But lo! it fails, and this great bubble breaks.

Once more: we find the spirit of the age,
In our own home when many parties rage,
No longer sturdy federalists are we,
No longer Nat. Republicans we see,
Now we are Whigs; and now we see revive,
The spirit of the Whigs of '75.

We know we do not bring near all the news,
But this we hope good patrons you'll excuse;
As when in punctuality we fail
For oft we've brought you many a pleasant tale,
And conversations between A. & B.,
With stories of their children C. and D.;
One's journal which she's written when away,
A letter too to where one's sisters stay;
Sometimes a tale of lively fairy's wrong,
Now a translation, now a pleasant song,
We always do our best to entertain,
Always lament when we have tried in vain,
And if th' Informer does not what we mean
Pray do not on the Carriers vent your spleen.

And now kind patrons, no more will we say,
Except to hope that many a New Year's day,
May pass ere you with us shall disagree,
And hope that you will wish the same as we;
But before we leave you, patrons dear,
We wish you all a very happy new year.

CHAPTER TWO

COLLEGE LIFE

1835–1839

HE had finished preparation for Harvard College in 1835, when he was thirteen.

"I do not think that father would on that account have sent me to college so young, but both my uncles, Edward and Alexander Everett, had entered college younger than I was, so that the traditions of the family went that way. Doctor Andrew Peabody, who was, I think, eleven years older than I, entered college when he was only twelve. Father and mother were undoubtedly influenced by the warm attachment between me and Nathan. I had missed him all through his Freshman year, for he had entered in 1834 at the age of fifteen. They probably knew that he had a good influence on me, and they thought it would be well for us to live in the same room." [1]

They lived in 22 Stoughton.

Later in life my father thought this arrangement had been a mistake. It had certainly one result which perhaps his father and mother had not thought of. A boy brought up largely at home, used to look for his interests and his pleasures in

[1] This quotation and several following are from the account of his early life written in 1892, and preserved in the Freeman MSS.

family life, will find it a great change to be plunged into the college world and forced to touch elbows with everybody. If he have a brother or relative, he will turn to him and miss the rather wide connection with strangers; my father wrote later:

"By rooming with my brother I was probably saved some annoyances which would have wounded a little boy. But on the other hand I lost at first intimate acquaintance with my own class. Freshmen did not want to come into a Sophomore's room. Indeed I can now recollect that in the early months of my college life I knew several of Nathan's classmates better than I knew many of my own. The separation from my own class was the worse for me, because, as I have said, I hated society."

There is not much record of his first year at college. In his Sophomore year he began to keep rather a full diary, but there is, in his Freshman year, only a journal of Artillery Election Day. His chief friends were George Hayward and Samuel Longfellow, who, like him, roomed with upper classmen.

"Our tastes were similar, and the close intimacy which then began has continued through life. Longfellow and I were both fond of flowers, and Cambridge was still good botanizing ground. This brought us into close friendship with Watson of Plymouth, who has also been a lifelong friend. For the rest I do not recollect anybody whom I knew in the Freshman year, except the old Latin School set, that is, Washburn, Dawes, Brigham, Capen and Vinsen. I was a great deal in their rooms but they were never in mine."

He has left a later record of his general dislike of college life and especially of the "deadly homesickness at the end of my first day of college life."

"Nor," he goes on later, "did I ever wholly live through the dissatisfaction with the place. I was always counting the weeks until vacation. Fortunately for me we then had three every year. The truth was I was happier at home than I was anywhere else. The first four weeks of a term always seemed to me interminable. I doubt if my college journal ever shows a week in which I did not go home for an hour or two, besides the regular Saturday holiday. We were also allowed two Sundays in each term to spend at home and we always claimed them."

It is true that his college journal records many a walk in town, and doubtless true also that he enjoyed the family life more than his life in college. But it should also be said that the journal records very little in the way of dissatisfaction with monotony, and on the other hand puts down a great many things that were undoubtedly keenly interesting to him. A year or so after graduation he had still left a pleasing impression, at least of his later years. He wrote to Samuel Longfellow, who was about to move into his old room in Massachusetts, that it was the place in which he had passed the happiest times of his life. Probably both impressions are well founded. In Freshman year things would naturally have come hard on a boy so young and so accustomed to a gay and lively family circle. But as he became used to college life, more

HARVARD COLLEGE ABOUT 1830

The buildings from left to right are: Stoughton, Holden, Hollis, Harvard, University and Massachusetts

familiar with his opportunities, and more able to occupy himself with things that really interested him, he could not but have found life agreeable and happy.

His later recollections of college studies were not more favorable than those of college life. Others have criticized the college system at about the same time. There appears to have been little done by the tutors and professors except setting lessons and exercises and hearing or receiving them. Still it is not clear in my father's case that the system was not pretty good. We cannot say how he might have done under one which we should call better. To a boy of such wide-ranging interests, the larger scope of the elective system would of course have been a great privilege. Still he made good use of the limited course which he and all his classmates had to take. Curiously enough, the very things which nowadays we should think would have been of interest to him — such things as the lectures on German literature by Longfellow or Astronomy by Lovering — these are the only things in the course of study on which he comments unfavorably. Ten weeks after he had graduated he writes in his diary, "A model week" — and adds a plan for work with the query: "Would it be quite impossible to restore there something of the magnificent effectiveness of the mechanical old college life?" Mechanical it was, and as such not delightful; but it was also efficient. He learned much, and what he learned stayed by him. He kept his classics and modern languages through

life; he kept and improved the facility in writing which he often ascribed largely to his work with Professor E. T. Channing; he kept his interest in the sciences, although he never pursued them much farther. But besides this, and more important, he developed under such teaching the self-reliance and independence which was a marked element in his character. He got his lessons as a matter of course, and pursued in addition whatever else interested him, like reading novels, studying history, gardening, hunting for wild flowers, doing "philosophical" experiments, and helping carry on the different college activities in which he was concerned. He was obviously one of the effective men of the class; he was at different times secretary of the I. O. H., the Harvard Union, the Natural History Society, and the Davy Club, and he appears now and then going about to get men to play cricket or go sleigh-riding or such things. He was also one of the "literary men", poet of his year in the I. O. H., and class poet on graduation. As a student, he had parts in the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior exhibitions, won prizes for two Bowdoin Dissertations, was one of the first eight in the Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated second in the class. In fact he was a good all-round man, as he wished to be.

The extracts from his diary need little annotation or comment. Most of the students mentioned were his classmates: Samuel Longfellow, the brother of Professor Longfellow, George Hayward, for many years afterward his family phy-

sician, Guild, Eliot, Donaldson, Meyer, Watson, Dawes; some are well-known names and some hardly known at all, but at that time all were on an equal footing as members of the class of '39.

"*Jan.* 9, 1837. Met Meyer at Farwell's, and he agreed to join the German section, which Sam. Guild and I were attempting to raise. Spoke to Longfellow at dinner about the German, and he said that he thought perhaps his brother, who had just returned from Europe, would take it, so he agreed to say nothing to Bokum till that was settled. After French wrote Latin exercise. In the evening went into Williams' rooms and got the Oedipus. This lesson finished Oedipus Tyrannus. Came home, finished exercise, got Horace and went to bed."

"*Jan.* 10. Longfellow told me this morning that he had not seen his brother, but the President had told him that his election for the Prof'ship must be confirmed by the Senate as a part of the board of overseers. They will meet on Thursday and I suppose will settle it then. If Longfellow will take the section, we had rather recite to him than to Bokum."

"*Jan.* 16. After reciting to Channing today walked down to the bridge with Donaldson, talking about the I. O. H., the interests of which he has a good deal at heart. Came home and read some in Rev. Mr. Emerson's 'Nature.' It is an odd sort of book, but I like it better than most everyone else seems to, though to be sure there is

a good deal in it that I can't understand. In the evening Nathan undertook to Animal Magnetize me. I got horribly sleepy but I believe it was the natural effect of sitting still five minutes without speaking, and feeling his hands stroking me down so."

"*Feb.* 23. All day Nathan was making experiments in sound, which I inspected and assisted in. In the afternoon finished woodcut, upon which I put so much time that I did not get the lesson in Mechanics in time to recite, and so had to say 'not prepared' which vexed me horribly, particularly as it was my own fault. In the evening went to Dawes' room to meet the rest of the Library committee [of the I. O. H.]. We decided on buying Pope's Homer, Ion, Clarence, Cooper's Sketches of Switzerland 2 Part, Abercrombie's Intellectual faculties, &c. &c."

"*Mar.* 3. Slept over prayers this morning and did not get up till nearly breakfast time. First time I have missed for a long time. Found at breakfast that we had a miss in Greek, so that my absence did not hurt me or anybody else, in respect to that. The cause of the miss seems to be that Felton[1] went in to the theatre last night with Profs. Pierce and Longfellow, so that he could not get up in time to give the 1st section an exercise, and we had none in consequence."

"*Mar.* 14. After Latin went into the Library and got out a volume of Moliere, returning a vol-

[1] Felton, Pierce, and Longfellow were professors respectively of Greek, Mathematics, and Modern Languages.

ume of Bisset. Went to Eustis' room and returned his volume of Moliere. Bought some chalk and saleratus at Deacon Brown's. Chemicals intermingled with poem till dinner time."

The poem here mentioned was one he was writing for the I. O. H., called "Noise." It was a satire written in ten-syllable lines, of a kind not uncommon at the time. A few lines follow:

Do Harvard's groves ne'er ring with clamors loud?
Do shouts ne'er echo from her buildings proud?
Say nought of sounds of wild hilarity,
Say nought of glee clubs or sodality,
Nought of debates for which we've often met,
Nought of soft flute or squeaking flageolet —
Are no examples in her halls descried
Of what rules old and young, rules all beside?

"*Apr.* 26. We recited in German for the first time to Prof. Longfellow. The recitation, or rather the exercise, for we had had no lesson set before, was very easy. I think we shall like the study very much. Played cricket in the evening."

"*Apr.* 27. After recitation today went to a meeting which was called to know who wished to join a singing class. About half college was there. I did not sign my name but I think I shall join. Played cricket till dinner time.

"In the afternoon we had a miss in Mathematics. After supper I went to walk to see if I could get some anemones. Found that they were budded but not blossomed. Played cricket till $7\frac{1}{2}$ P.M.

and then went to I. O. H. Both lecturers were absent, but we had a tolerably good debate."

"*May* 17. After recitation in Latin today, I found a request on my desk that I would go to the President's study. Went and he informed me that I was reported to the Faculty for wearing a coat of an illegal color on Sunday. I had appeared last Sunday in a dark brown one. Got Logic lesson in the library, as we had no fuel to make a fire withal."

"*May* 27. On going for the paper today, I met the President's freshman who had a list of those who had parts at the next exhibit., and was going round to tell them to go to the President's study. I was sent for among them. After breakfast I went up and found my part was a Latin dialogue with Longfellow."

For this dialogue he and Longfellow looked about a good deal. After considering Coleridge's "Remorse", Addison's "Cato", Shakespeare's and Racine's Classical plays, and a translation of Sophocles, and also "Miriam" by Talfourd, they settled on a passage in Glover's "Boadicea."

"*July* 17. Exhibition day. After breakfast went to the bookstore to get some orders of exercises for exhibition, but they were not out. Went up in front of Hollis and shouted the names of those who have parts at the next exhibition. Returned to the bookstore and got some orders. Walked to Craigie's woods with Longfellow and got some flowers. At home almost all the time till 11 when with the various people who had collected,

viz: Mother, Father, Sarah, Lucretia, Aunt Lucy, Uncle Edward, Aunt Charlotte, etc. etc., I went down to the Chapel. Deposited them and went back to black my pumps. Returned to the chapel and robed. Got through speaking very well, unrobed and went round to the other side of the Chapel. The exhibition was not over till after 1 and the folks staid in my room till nearly 2 so I lost my dinner. In the afternoon I was at home most of the time for the entertainment of guests. Nearly all the class came up in the course of the afternoon. I went up into Bell's room, into Ellis' and Longfellow's before prayers. Also walked over to the Fosters to carry a bundle for Sarah. In the evening at about $7\frac{1}{4}$ started in a carryall with Howard, Hayward, and Dawes, to go up to class supper. We got up to the hotel (the Massasoit house, in Waltham) by a little after 8, but we rode on for a mile farther, so that we got out at the house at about $8\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. There were cards in the reception rooms wherewith those who wished played. At about $9\frac{1}{2}$ we were ushered into the supper room where there was a very good supper provided whereof we ate and drank."

"*July* 18. At 5 minutes past 1, I and my carryall associates rose from the table, went down stairs and ordered our horse and vehicle, No. 18. We rode down as quickly as possible and got down by 20 minutes past 2 when I went to bed immediately. Got up to prayers not feeling at all sleepy. On communing with others I found that the last supperians departed about 3 from the scene of action. . . .

"This was the last day of our Sophomore year. During that year we have read the Alcestis of Euripides, the Oedipodes Tyrannus and Coloneus and the Antigone of Sophocles, besides the odes, satires, and epistles of Horace. I with a section of the class have read about half a dozen plays of Racine, as many of Moliere, Fontaine's Fables and have begun the study of German. We have been over Whately's Logic and Rhetoric with Prof. Channing and Farrar's Calculus and part of his Mechanics with Prof. Pierce. I for one am perfectly satisfied with my progress during the year."

Aug. 31. He went out to Cambridge to hear the Boylston and Φ. B. K. speaking. He records his impression of Emerson's oration at the latter occasion. "It was not very good, but very transcendental."

"*Sept.* 18. At 11 A.M. went to Prof. Longfellow's first lecture on Goethe's Faust. The lectures are to be extemporaneous translations of the German with explanations; as he called it recitations in which he recites and we hear. He made a long introduction to the matter in hand, very flowery and bombastical indeed, which appeared to me very much out of taste. I believe however that it was entirely extemporaneous and that he was carried away by the current of his thoughts. In fact he appears to say just what comes uppermost. The regular translation and explanation part of the lecture was very good."

"*Sept.* 22. Pretty busily engaged all day in

writing forensic. At 11 A.M. went to Prof. Longfellow's second lecture which I liked a good deal better than the first.

"I was a good deal interested to know how different fellows would write, yet I found the forensic reading stupid altho' this was our first time."

"*Oct.* 17. At 11 I went down to the Chapel and staid there most of the time till the exhibition was over. The performances were tolerable, perhaps as good as usual at an exhibition, but nothing more. I liked Jim Lowell's part better than any of the others. It was different from the ordinary routine of exhibitions; consisting of a comparison of the fate of Homer during his life and after his death, giving a sketch of the way in which he was obliged to beg from house to house, and then contrasting it with his fame as the first epic poet of the world.

"Staid at the Fosters till about 3, when I came up into the yard and went with a number of other fellows into Howard's room. He had a part today and in conformity with established usage gave a *blow* to the class. Almost all the class were up there and staid till $3\frac{1}{2}$ when we adjourned to Sams. Guild and Eliot's room where was another blow, they also having had parts. I staid there till about 4 and then left them all singing and enjoying themselves, drinking etc., to go to the Fosters" [where he had left his sisters with whom he went in to Boston].

"*Oct.* 18. On conversing this morning with those who had been present at prayers, I found that there

had been considerable noise, and that one or two of our class were *drunk*. We soon learned today that the Faculty would take notice of this. They held meetings in the morning and the afternoon, the result of which was that in the early part of the afternoon —— and —— were sent off till the next commencement for intoxication, and —— and —— till the end of the term, 'for entering the Chapel arm in arm, stamping, apparently excited by liquor.' They also sent for Sams. Guild and Eliot and gave each of them a public for giving a blow without leave of the government. This made us very angry. Everybody acknowledged that —— and —— were drunk and deserved their fate accordingly, but it was universally agreed that —— and —— were not, and that their punishment like Guild and Eliot's was too severe. A class meeting was called for 7 in the evening. I went down but after organizing itself the meeting adjourned to procure a fuller attendance at 8½. At this meeting nothing of importance was done. There were only 36 present, hardly a majority of the class, nevertheless it was voted a class meeting and we proceeded to business. After one or two preliminary resolutions, a resolution 'that the class signify their disapprobation of the measures of the Faculty by stamping in prayers tomorrow morning' was put and negatived. A resolution that we signify disapprobation by smashing proctors' window was almost unanimously opposed. After various ineffectual resolutions, to adjourn till next Tuesday, sine die &c., it was voted to adjourn

till the moderator should call the meeting together again."

"*Oct.* 19. On going to morning prayers found a good many panes broken in Univ. window. There was a good deal of noise in Dr. Ware's recitation room, this morning, not at all connected with the prevailing fuss but for nothing but *fun*, as we used to say at school. There were one or two apples and a lemon which were being thrown constantly from one side of the room to the other, to the imminent danger of the heads they happened to be aimed at; and all this was done without attracting Dr. Ware's particular notice, except once when Ellis, who was reciting, made an allusion to the circumstance. He spoke loud enough to be heard all over the room, but so quick that Dr. Ware could not understand him. He seemed to perceive that Ellis had said something he ought not, tho' he did not know what. Poor old man, he is too old for such a situation. His eyesight is very poor so that he can't even tell who is present and who is absent. The other day when he called on Haven, I thought he called me and recited, when he called me, Haven recited. This has happened twice, once by a mistake of each of us."

"*Oct.* 20. In the evening after supper I went into Hayward's room where I staid till 8. About $7\frac{1}{2}$ heard a tremendous explosion which I thought was a pump blown up, as one or two were last term. In the morning however, I found that either this, or a later explosion which I did not hear, was made by a torpedo put on the sill of one of the windows,

of University. It smashed in the sash so as to make four squares into one and broke several other panes of glass."

"*Oct.* 21. The 4th vol. of Lockhart's Scott came in the evening I pounced upon it and read considerable in it. It is an admirable book. But I never read much in it, without regretting the want of a copyright act in this country for English authors. I think if there had been one, Scott would be alive now, for he appears as far as I can learn, to have written himself to death. I wish I could have seen him."

"*Oct.* 24. I finished 'Attila' [by G. P. R. James] this evening. I like it very much, not the less for not having the scene laid in France, according to custom in James' novels."

"*Oct.* 26. I was very much surprised this evening just before six to see Fullum [1] enter. He came out to get information of the state of things here. They had heard in town of last night's explosion, and had supposed that there was a row going on here. The fact is that there has been an explosion or two almost every night since last Friday. Yesterday morning the President read us the vote of the Faculty, that those suspected of explosions should be Grand Juryized next December, if a confession was not previously made. After this, the exploders showed their contempt of it by a louder blow than ever, last night. It is reported that there is to be a patrol tonight. The secret of the exploders is very well kept. I doubt if the

[1] Abel Fullum was and remained for many years the family factotum.

Faculty suspect one person any more than another."

"*Oct.* 27. We had our last lecture in Prof. Longfellow's course in Faust today; that is the last on the first part of Faust which is all which we are obliged to attend. A volunteer section will have lectures on the second part, but the whole cannot, on account of the difference in books, all the editions not having the second part in them. I shall not go. The lectures are tolerably interesting, but not enough so to compensate for the time taken up by them."

About this time he had a bad sore throat, and had to stay at home for a week.

"*Nov.* 5. During the week I read the 4th volume of Lockhart's Scott. It is, as I have said some half a dozen times of the other volumes, admirably entertaining. Of all of whom I ever read I think Scott is most to be envied, that is at the period of this volume after his embarrassment with the Ballantynes and before those with Constable. He had as large an income as he could desire with the gratification too of knowing that he was delighting the world. He seems to have enjoyed himself as far as we can judge from the letters. The book has given me materials for a new order of architecture in castles in the air and I never leave off reading in it without framing some dozens."

"*Nov.* 13. Election day, in consequence of which we had misses from all the instructors after Mr. Bowen's recitation $8\frac{1}{2}$ in the morning.

"I ought to have observed above that Friday

and Saturday last week news was received here of a great Whig victory in the state of New York, whereby the Whigs instead of being, as last year, in a small minority, have a powerful majority in the assembly.

"After prayers I went down to the town house and got the returns of the election here. Everett 618, Morton, Jackson candidate 241. Whig gain since last year of 217. This is doing very well."

"*Nov.* 20. I went to the library both before and after this to get materials for a lecture which I intend shall be on American Antiquities, dilating principally on Dighton rock on which I consider myself *au fait*. While I was in the Library, as I afterwards learnt, Mrs. Jameson, the authoress, was there. I had merely observed that there were a couple of ladies there with Prof. Felton, and that one of them looked rather lionish."

From a letter to Lucretia, November 23. "Conversation here, in our class, turns principally on the approaching session of the Grand Jury when we are to be arraigned. It has lately come out that Francis, professor of ornamental carpentry and repairs, is a member. At first it seemed a little suspicious, for if the Faculty had chosen a man to have on the jury, Francis would have been the man, as he is not one of the government, but an intelligent man and having very orthodox sentiments with respect to the students. But it soon appeared that he was on the Grand Jury the beginning of this month, before anything of this matter happened. Rather odd, ain't it?"

"*Nov.* 24. Wrote some on a theme this morning. It is 'Draw a Character of a Misanthrope.' Sketching character was never my forte. I don't like the subject much. . . . After recitation in German I went into town. I got in about 6 P.M. After I had been at home for a few minutes I went to Uncle Edward's to see a book he has, recently published by the Danish Northern Antiquarian Society, which contains copies of some of the Icelandic books descriptive of the early voyages of the Northmen to this country. It contains an hypothesis of Dighton rock, viz. that it was left as a monument by those Danes some time in the tenth century. I staid at Uncle Edward's looking at this till 5'7. . . . "

"*Nov.* 25. It was so very stormy today that I did not attempt to go into town, and left the room no oftener than necessary. I sent a note in by Kebler to inform the intowners of the cause of my absence.

"Read Vision of Don Roderick and finished Rokeby today. Rokeby is excellent. I like it, I think, as well as either of the other three poems. The Don I don't like so well." [Some mention of "Rokeby" occurs in his Bowdoin Prize Dissertation written the next spring.]

"*Nov.* 29. At home almost all day. I went out once or twice before dinner to get the luncheon, but beside this stirred round but little. Nathan read some of Ossian aloud this morning. I never read much of it before, and he began to read this for fun, but he read one or two poems. It is amusing to hear, it must have been capital fun to

McPherson to write it, with all the fudge about lost passages, etc. etc."

At this time (December 1–December 11) he was kept at home in town by another sore throat.

"Nathan, who has brought me the Cambridge news, and George Hayward, who called on Saturday, have told me of an account given by Mr. Quincy [the president of the college] in chapel of a box of hand grenades and powder amounting in all to twelve pounds, prepared in the cockloft of Harvard Hall with a train to the door which was discovered a year or two ago. The account is now made public for the first time as a defence of the Faculty for their conduct in appealing to the Grand Jury for the preservation of order in college, intending to show what bad things had been done and ought to be prevented. It appears that X. of our class has confessed all he had to do with the explosion on condition that he shall not be dishonorably expelled. Y. unwilling to testify has demanded leave to take up his connexions which was refused, *i.e.* he cannot depart honorably."

"*Jan.* 15, 1838. At $9\frac{1}{2}$ this morning I went into the Library to find a piece to speak in Hansard's Parliamentary debates. Made ineffectual search there almost all the time till 11, when I went to Prof. Longfellow's introductory lecture on Dante. Much to my delight, he rather advised those who had not finished the Ital. course not to attend till next year, which advice I shall follow.

"*Jan.* 18. Got the rest of piece, an extract

from Uncle Edward's Bloody Brook address and at 12½ rehearsed to Hildreth. . . . "

"*Jan.* 30. Just before the lecture I went into Baker's room and borrowed an old botanical book of his, 'Fuchsias de historia plantarum' or some similar title printed about 1556, in hopes I might find something odd enough to get a lecture out of for the Nat. Hist. Soc. I was disappointed; the book was a dry botanical catalogue with antique wood cuts."

"*Feb.* 2. I should have mentioned at the beginning of today's entry, but it slipped my mind at the moment I was writing, that when we went to prayers this morning we found the chapel in great confusion, owing to the explosion of a bomb placed in front of the pulpit. The windows were all broken, almost every pane of glass being destroyed, the front of the high platform on which the pulpit stands was blown in, the plastering broken in several places where pieces of the shell had entered, woodwork of pews, window panes and seats hurt in some places, the clock injured, part of the curtain in side of the pulpit torn away, and a couple of inscriptions in immense letters on the wall to this effect 'A bone for old Quin to pick.' Nobody appears to have any suspicion who did it, and everybody manifests great indignation; it is going rather too far for a joke."

"*Feb.* 5. There is a great deal of conversation here today about a plan for holding a meeting of all the undergraduates, that they may express their disapproval of the blowup in the Chapel.

There was an attempt made by some of our class to get up an idea that it was a plan of the Seniors to pass resolutions disapproving of our row last term. This did not succeed very well as it was evident that it was not the case. A paper was circulated to obtain the opinions of people, those in favor of holding a meeting signing on one side and those opposed to the plan signing on the other. I had found it very difficult to make up my mind about it; one minute I thought that disapproving the meeting seemed like dodging the question and this induced me to favor it; another minute I would think that it would establish a precedent of expecting students to disavow, in all cases of disorder, and this made me dislike the project. It so happened that I was in the former opinion when Whitman called with the paper, so that I signed in favor of one, for which I was afterwards a little sorry, for I suppose nobody will believe any statement of students asseverating that they do not approve; that is, nobody who would think they did approve. The meeting therefore can do no good, and it may possibly by being made a precedent, do some little harm.

"I finished, copied, and gave up to Dr. Beck today, with my other Latin exercise, a Latin letter which he had demanded, and which I began yesterday at home. I addressed it to John Smith for want of a better name, mentioned in it my trip to the House of Representatives last Saturday, spoke of the prolixity of American legislators and told the following story of Pres. John Adams which

I heard in Mr. Charles Adams' lecture before the Historical Society. In writing to his wife Adams was complaining of the tediousness and prolixity of the proceedings of the Continental Congress and said that he believed 'if any one should move that two and two made four, we should debate it for two days and bring up every argument, historical, logical, rhetorical, and mathematical, and then should pass the motion *unanimously* in the affirmative.' It made a good deal of laugh at the time, being one of the very few things I have heard to produce the least influence on the Historical audience, who generally sit perfectly still, and manifest as little emotion as so many paving stones."

"*Feb.* 6. We had the meeting of undergraduates today at noon and passed two or three resolutions expressing disapprobation and voted to publish the resolutions in the Boston papers. . . .

"Our reading-room petition was rejected by the Faculty. The President told me pretty much the same as he did last night; — that there had been a reading room some years ago which the government were obliged to break up; that newspapers were fascinating things 'even to us old men' and that they would take young men away from their studies. A very weak argument this: it amounts to 'we like to read newspapers very much, so we can't let you.' I had a little argument with him but it did not do any good. He said he believed no opposition was made to the rejection."

"*Feb.* 9. Wrote a forensic this afternoon on the question of the expediency of directing early

education to the profession the student intends to follow. I opposed it on the ground that it prevents the student from making his own choice, and that he will be sure to dislike the profession his parents choose; that circumstances may prevent the adoption of that profession, in which case he is badly off; that no new department, arising from improvements in science or art or any other change, could be filled without previous notice; that the man of general information is a more happy, entertaining, and useful member of society than he who is only skilled in one topic."

"*Feb.* 13. By the way, some people affirm that Mr. Lovering is made Prof. of Nat. Phil. There was a notice of the proceedings of the Overseers in the paper the other day, but it did not say anything about him so I believe as I hope that the report is untrue. He is too young and undistinguished for a professor." [1]

"*Mar.* 9. Wrote a forensic in the afternoon on practicability of a Congress of nations. Negative . . . At 7 went to Longfellow's room; he gave me an invitation to the Davy Club."

"*Apr.* 5. We had an Icelandic grammar here [at home] this morning which father received last night from *Burlington, Vt.* It is very nearly printed and the appearance of the book is quite a temptation to the study of the language. I am not sure but that if I had any Icelandic book to read and

[1] Subsequent notes by E. E. H.: "The report was true. He was chosen Prof. for 3 years. March 27, 1838. And his long tenure of office was most dignified. 1897."

any dictionary to read it with, I should study the grammar." [This was by G. P. Marsh, afterwards an excellent student of the English language.]

"*Apr.* 8. Mr. William Swett, familiarly termed Billy, preached today. We knew he was going to preach and I for one was sorry and expected to have a very stupid sermon. But I was very agreeably disappointed. His voice is bad, but he speaks very fluently, sensibly and with a kind of independence of manner which is attractive. His sermon in the morning was on the declining influence of the pulpit, which he ascribed to its having had an undue influence in the days of the reformation, and to the frequent practice of introducing foreign topics in preaching. He was rather severe on Dr. Channing and other clergymen who cannot mind their own business. 'Judea,' he said, 'has given way to Texas, and anti-slavery and Canada take the place of salvation.' In the afternoon he preached a rather singular sermon on the rather quaint text 'Study to be quiet and do your own business.' He animadverted severely on people who take such good care of other people's business that they can't look after their own."

"*Apr.* 24. Finished Grahame's History of the U.S. this morning; that is, the first part of it, extending to 1700. I believe this is all which is published. We went to Mr. Lovering's first lecture today. It was better than I had expected, tho' still, I think, too flowery in style. The sublime was strained so high as to be apt to verge on the ridiculous. Played cricket between 12 and 1.

Wrote and gave up a Grk. exercise today. Played cricket in the evening, after which I went up into Hayward's room and staid till about 9 when we adjourned to the oyster shop and eat some oysters. Came home just at 10."

"*May*. 4. After recitation to Mr. Bokum I went down to work on my garden. I was somewhat surprised on approaching it, to see Revere and McCleary, two freshmen, working on it. They appeared perfectly willing to give it up, supposing there had been some mistake, which indeed proved to be the case when we got Dall to the spot. He assigned them another piece on which they went to work very contentedly."

"*May* 19. An announcement made to me yesterday which I hardly believed then that I am 'elected' a member of Φ. B. K. was confirmed today. I am glad of it, because it is considered an honor, and gives some evidence of rank in college, but the Society, I suppose, exists now little more than in name; nothing is ever done by it, that is, as a society, excepting as far as its Oration and Poem go."

"*May* 29. Wrote some on my dissertation after I got home. I have been working vigorously on it for the last few days and flattered myself today that I need write only ten pages more which indeed appeared a great plenty as it must be given up by Friday. On looking at the subject, however, which I brought into town in vacation and which I have not looked at since, I found that while that read 'Supernatural Beings created by

Popular Superstition or Poets,' I have been writing on 'Superstitions created, &c.' which blunder I knew would cancel from 6–12 pages of my work."

"*June* 6. After German recitation I walked about a couple of miles on the Concord Turnpike to a pond called Little Pond on the map where I got, what I had hoped, ladies'-slippers."

"*June* 11. Went to garden after breakfast and staid there an hour and a half, watered the whole garden but was rather discouraged to find that by the time I came away those parts which I had watered first were nearly dry. At 10 we were examined in chemistry, on account of which we had no regular recitations all day. The examination was very ridiculous. The most ludicrous answers were given to simple questions, but Dr. Webster never made any corrections, thinking, I suppose, that if he kept still the committee would never discover the mistake."

"*July* 3. The President sent for me this morning and told me that my dissertation had been awarded the second Bowdoin prize of 30 dollars. A similar prize was awarded to Morison, none of the dissertations of our class being thought worthy a first prize. I was very agreeably disappointed."

"*July* 16. Exhibition. The President stopped us after prayers and announced to us officially that there would be no dancing or drinking Tuesday afternoon. After prayers I went to my garden where I staid till nearly 8. Came up, hurried thro' my breakfast and went home, where I found a notice requesting me to attend the Presi-

dent at his study at 8 o'clock. Went there and found the parties collected. Was glad to find I had the English oration."

"*July* 17. Senior's Class day. About 10½ went to the omnibus office to meet Lucretia and Margaret [Harding] who were coming in the omnibus. Staid till 11 during which time two omnibuses came in neither containing the girls, who, I supposed, had changed their minds. I went to the oration accordingly. It was very good indeed, delivered by Coolidge. There was no Poem, Jim Lowell the Poet having been sent off about 3 weeks ago."

"*Aug.* 30. A little after eight I set out (from town) for Cambridge. Called to see Loring on Mt. Vernon St., to assure myself that none of the Φ. B. K. arrangements were forgotten, and then went on. Fullam overtook me as I had planned, in the wagon, in Charles St. and I rode out the rest of the way. Picked up Hayward and his brother on the bridge. Spent nearly all the morning in the chapel at the meeting of the Φ. B. K. occasionally running to the bookstore, meeting house &c seeing about Sunday arrangements. At 12 went in procession to the Church. Mr. Stetson was the orator, Mr. Richmond the poet; the oration was pretty good, interspersed with odd things that made one laugh but not good for a Φ. B. K. oration, not dignified enough. The subject was Utilitarianism. The poem was poor. It was a description of the outbreak of Philip's war in stiff pentameters. Its only merit was its shortness.

9

E. E. Hale

to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, Dr.

To Bill for *third term*, ending *July* 18, 1838.

Instruction, Library, and Lecture Rooms	$25	
Rent, and Care of Room	5	
Special Repairs by general average		57
Class Books delivered		
Wood or other Fuel delivered from College Wharf . . .	2	75
Board paid the Contractor for Commons	28	60
	61.	92

$40

Rec'd pay't, Levi Farrar { *Steward of Harvard College.*

"Every Student is required, without delay, to discharge his term bills; and no Student shall be permitted to occupy his chamber, join his class, or continue at the University for more than one week after the end of any vacation, unless he shall, within that time, have paid his term bill for the preceding term. And if any Student shall be absent, for non-payment of a bill, for more than one month after the beginning of the term when the same ought to be paid, his chamber may be assigned to another, and he shall not be restored to the privileges of the University, until he shall produce, from some respectable gentleman in his neighbourhood, a certificate, testifying to his good behaviour in his absence, nor until he shall pass a satisfactory examination in his studies."

M 27

TERM-BILL AT HARVARD, 1838

"After these performances we proceeded to the dinner and entered the dinner hall after a short delay in the chapel. We had a grand time at dinner. There were 150 people and there were a great many very good speeches. Judge Story presided. He was very brilliant and witty; Uncle Edward, Messrs Stetson, Richmond, Warren, Saltonstall, Sprague, Mellen, Duncan, &c., &c. spoke most of them very well."

"*Sept.* 3. [The fall term opened on Sunday with sermons morning and afternoon by Henry Ware, Jr.] After prayers and supper went upon the Delta to see the freshmen and sophomores kick football; the sophomores beat of course. After the other classes joined, I played in two games and came home."

"*Sept.* 14. Wrote or rather finished a letter to Mr. Silliman, Secretary of the Yale Nat. Hist. Society, relating to an exchange of duplicates. After carrying up theme I went to the poorhouse, to see our old Goody who has had a stroke of palsy. After this I went up to Watson's room to show him a flower I had found on the way home. Gerardia Maritima."

"*Sept.* 19. I wished to write a French letter to the Directeur of the Jardin des Plantes and went into Mr. Sales' room about 12 to see him about it. He told me that if I would call at his house any time in the evening he would help me write it."

"*Sept.* 20. After prayers I went to Watson's room, told him that I had got my letter done, and

that there was a gentleman going to Paris who, as Mr. Sales told me last night, would be willing to take the package of plants and thus any difficulty of getting them to M. le Directeur would be obviated. So we picked out about a dozen plants, for we only wanted to send a few to show them how we could preserve them, and then brought them over here and packed them up."

"*Oct.* 3. Kicked football in the evening. We had some very good games in the course of which I tore one of my coat tails half off, tore one pant three or four inches up from the foot, and ran against some one so forcibly as to give me a pain in my chest all the evening. In my case, unlike Mr. Pepys's, these were things of some importance, but I did not mind them."

"*Oct.* 16. Exhibition day. Aunt Charlotte, Uncle Edward, and cousin Charlotte came in a little before 10 and about ¼ past the party from home. The exhibition fortunately went off very well. I did not dead, which gratified me and the whole, short and sweet, was over before 1, when all the invited guests came up here."

"*Oct.* 26. Theme this afternoon on the causes and expediency of our custom of entering college earlier than Europeans. I assigned as the cause the want of labor and capital in the country; and argued that the custom was a good one, because one takes the world easier and learns its ways better and more pleasantly when young than old, and because life before entering college is nearly useless, while afterwards it is very important."

"*Nov.* 6. As I came back from the Bookstore and Post office I called to see Mr. Eustis about studying Hebrew with him."

"*Nov.* 8. While I was there (at the bookstore), Channing came in and asked me if I should like to be one of six or eight to watch for the meteoric shower next Monday night. I told him I should and went with him to his room to see the last number of Silliman's Journal which contains an account of the phenomenon as observed last year."

The watching for meteors holds an important place in the Diary for the next week. There is a full account in "A New England Boyhood."

"*Nov.* 20. After (evening) prayers I went to Morison's room where the astronomical forces were to collect, previously to an attack on Mr. Lovering. We did not get ready for a start till 5 o'clock. Mr. Lovering explained to us his fancy, as he modestly called it very intelligibly. In the evening went to a lecture at the Warren St. Chapel by Uncle Edward on the Northmen. It was a short abstract of the history of their discovery of this country with a good deal about Dighton rock which Uncle supposed to have been sculptured by the natives, for various reasons, the principal of which was the fact, which Mr. Catlin told him, that he had seen thousands of such inscriptions in the Indian countries, in tribes which had not, as well as those which had, the use of instruments of steel."

"*Nov.* 25. The President requested "the members of the seminary" to remain after prayers and he then announced that two of the commons wait-

ers had been found insensible, having imprudently slept last night with charcoal in the room. At breakfast some one came from the kitchen to get some of the Davy Club to go down stairs and see the doctors about making oxygen for these men. I went down and they said they wished to try the effect of oxygen. With two or three others I came into the Davy Club room and went to work. I was there most all day, we made as much oxygen as we could, getting the furnace going and using an iron retort. The men were insensible all day." [There is a full account of this episode in "A New England Boyhood."]

"*Dec.* 25. Christmas. As I intended to go to town early, I got up contrary to the usual custom, before the second bell, and as an almost necessary consequence, did not get to prayers. At breakfast it appeared, on comparing notes, that the bell did not toll so long as usual. I did not stay at breakfast long, and about 20'8 set out for town, where I arrived in time for a second breakfast. We drew from our papers of wishes at breakfast time. I got 'a well laden ship safe in harbor' alluding to the present standing joke about the arrival of the ships of the different members of the family. My ship just now being the projected Latin School Mastership (no pun) and perhaps as one telegraphed a plan in embryo for me to report the legislative proceedings for the *Advertiser* this winter. We began the custom of Christmas wishes last year. It is a German custom, and consists in writing out for each member of the family

three wishes, each on a separate slip of paper, which are rolled up together and put under the pillow to be slept upon Christmas eve and night. In the morning one is drawn out, and that, whatever it is, comes to pass in the course of next year. All that we can remember of last year's have happened. I don't remember mine." An account of the mastership in the Latin School will be found in the next chapter, p. 57.

"*Jan.* 6, 1839. I read some of Wordsworth's Excursion this morning and was disappointed in liking it very much. It is certainly much better than his minor pieces."

"*Jan.* 12. He [Mr. Parsons] expressed his approbation of the plan [for reporting the legislative proceeding], he seemed to want to see me to show that he liked it, and he told me I could begin today so having got the keys to the *Advertiser's* reporting desk I went to the State House, but found both the houses had adjourned. However I went to my desk and made my preparations. I like the plan very much. It will not be very hard work but will bring pretty good pay, about two dollars a day. I shall come in from Cambridge every day till Thursday when the vacation will begin."

"*Jan.* 17. I walked into town. Went right up to the State House and staid there reporting and writing the proceedings of the House and college overseers till after one."

The diary becomes much more sparse for a month or two.

"*Jan.* 30. Reporting at the House in the morn-

ing. A little debate about Seekonk R.R. reference in which of course the House decided wrong. This led my meditations to the subject of governments and I came to the conclusion, not for the first time, that the form of government of the State of Massachusetts is a very poor one. Whenever the legislature get together they do as much harm as they can, and the only check to this is in the shortness of the sessions. It seems ridiculous that because the English government after fermenting away for two or three hundred centuries settled down into two bodies of legislators, a King and cabinet, and turned out to be a pretty good government too, that every other nation should copy it. Bolivar in making the constitution for Bolivia or one of those states of S. America deviated from the rule and had three bodies. I should be tempted to have only one of ten or fifteen men. Now things are not as they were when it was not possible to trust much power to such a set without their abusing it. The directors of a Bank or R. R. form something the kind of government I should give my state, annually eligible, and with a proper system of exposition of state affairs so there should be no outrageous secret proceedings."

"*Apr.* 2. I went to the A. Δ. Φ. room awhile after supper and since then have been up here all the time getting my verb for tomorrow's recitation, reading some for my mathematical part at exhibition 'Lunar Theory' and reading 'Chronicles of the Canongate.' Scott does beat the field in bookmaking. 'Fictitious narrative *was* his forte.'

"Tonight closes my seventeenth year. It closes what is at least on a most extravagant supposition the fourth part of my life, the fourth too, which passes the slowest.[1]

"'On parent's knee a naked new-born Child
Weeping thou satst while all around thee smiled.
So live, that sinking to that long last sleep
Thou then may'st smile, while all around thee weep.'"

"*May* 12. Here is another fearful gap, but I have been very busy with mathematical and Bowdoin dissertations, so that as Sir Walter Scott used to say, I have wished myself the hermit confessor to the niece of prince Gorboduc, who never saw pen or ink; much more have I been averse to touching one voluntarily. Now however, Exhibition and the Lunar Theory are over, and the Bowdoin delivered to the president is out of sight and out of mind. . . .

"After supper I walked up to Mt. Auburn with Hayward and Watson. It was a lovely evening and they walked on farther while I turned back alone. I was beginning to think over my class poem which I wanted to write. . . . When I had got down here I sat in the window seat watching the sunset and began to wax quite poetical under the influence of the beautiful sky and evening and the perfect stillness, when the bell of the church

[1] An average life of 68 years; he lived nineteen years longer than he calculated.

opposite began its dondindelondy for an evening lecture."

"*May* 13. This evening I have been two hours at the Φ. B. K. meeting for the choice of the six additions from our class. This is the third meeting we have had there being a fundamental point of difference, one half the members wishing to follow exclusively the Faculty list of the highest scholars in the class and the other half refusing to do so." [They compromised.]

"*July* 12. Immediately after breakfast I carried my Class Poem, the copying of which I finished last night, to the President, for his approval. I desire to be thankful that its done, and when the curtain shall fall on the last act of the farce

"'And when this solemn mummery shall be o'er
Why then I'll be more thankful than before.'"

"It has convinced me what I knew perfectly well before, that I am not, nor ever was, a poet or have I ever had the least claim to the title. I believe its only merits are its brevity, and that there is nothing in it in strikingly bad taste. I have been reading Childe Harold this evening, the third Canto which I never read connectedly before. There must be some pleasure in writing like that. . . . At 12 I got my MS. from the President. He was pleased to say it was all very proper."

There are few entries concerning college life after this, no account of Class Day or anything special till August 7, when he went out to move

his things to Boston. There is not even any account of Commencement or Φ. B. K. Day."

"*Aug.* 30. Fullum came out to Cambridge early this morning to move in the Commencement entertainment relics, and to move Nathan's furniture to his room. I got up and dressed, after but few hours' sleep, for if I had begun in the right place, the day's journal, beginning at 12 o'clock would have described my passage from Lincoln's room to Hayes's with six or eight others, then sitting till 3 o'clock this morning making night pass merrily with our drinking, singing and laughing, as we sat together for the last time. That circle I shall never meet again. We were, counting as we sat, from my right: — Pope, Walker, Furness, Austin 2nd, Hayes, Eliot, Hayward, Rogers and Lincoln, 10 including myself, altogether a chance party, withal a very pleasant one, but such as will be so separated that it will be a long time before we are ever all together again."

CHAPTER THREE

AFTER COLLEGE

1839–1841

WHEN he graduated from college my father had his plans for the future definitely settled. He had for some time decided upon the ministry as a profession. We should not probe too deeply into reasons and motives — there will be more to be said on the matter later on — but he himself said later that it had long been understood that he should be a minister, and also that his choice had been largely the result of the very great desire of his mother. Yet, though he was to be a minister and therefore would naturally pursue the study of theology, he did not wish to enter the Divinity School at Cambridge; he had decided to study privately, and already in his Senior year at college he had begun the study of Hebrew. He planned to live at home for the years of his theological study, and so he did for three years, at which time he felt qualified to present himself as a candidate for a license to preach, although it was not for four years more that he was regularly ordained. During this time he planned to support himself by some kind of work. Already in his Senior year he had one or two opportunities, such as reporting for the *Advertiser*. He had also several chances for a

more regular occupation. Of these, the first was to act as reader to Mr. Prescott, the historian.

"*Oct.* 31, 1838. A few minutes before one, I went into Dr. Bachi's room, as he had requested me to do, when he saw me at recitation. He told me he had wished to see me, to tell me that Mr. W. H. Prescott had written to him asking his aid in the selection of some member of the Senior class to act as his reader for a year or two after graduating. His eyes have been so poor, that he has been obliged to have some one to read to him whatever he wished, and to write, etc. for him. He had written a letter to Dr. Bachi stating the requisites, the attendance of the reader five hours a day, the knowledge to a certain extent of French and Spanish; and the compensation amounting to 350 dollars a year. Dr. Bachi thus referred to, had been kind enough to select me, and this was what he wanted to see me about. He said my present ignorance of Spanish would present no obstacle, as with my knowledge of Italian I could acquire all I should want of this in the course of a term. I told him that to me the plan was very agreeable, that I should like the situation very much, but that I could not give any definite answer without first seeing and consulting with father. He said he wanted to see Mr. Prescott tomorrow, but this would be sufficient to tell him, if it was finally settled upon, we could call on him Saturday.

"After dinner, I thought I should like to see father as soon as possible, so having made an ineffectual attempt to see Mr. Bowen that I might

get excused from recitation, I set out at 2 to walk into town. I got in about 3 and met father just going out of the house. He turned back and after listening to my story and to Mr. Prescott's letter said he thought, as I did that it would be a very pleasant and advantageous scheme, and he saw no objections to it. He knew Mr. Simonds who had been in Mr. Prescott's employ in the same situation and we set out to go and see him, stopping on the way at the Water Commission room, and I at the omnibus office to order it to call at 5 this afternoon for me and Sarah.

"Mr. Simonds had lived four years with Mr. Prescott in this situation as reader and liked it very much. He drew a very brilliant picture of its comforts and advantages, so I was much delighted.

"10'5 the omnibus called, Sarah and I got in and after being jolted about till six got out again at the entrance to the avenue to Divinity Hall and walked up to Dr. Palfrey's. Sarah was to stay there, and I being invited to take tea, did.

"After tea I had some conversation with Dr. Palfrey about this Mr. Prescott business and the possibility of studying divinity at the same time. He agreed with father and me, in thinking it a very good situation, but said he would not advise me to undertake to keep along with the studies of the divinity school farther than in completing in two years the studies of the first year there. He thought it all important that my theological studies should be conducted with a view to entering the divinity school eventually at an advanced

standing, thinking that there are some advantages to be obtained by constant intercourse with others in the same pursuit which no course of private study could afford. And he pressed earnestly his opinion of the decided inexpediency of attempting more than one year of study in two with Mr. Prescott. He had no doubt but that in two years the studies of two years might be passed over so as to obtain an admittance into the school, but he was convinced that this could not be properly effected, and not without a great sacrifice of time and labor, perhaps of health of body and mind. I was not very much surprised or disappointed at this view of things though it had not presented itself so forcibly before. During all the discussion about the business I had kept the study of my profession in view all the time and it had not occurred to me that I should, if studying at all, be obliged to study more slowly than if at the Divinity School. But on a little reflection it seemed evident that if I spent five hours a day in Mr. Prescott's study, however pleasantly or profitably the time might pass, it would be a considerable deduction from the time available for labor, and a deduction so great as to have great effect in a study requiring so much time and exertion as that of theology. Nor have I any need to hurry; at the longest computation the study of my profession will be over by the time I am twenty-one, which will be plentifully early."

"*Nov.* 2, 1838. I met Dr. Bachi this morning as I came home from reciting in Astronomy and told him the decision to which I had arrived about

the Prescott business. It was not, however, so near a completion as I had supposed, for I learned from him that Mr. Prescott had consulted the president about some one for the purpose the same day that he spoke to him, the president had mentioned to him Geo.Ware, and the matter had been proposed to Ware. He now holds a situation in the Latin School, but his family are desirous that he should continue the study of the law in which he had engaged before he took this office in the Latin School, and unless deterred by the bond of his engagement with Mr. Dixwell at the School he would like to take the place with Mr. Prescott. So it appeared to rest with him. If he took it, I should not; if he did not, I should.

"There was to be an eclipse of the Pleiads tonight or rather Saturday morning, and I thinking I should like to see it, lay down in the afternoon about $2\frac{1}{2}$ and slept till prayer time. We had no theme or forensic.

"*Nov.* 3, 1838. When I came home I found father and told him about the probable foundering of my ship. He was sorry, as was I; he was not very sorry, nor was I; he thought the proposed situation a good one, so did I; he thought there might have been, might be, a better, so did I. He wanted me to go to the Washington Bank to get some money, so I went.

"When I came back, in about 15 minutes, he told me Mr. Quincy had been to see him while I was gone, to propose another ship for me. Mr. Dixwell had told Mr. Quincy that if he took away

Geo. Ware from the Latin School he must get somebody else instead. So, Mr. Quincy proposed me to him, and he professing himself satisfied, Mr. Quincy came to see how I should like it.

"Well, I did not know. A little calculation showed that the aggregate time required at the Latin School was less than that at Mr. Prescott's, for although the average daily labor at first sight appears nearly six hours a day, at the Latin School, all the vacations and half holidays deduct from the account while, as Mr. Simonds told us the other day, Mr. Prescott never gave any intermission except on the most extraordinary occasions. On the other hand the labor at Mr. Prescott's would be much lighter than at School. The salary at the Latin School is $600 the first year, $800 the second and succeeding, at Mr. Prescott's $350 only, and the necessity of living away from home at times, as at Nahant in summer. Mr. Prescott's would require the study of Spanish on purpose, at the same time that I was studying Hebrew; the Latin School would require no direct preparatory study; on the other hand when I had fairly this Spanish I should probably be better fitted for Mr. Prescott than even for the Latin School. Such were the *pros* and *cons;* nevertheless I did not decide all day though leaning toward acceptance. The only object of comparing it with the situation as reader was, not that I could have that, for Geo. Ware had accepted that, but as I had determined on taking that if I could get it, it was a good test of the eligibility of this.

"In the afternoon I went to walk with Sarah. We went to see the Mrs. Lenoni whom we went to two or three weeks ago.

"I left Sarah in Beacon Street to call on Mrs. Russell and went home myself, stopping at Uncle Dr's on the way to have some wisdom teeth gums cut.

"In the evening went with Lucretia to Boylston Hall to a Signor De Begnis's concert. It was quite good, very amusing."

"*Nov.* 5, 1838. I went before breakfast to see the President. He wanted to see me about the Latin School affair, and as he said it rested really, entirely with me, for that Mr. Dixwell's recommendation was omnipotent with the committee, I told him I would accept it. This had been the final result of my deliberations. In the course of the conversation I said something about my having had the situation with Mr. Prescott in view, when he declared that that was the first moment he knew anything about it, said he had not been aware till then that I had known anything about the Prescott business or had had the situation offered, that when Mr. Dixwell told him that he must have some one in Geo. Ware's place, he mentioned me as a person whom he wished to serve and whom he thought competent, without any thought of recompense for disappointment in the other matter, for that he did not know I had any concern with that. This was new light to me and of course very flattering. In the afternoon I saw Mr. Bachi, and explained to him how the case

stands now, he told me that he saw the President Saturday, and had a long conversation with him about the Prescott matter, and my concern with it. The stories did not tally very well; there was very probably some misunderstanding in that conversation or misrecollection in one of the parties."

"*Jan.* 18, 1839. Reported at the House from 11 to 2 and in afternoon reporting Mr. Elliott Cresson's Colonization speech from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$. His speech was one of the eloquent kind, that is all flamdiddle which don't very well bear condensation. However I squeezed an hour's talking into a page and a half of foolscap, that is not half a column. Carried it down to the offices and staid there till 5 o'clock.

"Went into Uncle Edward's in the evening and borrowed Snow's Boston of him for father."

"*July* 31, 1839. We got here [to Taunton] about ten. I rode up from the Depot to the Bristol County House, and having made the necessary inquiries found that my best course for the Dighton Rock would be to take a private conveyance. So I thought I would begin on my expedition as soon as possible, and gave orders accordingly. I ate a little luncheon, walked about the town a little and by that time, 11 o'clock, a neat light covered buggy, or four wheeled chaise, with a horse was ready for me.

"I thought best to ride over to 'Dighton Four Corners,' the village nearest the rock as directly as possible, to ascertain there how soon would be a fit time of tide to see the inscription, and then I

could spend the between whiles in riding about to see the country.

"I got to the river's side opposite the rock a little after twelve. It was then nearly full tide; the man of whom I made my inquiries said that by three or half past the tide would be low enough for me to see the inscription. I had and wished nothing better to do in the interim than to ride about and I accordingly asked him some questions about the roads. He directed me to Somerset whither I thought I should like to go and I left him.

"I had hence a very pretty ride for some distance by the river's side riding towards the south. Then in obedience to my directions with regard to Somerset as this river road came to an end I turned off on rather a hilly road to go there. Here I found great store of blackberries.

"After riding on, as I thought rightly for some time, and stopping at a private house, for taverns there were none, to water my horse, I found the road I was on appeared to be growing rather dubious, and I held solemn deliberation as to whether I had better not turn back. I came to the conclusion however that it must soon come to an end, and that when the road went up one side of a hill it must go down the other so I kept on. I rode on two or three miles farther the road growing narrower and narrower, worse and worse, less and less travelled all the way, till finally having got to the top of the worst hill I ever had anything to do with I found the road seemed growing worse beyond me,

and as there was a house, the first I had seen for some miles I stopped to inquire into the circumstances of this road.

"The woman to whom I spoke expressed some surprise that I had got so far without being 'cast away' as she expressed it, said that the road was never used now, that it never did go to Somerset, attempted to explain what did, and when I ought to have turned etc. and did not seem to have any very clear idea where this did go. She seemed very well satisfied however that if I undertook to go farther I should certainly be 'cast away,' a fact which I did not doubt when she told me that the part I had seen was much the best part of the road. On the strength of this I turned back not sorry for I had had a very pleasant ride.

"About 2 o'clock when I was within a mile of 'Dighton Four Corners' it began to rain, for the first time in the day. I drove into the village immediately and finding no tavern sheltered the horse in a grocer's shed, and myself in a grocer's shop, from the rain.

"Having staid there about half an hour the rain stopped and I thought best to drive down to the river, about a mile to see how the tide served. The tide was not low enough and a most violent shower recommenced and kept on for an hour or two with little interruption, while the horse and buggy were waiting in a shed; I in a grocer's shop which seems to be the point whence people start to cross the river for 'the rock,' and the tide was falling.

"I had a very pleasant time however during my

long wait. The man who kept the shop was very intelligent and I had some conversation with him and was a good deal amused by the talk with and proceedings of the people who came into the store; it was a good view of human nature and national character. This man told me, and seemed to have no doubt of the truth of his asseveration, though he acknowledged he had never seen the thing he spoke of, that there was formerly another stone by this with an inscription. I remember this is explicitly denied in the account of the rock in the Am. Acad's trans.

"A little before 5 we started to cross the river, we being the two boys who ferried me over and myself. The wind was quite high and the water rough, and the boys professed to think there would be some difficulty in getting across, fearing that they would get blown up the river. However we got across very satisfactorily.

"The tide was nearly out and quite low enough for us to see the whole inscription. The water came up high enough however for the boat to be drawn close to the rock so I could sit in the boat and inspect the inscription of which I took a copy. It is evidently of man's device; there are two or three distinct human figures and one of an animal together with sundry other marks, all of them also so deeply and firmly cut as to make it almost evident to my eye at least that they were cut by a tool of metal, not by stone. I must say however that I do not think there is art enough in them for the Northmen to have cut them. I should rather

think they were cut by Indians after the introduction of metal tools. Tools obtained from the Northmen perhaps; as for the CXXXIII which figures in the Danish antiquarians' account I am sure that it is an exaggeration. I saw nothing nearer it than OX. There is an inscription on the North end of the rock made this or last year by some wanderer who hoped to deceive future antiquarians, I suppose. H. & W. figure in it. The rock, especially the inscribed face seems hard. I should think the inscribed face was different from the rest of which I have a specimen. It certainly is in color, being reddish while that is grey.

"We recrossed the river without difficulty and I returned to Taunton immediately. After supper I walked out to see the town. On returning I fell in with Williams, Junior, with whom I went to walk again, and on returning talked with till after nine."

"*Aug.* 8, 1839. Began on the volume of the Annual Register for 1818. Monday I read 1816, Tuesday 1817. I mean to go through them all as far as possible so as to obtain some knowledge of the history of the last 25 years. Of course, there is a great deal in each volume that I do not read."

"*Sept.* 9. 1839. First day of school keeping. At 8 this morning I started with Alexander for the new 'sphere of duty.' I went up into Mr. Dixwell's room, the large hall, where all the new boys were collected, and there with Townsend, was initiated into these new Eleusinian mysteries. Mr. Dixwell did not divide the divisions into their

respective rooms this morning, so about half the boys were in his room and half in Mr. Gardner's. This morning we two new masters were employed in examining applicants for admission etc. We arranged with each other that I should have the lowest room, *i.e.* the one on the ground floor.

"In the afternoon I went down there and Mr. Dixwell sent down my boys to me; three divisions in all; the third of the third class, rather better than might be expected of a third division, but still not much, the first of the fourth class, a crack division and as far as I could see very deservedly so, the fourth of the fourth, who seemed determined to make a new step and retrieve their reputation which before has been nothing at all. I heard two or three recitations this afternoon, and so I could compare my opinions with those which Mr. Dixwell gave me, sotto voce, of the whole room. There are a great many very bright looking boys, especially in the 1st of the fourth. I began to feel my responsibility more but at the same time my cares and fears less than I had done.

"After school I walked a mile toward the south end and back.

"In the evening on father's proposition we got the Horaces down stairs and read two odes round the table, it is proposed to renew the exercise every evening.

"A little after eight I went out to buy a smelling bottle for mother and then again to get some fruit. After this I read about twenty pages in Madame de Stael's Allemagne."

"*Sept.* 10, 1839. School again today, very suc-

cessfully. All the younger classes go at 11 excepting those boys who have not recited decently, that is those who have 1 or 0. I had one in this category and had to stay with him till 11½ o'clock soon after which, however, I went home.

"The afternoon passed very well but I was a good deal ennuyé having nothing to do. Yesterday's diary was one consequence, which accounts for its being written on this loose sheet.

"After school I walked to Charlestown over the Warren Bridge and back."

"*Oct.* 20, 1839. I staid to the Sunday School and took a class; not that I have any more faith than ever as to my qualifications as a teacher, or in the beneficial effects of a Sunday School in such a parish as ours, but because in the introduction of the new system there is a dearth of men teachers and as I think it ought to be tried I was willing to give my hand."

"*Oct.* 24, 1839. In the afternoon I whipped the first boy I have had occasion to. It was a bad business, perfectly disgusting to me, but I found it was absolutely necessary. The boy was decidedly the worst boy in the room, and utterly regardless of the ordinary machinery of marks, etc. and having run up to ten marks in the first three days in the week, I told him that for the next offence he should be 'punished' as the phrase is. And so he was."

The family life at home had by this time become even more absorbing than it had been before; the older four were grown up. Nathan and my

father were now graduated from college and were studying their professions; Sarah and Lucretia were occupied like other young ladies of the day. The house was the center of an interesting and lively life. My grandfather was constantly occupied with such semi-public concerns as the newspaper, the railroad, the water commission. My grandmother had much of the literary disposition and attainment of her brothers, Edward, till lately the Governor of the State, and Alexander, editor of the *North American Review*. Sarah and Lucretia were lively and accomplished young women; the latter became well-known as the author of "The Peterkin Papers", the former died early. James Lowell was a classmate and intimate friend of Nathan's and was at this time making his beginnings in literature He was often at the house, as was William W. Story, who was also of the class of '38. William White and his sister Maria (afterward Mrs. Lowell) were members of the group, as well as a number of others. The diary and letters of these years show an animated life full of matters of keen interest at the moment, if hardly worthy of permanent record.

"*Nov.* 3. 1839. Mr. Lothrop has preached all day, very well; in the morning on the text Be careful for nothing, in the afternoon on Envy.

"I staid as usual to Sunday School, and there accepted at Mr. Lothrop's request the office of delegate to the meeting of the Boston Sunday Schools which it appears are united by a kind of Amphictyonic Council. I attempted to be modest at

accepting an office of such dignity, but was rather snubbed by being told that all the older teachers had had it a good many times, and by implication I was given to understand that they were tired of it.

"I have been reading today some of Sparks's Collections; some of Abauzit's writings and one of Blackburne. Abauzit was a French divine, driven from France in the Huguenot persecution at the close of the 15th century. I like his writings particularly; they contain strong, good sense and very conclusive reasoning. In Blackburne on Confessions of Faith, I found the rather singular fact that of sixteen Confessions of Faith, comprised in the Corpus Confessionum, printed at Geneva in 1612, only six make any allusion to the Providence of God, and eleven of them take no notice of Resurrection from the Dead. So much for Sectarianism *vs.* Christianity; and for the test of the orthodoxy of ministers who sign established confessions.

"I went tonight with sundry of the family to the first of a course of lectures to be delivered by Mr. Lothrop in the Church Vestry. This one I thought admirable. It was the beginning of an answer to the general question "What is Christianity?" and consisted principally of argument and remark to show that we ought not appeal too often to the Old Testament or the Epistles, but making Christianity the religion of Christ, draw our views from his Gospel, which would be enough for its foundation were the Old Testament rejected or blotted from existence. The distinction of the authority of different parts of the Bible are especially urged."

"*Nov.* 4, 1839. I finished this evening my first complete literary work. Carter had given Mother some pictures and letter press which he wished made up into picture books, and I asked leave to fix one of them. She told me I might, and I went to work accordingly, taking my share of the pictures and about twenty pages of letter press, most of which was a story I wrote for one of Mother's books last year. With these I have made up a book of about sixty pages, most of it written anew. I finished it tonight. It will be published this fall under the title of 'Jemmy's Journey.' "

"*Nov.* 15, 1839. 'Why,' says the commentator on this sheet, discovered four thousand years hence on the disinterment of Boston from its engulfment by a convulsion of nature in the year —— 'why the unknown journalist should write his notes for these four days on a different sized sheet from his other observations, and why there should be the blank there is between Nov. 8 and 15, I am unable to divine. It is barely possible, as has been suggested by a friend to whose valuable hints I owe much, that the Boston massacre of which we find no mention in these singular papers, but which is noticed so often in contemporary history, took place in the interim, and that the excitement naturally produced by that event prevented the journalist from giving the usual brief daily space of time to his notes of the day. This is merely hypothesis however and it ought to be remarked in connection that Dr. Solander, in his highly approved system of chronology, places the massacre seventy or eighty years after this time.'

Diary discovered in the ruins of Boston kept during the years 1837, 1838, 1839 etc. In ten volumes, with a translation and notes, vol. 7 — p. $\frac{224}{310}$.

"Know then, O Commentator who shall be in a future age that no massacre caused this interruption, but that on the 11th of November, Monday last, the annual election of state officers took place in this goodly state of Massachusetts. That since that time my evenings have been occupied in collecting returns of the election, and adding them etc. etc. in aid to my father, the conductor of an influential and widely circulated daily newspaper. Occupied thus till late in the evening, I have slept late in the morning, and my journal book has been neglected.

"The cares of the election are over. Morton leads Everett 237 votes in all the towns but five. The election defeated by scattering votes will go to the House. Editors, newscollectors, foremen, compositors, carmen, hotelkeepers, and reading room men, may now rest unmolested for a twelve month more, and I can put pen to paper again."

"*Nov.* 19, 1839. I have just been reading an article in Blackwood for September on the French Literature of the eighteenth century, and was surprised and pleased, to find in its separate remarks several ideas and statements, which I had put into my last Bowdoin Dissertation, not supposing them original to be sure, but at the same time with no direct authority for them, not even for the statements. One or two of my hypotheses are contraverted by the writer.

"Something in this article led me to think of how

much labor and information I have wasted by beginning books which I have never finished. I accordingly made the resolution to attempt in future never to have more than five on the tapis at once, which I think I shall divide thus:

Professional	2
Information	1
Languages	1
Light reading	1
Total	5

"As nearly as I can compute I have now in progress, viz.:

Professional. . . . .Gerard on Bib. Crit., Priestley on Corruptions of Christianity, Starks's Theological Collections, Ware's Life of Priestley, Tess's Sontag's Evangelia (Germ.) .	5
Information . . . Sparks's Washington, Murray on Drawing Maps, Blackstone	3
Languages. . . . Mad. De Stael's Germany	1
Light reading. . .Rogers' Columbus	1
This excluding magazines, of course	
	10

"I shall attempt to cut this amount down, by finishing the two Priestleys as soon as possible and beginning nothing in their place, by reading through Sparks's Washington before I do any more of the Construction of Charts or Blackstone, of which last

indeed I have not read a dozen pages since I left college — I shall keep on Mad. De Stael and take something in place of Rogers' as soon as I have done that, which of course will be soon; I merely began it Sunday night for the want of something else — not something better, in the lighter line of literature. Sontag's Evangelia I shall read in connection with my professional, critical reading of the New Testament which I shall probably begin tomorrow. I have nearly finished Gerard, shall finish it tomorrow, but its place will be immediately supplied by LeClerc's Ars Critica. Of course I don't count the New Testament reading with the rest."

"*Dec.* 1, 1839. Mr. Lothrop preached in the morning, very well, on the text 'For they had knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.'

"I took a long nap before afternoon service.

"In the afternoon William Swett preached very well on moral courage.

"In the evening I went with Mother and Lucretia to the vestry and heard Mr. Lothrop's second lecture, in answer to the question 'What is Christianity?' He dwelt on the difference between the consideration of Christianity as a revelation, and of incumbering it with the speculations contained in creeds. The three essentials as he laid them down, were the belief

1st that God is our father

2nd that mankind ought to live as brothers

3rd that the soul is immortal and accountable

and he maintained very satisfactorily that these are the points to which most attention is paid in the gospels."

"*Dec.* 27, 1839. It seems melancholy to think how my time is annihilated by those abominable diversions called evening parties — Three weeks ago, I made a resolution to read four evenings in the week, each evening a chapter in the New Testament with commentaries, besides other reading of Hebrew, Euripides's Alcestis, and Mad. De Stael. With one exception I believe I have read every week-day night I have been at home, and I have now read five chapters. This evening it seemed almost a duty to read something, and I went to work for two hours — but Rakemann had a pianoforte concert to which Lucretia and I went about 8½. If it had not been for the string of parties that I cared little or nothing for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evening, I could have gone with a clean conscience, as it was I did not die of remorse. The concert was very good. Vide *Daily Advertiser* of Saturday morning."

A few letters, mostly to his brother Nathan, do something to fill out the record of these years.

"1840.

"DEAR NATHAN: I have got your money in the state you see it, ingeniously contrived to avoid postage as much as possible. The Quinnebaug Bank is good, don't be gummed into thinking it is not.

Yours in haste, EDWARD E. HALE."

TO NATHAN

"*April* 15, 1840. I have taken my first Daguerreotype, with almost perfect success. It is of the

church at the South End nearly opposite the head of Orange St., [Mr. Mott's] and is quite equal to some of the worst of Mr. Gourand's, which I think quite encouraging for the first. It is very much like one he had of Quincy market which I don't think you have seen. It is perfectly distinct, and the faults are such as are easily explained and remedied. I stood to be taken in it, Francis opening and shutting the camera, but unfortunately I stood against a dark background so that nothing but my legs which come against the white stone of the steps, and my face and shirt bosom are visible. It was in the camera twelve minutes apparently just the right time for the light.

"The scheme for a family Daguerreotype class is pretty much given up. I have hitched on J. J. Dixwell's and we are to have the first lesson tomorrow.

"There is sundry news passing in the family of which other scribes will inform you. I am dreadfully tired and have just finished mending a glass syphon which is in use for Daguerreotype distilling by the agency of an alcohol blowpipe, and successfully.

"Tonight the Amphictyonic Council of the Sunday School met. Queer and ridiculous. Since then I have been to Dr. Jackson's to bring home Sarah.

"I only get over the page to say

"Good Night. Yrs. ever, EDWARD."

TO LUCRETIA

"*Aug.* 6, 1840. John King has been in this evening and he announced that Mary and William Story

are going with us on our X. Good, is it not? John thinks he can't go, so I suppose Augusta will not, tho' it is suggested that Wm. W. or Jim Lowell would form an appropriate sixth in case she would. Sarah had a letter from Nathan the night you went away, from which it appeared that the reason he was not at Springfield when mother and father were there, was that, the Friday having finished his work in that district, as he could not go into Berkshire before Monday he concluded to pleasure himself by going to Stafford Springs, once the Saratoga of N. England. He describes it as the most horribly desolate place that was ever seen, the hotel all but in ruins, the bowling alley quite so, and the covering of the springs much like that at Brighton. There were about 20 or 30 people there, regular Connecticut invalids, most of whom being from Coventry knew Nathan historically, and were very kind to him but were albeit sad bores. They drank, really and without exaggeration, twenty eight tumblers of water each a day. Wm. White is now engaged in collecting a story to back that.

"The Pulaskis left for P. tonight. You will probably read this letter while whirling with one of them in the giddy waltz, *i.e.* if you have such times as you did at Springfield and Northampton. Wm. Story and the Rangers went to New Bedford this morning, we have very copious notes to the commissioned officers' ball there, being one to Sarah, one to father and one to Nathan and his friends. None of us will go. John King talks of it, so does William White of whom my letter seems to be full. I have

not however seen him since you left. Page has begun on Mama's picture; he began while she was at Nantasket whence she has now returned. It begins, they say to look quite like her. He and she are now at Watertown, Mrs. Thaxter's likeness is being painted also. The water party seems to have gone off very well though Bill told Sarah that his time was not quite so good as usual. I was sorry she could not go. There was some talk the next day of my taking her to Susan Jackson's but I did not feel quite competent to chaise sitting so long."

TO EDWARD EVERETT [1]

"*Jan.* 1, 1841. Our last intelligence from you was received in your letters to Mr. Brooks and Uncle Oliver from Florence. We were very sorry to hear of your delays and their causes, and hope that these letters may have brought the last accounts of that kind. We received those letters by the Acadia steam packet, she arrived here after a seventeen days' passage, about a fortnight since, bringing us the first news of the birth of the princess royal, (poor thing) and the capture of Acre. I suppose you hear and feel much more about the Oriental War than we do even, though by the time you receive this letter, it will probably be all over.

"Your letter to Uncle Oliver, after its arrival here, went to Washington in its enclosure to Mr. Winthrop who is now our Representative in Congress. Congress is now in session though they have hardly got to business. In the House parties are, from the few

[1] At this time Minister to England.

changes, and fillings of vacancies, even more closely balanced than last year, the precise Administration majority being I believe but five. Mr. Van Buren's friends have thus far shown very little desire to make use of their present strength in Congress, indeed from appearances, I should say that the party was not only dispirited, as it well may be, but on the eve of dissolution. They have suffered Mr. Benton to be outvoted two or three times in the Senate, in his ridiculous schemes. There is, of course, a good deal of talk about the new cabinet, though I believe very little is really known. Almost all parties now agree, that Mr. Webster will be Secretary of State, more than this I suppose to be mere guess work. The probability of his appointment gives our new Legislature, which meets next week, two Senators to choose. The candidates, however, are not at all certainly designated.

"In Boston we are fairly entered on a very gay 'season.' Last night was the first of the Assemblies, revived on the plan of those two years ago. There is much more disposition for large and showy parties than there was last year, and the regeneration of the Assemblies is the immediate consequence. I was not there last night, but I am told by everybody that it was quite a delightful party, everybody in good spirits and everybody there. The musical fashionables have been in a manner crazed by the re-arrival of the Woods here, not quite so much crazed however as they were once before; they are here still.

"We have had more snow thus far this winter than I remember for four or five years. While I write

however, a warm south west wind and rain is going on, which will soon make an end of the admirable sleighing. We have had indeed very stormy weather for the whole winter."

TO NATHAN

"*March* 25, 1841. I have undertaken to improve the ennui of convalescence by writing, but now I have the pen my hand feels so weak that maybe I shall not get done. Mary, the serf, having felt for a long time the inconveniences of our chamber, undertook this morning instead of cleaning it up to make a new one, an operation necessarily consuming considerable time, and in consekens, tho' she is now done, I am writing in the nursery, sitting in the large easy chair, the only kind of chair that I do sit in much, for I am still quite weak. I took advantage of the lovely weather yesterday to walk to the bottom of the street and back; the snowdrops and crocuses are coming out in the little garden spots on Franklin Place which have a warm exposure, so it seems quite like spring there. I lay down most of the day yesterday, horribly weak but otherwise quite well. Today I am stronger, well in every point except that my mouth tastes like Julius Caesar.

"We had yesterday here quite a gathering, Augusta King and Mary Story spending the day with Sarah, and Wms. White and Story coming in the evening. Wm. White got home from Lowell yesterday morning, having had quite a successful expedition of which he spoke in very radiant terms. His sister Maria is sick with the mumps, not very badly however.

They played vingt-et-un in the evening with pretty much the same results as the other night. W. W.'s singular good fortune carrying him through against all competitors. Mary Story slept here and has gone home this morning.

"Tuesday evening she and Sarah and Augusta went to the theatre with John and W. W. S. to see the pantomime of Dame Trot and her cat which they represent as inconceivably funny and regular English Christmas Pantomime with Harlequin & Columbine, etc. Sarah's face was pretty badly swelled for the occasion but as she had no pain she covered it with a scarf and went without injury. There was a violent storm here that night under cover of which $10 or 20,000 of jewelry was stolen from the store of Davis & Palmer, the men of whom we got the Academy tickets, for the concerts. The robbery was between $7\frac{1}{2}$ and 9 in the evening, as in fact you will find by the papers.

"$4\frac{1}{2}$ P.M. Thus far I had written when I was obliged to put by the pen and go to bed where I napped for 3 consecutive hours and getting up felt better and took my walk of down the street and the reverse twice before dinner. You will have noticed in what I have written the incoherencies and irregularities of disease. My machine has been in pretty bad order and is even now hardly wound up.

"We are hoping for a letter from you tonight; W. A. W. in his sphere of duty of knowing everything having ascertained that the mail comes down through Shrewsbury today and goes up yesterday and to-morrow. Indeed if you have not a multitude of

counsellors, we may see yourself tonight, in which case the dead letter office will see this. Much good may it do them! If the season were six weeks later I should like to be with you. All my day dreams since I have been sick have been on spring and the country and nothing to do. The last clause you see involves the reason that I don't wish to be in your place. Everyone desires the warmest love to you. Good bye "Yrs. ever,

"E. E. H."

TO EDWARD EVERETT

"*Sept.* 22, 1841.

"The political events which have been going on for some weeks are singular for our country, and have, of course, excited a great deal of interest. The view father takes of the resignation of the cabinet and the second veto, is, that as we have got Mr. Tyler for our President, and cannot help it, it is the worst possible policy to quarrel with him, and he therefore feels quite satisfied with Mr. Webster's stay in the cabinet. A good many of the New England and New York papers, most of them indeed, take the same view. Others are very much incensed with Mr. Tyler, do not scruple to denounce him and to express surprise at Mr. Webster's stay. It seems probable enough, though we know little of the matter that Mr. W. has acquired a pretty strong hold on Mr. Tyler and has considerable influence with him, and that he will have a similar influence with the new cabinet. You will find the manifesto of the Whig members of Congress in the *Messenger*. It has excited as little

attention as such labored papers, appearing a day or two after the height of excitement, generally do, indeed it is said that more than half the Whig members were absent, — among them the whole Massachusetts delegation. Public feeling, I should think, at least as far as the press shows it, of which we have, you know, a full sample at our office, is becoming much more calm than it was, and we seem to have a right to look quite hopefully to the future.

"I have nothing to communicate of your business in my hands, but to say that I have, waiting for a suitable opportunity, a newspaper postmarked Milledgeville, Geo., which I do not put up with this bundle, having a low idea of the intelligence or value of a correspondent who has not yet found out that you are abroad, and wishing to make the parcel as small as possible. I am afraid to enter into competition with mother and Aunt Lucy, both of whom will have communications in this express mail, as to family matters, and hence my political crudities, which I venture with the more confidence as you seem to have had little newspaper intelligence from home. I have been myself, the last five or six weeks on a delightful excursion through New Hampshire, Vermont, North-Eastern New York, and Lower Canada in company with one of the gentlemen engaged on the New Hampshire geological survey, which I enjoyed extremely. It happened very fortunately for me, that it was necessary to compare the observations of the survey with the lime region of New York, which includes Lakes George and Champlain, and I consequently had a grand sight of

beautiful scenery which I enjoyed as much as the most enthusiastic geologist of them all. My connexion with the Latin School is at an end — I resigned at the end of the second year having obtained all the good I could from it, (and, I believe, a great deal too) and as much as I cared to of the worst effects. So that I am not so mechanically restricted by set hours as I have been, though I manage to keep pretty busy.

"Remember me to my aunt and cousins and believe me "Truly yours,

"Edward E. Hale."

TO LUCRETIA

"*July* 15, 1842, . . . In the afternoon I went to the top of Bunker Hill Monument with Dr. Palfrey. I think the view from the top is the grandest, sublimest sight I ever saw. You have no large mass around you as on the state house or on a mountain to detract your attention from the prospect or to injure it by introducing into your mind any accurate estimate of size of different objects, by comparison of them with such as you know. When you come home I will explain to you what I mean. I talk of going up with Sarah tomorrow, and if it is not closed up next week you and I will go. The view is very fine from the lookout windows but not so fine as from the top itself. I am so glad it is done. (Did that *so* make you think you had mistaken all along, and glance down to see if your letter was from some womanine correspondent?) It is very hot and I have not tried much to think of what

the news is with other members of the home establishment than myself. Sarah and Nathan went to ride last night by moonlight — a perfectly delicious night as this will be. Aunt Lucy is now in the field downstairs or was at my latest advices. We are all well, happy and hot, as my friend the little beggar girl of the days when we were children said, We are hotter than you be in Springfield, you know we be, for for three days we have had no east wind though there was a refreshing shower today. Give my love to Margaret and Mary, and remember me to everybody who careth for me. I was sorry that I could not prolong my sojourn in Springfield longer, and am sorrier now for I am afraid it is morally wrong (or immorally wrong) (or perhaps immorally right) to stay in town when you have it really summer. No small portion of my time however, is spent in the water or on the common. I read "Forest Life" there for an hour or two on Wednesday and found it very pleasant. The peasantry were there also in great numbers, but they were civil and did not abuse their privileges and I was glad I had continued to them their freedom of the grounds. I do not think of retrenching it at present, or till all the babies whom I saw there have grown up to men and women, when they will be unable all to get into the common together, and will have to sign for their snatches of beauty and fresh air as for a Lowell lecture. Good-bye, my dear. I have a slight hope (a sort of paternal one) that you may be able to read all this before you get home. Believe me as ever your loving brother, "EDWARD."

TO EDWARD EVERETT

"*Sept.* 16, 1842. We are just entering on our nine months winter — have had fires all day yesterday and today, and it is only the very young and poetical who have faith in an Indian summer yet to come. At present we are luxuriating in east wind and rain. Our family is collecting itself after its summer rambles, — Lucretia is now the only absentee, she is on a visit to Mary Davis at Portland where I left her a week since. We have had a very pleasant though extremely short summer. I never knew Boston so totally deserted as it has been. The few of us who staid here had in consequence the great consolation of having no summer party duty to do and have lived as hermit-like as if we were in paradise. I have envied you the enjoyment of a summer in England.

"Our state legislature adjourned today having redistricted the state for Congress without any very bad gerrymandering I believe on either side. On Wednesday we had a Whig Convention here at Faneuil Hall, a very animated meeting, reminding me of all the excitement of the Harrison canvass. They nominated Mr. Clay and honest John Davis for President and Governor.

"I write in haste, my dear Uncle, but I hope not so incoherently that you do not understand my lengthy business details. Believe me with much love to Aunt Charlotte and my cousins —

"Very affectionately yours,

"EDWARD E. HALE.

"I saw in 'The Book of Precedence' the other day, that the lady of a minister always ought to be addressed as 'Her Excellency.' So I must beg Aunt Charlotte's pardon for having mentioned her so irreverently as I have just above."

TO LUCRETIA

"*Aug.* 22, 1839: Just before tea, for I waited tea for Nathan, 'Hyperion' Mr. Longfellow's new book, came up, having been sent. I immediately seized on it, and after a pause at tea time, resumed it. Nathan had to go to make a call on Chas. W. Thomas, the poet, you know, his travelling friend of last year, of whom there is another story, which I may have time to tell you elsewhere. Just before Nathan returned I finished the first book of 'Hyperion' and began on the second. He took the first and we finished our volumes before going to bed about 12½ o'clock. I think it is very good. There is no great story to it: the hero is said to be, and is evidently I think, Mr. Longfellow himself, and it is said, less probably, I think, that the book is to describe his flirtation with [substituted for 'rejection by'] Fanny Appleton. There is very little story of any kind in it, nevertheless it is a very pleasant book."

TO EDWARD EVERETT

"*June* 28, 1841. Since mother made up her bundle for you to go by Mr. Shaw's ship, the sailing of the vessel has been delayed, which gives me an opportunity to send a subsidiary package by way of postscript, containing a letter for you which has arrived

within a day or two, an Eulogy on Gen. Harrison also addressed to you, which I think best to send, although you may think it intrinsically little worth. If you will read it over about two hundred times, with some slight variations in place, tone, audience, and arrangement, you will have some faint idea of the throngs of eulogies which the President's death has called forth. In one of the Weekly Messengers you will find a report, almost complete, of Mr. Choate's, and with your knowledge of his style of delivery, you will readily be able to imagine that scene. Now that the shock, and really awful sensation, excited by his sudden death is over, matters and especially political matters take an old-fashioned business routine. At the time, however, the general feeling was very great, it could hardly be overestimated; there was a nearer approach to loyalty, manifested than I had supposed our people capable of. There was, indeed, quite enough to make anyone thoughtful, and for more than a minute too.

"If the newspaper letter writers can be at all trusted, and in this case they are perhaps plausible in their accounts, President Tyler is opposed to establishing a National Bank without the consent of the States for separate branches; such is the scheme proposed by Mr. Ewing to Congress, which also places the central bank at Washington, more I suppose as a tub to the Virginian whale of unconstitutionality than for other purposes, tho' there are other advantages strenuously urged. Father thinks, however, as you will see by his leaders for the last few days, that the restriction of the power of branch-

ing to State legislation would be very ill judged — Mr. Clay has taken the same ground in his bill which he is now pressing in the Senate. It is easy to imagine with what alacrity a Massachusetts legislature would put on a tax of one or more per cent on such a branch, and how readily other states would follow suit. The new opposition, of course, throw themselves directly counter to the Bank proposition and declare that they will repeal the charter as soon as they get the majority. But the newspapers will explain all political matters to you much more clearly than I can, indeed it would be no compliment for me to say that you can guess in Florence as much as I understand here — for matters of politics are quite out of my line."

CHAPTER FOUR

TRIPS AND EXCURSIONS

1839–1845

DURING the summers of those years in which he was reading theology and beginning his professional life, my father took many trips about the country. He was always fond of traveling and in "A New England Boyhood" gives an account of the early family excursions to Westhampton and Cape Ann and elsewhere. During the years after his graduation he visited a large part of New England. His father was at this time President of the Boston & Worcester Railroad, so that the family journeyed easily toward the west. He took also various excursions, with the result that he felt so well acquainted with New England in general that he wrote a series of articles for the *Advertiser* on the summer travel in the different States. His letters during this period give quite a complete record of such trips, for it was the family custom to write home full accounts. Thus in 1840 he went to New York with his sister, Lucretia, and William and Mary Story, and thence up the Hudson to West Point and the Catskill Mountains. The next summer he joined his friend and classmate, William Channing, who was at this time a member of the New Hampshire Geological Survey, in a trip which in course of time took him over northern

New Hampshire, across Vermont, to Lake George, up into Canada, and back to New Hampshire again. In the next years he took shorter trips to Stafford Springs, Connecticut, to Saco, Maine, to Cape Cod, and with his younger brothers to New York once more, where they went over Lake George and Lake Champlain. The next year he made another trip with Channing, in the course of which they visited the Schoharie Cave which had recently been discovered, and Trenton Falls, which at that day was a famous summer resort. In 1845, with Channing once more, he made a trip to Maine, to ascend Mt. Katahdin. He enjoyed these trips to the utmost. They were sometimes taken with a horse and carriage or on horseback, but no part of them did he ever enjoy so much as those which led him to walk and climb in the White Mountains or in Maine. He was so fond of climbing mountains in his early days that he used to say the love of it seemed a sixth sense, like his mother's love of flowers.

Such trips or episodes in them stood out in his mind through life. A year or two after he wrote in his journal concerning a gentleman's country seat near Philadelphia: "Bonaventura does not compare itself with anything else. It stands out as Schoharie Cave or the view from Katahdin — separate from anything else you ever saw in your life." Long afterward, when he was over eighty, he wrote about something else: "The only other time when I knew I was in the immediate presence of death was near the upper crest of Mt. Katahdin. I was struggling on in a dense fog when I started to see that with one

more step forward I should have lost my balance, falling down a precipice I do not know how far." The earliest records of such trips are generally to be found in small notebooks which he carried in his pocket at the time. The earliest of these which has accounts of his mountain climbing is a small book about two and a half inches by four. It contains a journal which, like many other such works, generally says least when he was doing most. In the following selections the slight and often fragmentary extracts from the journal are supplemented by letters of the time and the recollections of later life.

First is the rather bald record of quite an achievement. On the excursion with Channing he came upon the White Mountains from the northwest. There had been some talk of a mica ledge, and though it does not seem to have been a necessary part of the geologic work of the trip, they made up their minds to try to find it. They went up Israel's River with a guide, but after dinner he left them, and they went on alone with the idea of reaching the summit of Mt. Washington. A little before sunset they found themselves on the top not of Mt. Washington but of Mt. Jefferson. They could see the other summit, however, and by three hours' hard walking made the top of Mt. Washington by nine o'clock. The following is his record in a pocket notebook:

"*Sept.* 3, 1841. Cloudy in morning, clear in afternoon — started about 9 for Kilkenny — Kelpie slow, sick, and lazy. Ride up Ammonusuck — shingle mill &c. — Whitefield &c. at $12\frac{1}{2}$ — lost our way —

cross road — view of the mountains. Jefferson Mills no tavern. Ride of three miles — I asked of a blind widow the way — dined at a tavern without a sign — six miles more and slept at another. Martin our guide in prospectu to the mica ledge.

"*Sept* 4, 1841. Raining and sun shining at intervals through the day. Started at $6\frac{1}{2}$ through the woods to go up the South Branch of Israel's River with Martin for guide. Botanic practice. Seeds of flowers — deer tracks, bear marks — large pine — stopped at $12\frac{1}{2}$ to dine — bath — cold water — fire to sit by — Martin left us and we went on alone. Up to South Branch with a vengeance — finished the stream and climbed the forests — scrub-wood — prospect — rain beneath us — above us — refuge under scrub pines — ascend to summit of Mt. Jefferson at 6 o'clock. Magnificent sunset — crossed over to Washington, cold, tired, wet, hungry, and faint. Rests as we went — Camp in the hut at 9 o'clock — fire — drying clothes and sleep."

"*Sept.* 5, 1841. Walk down to breakfast — hungry — wading streams — Notch road — Fabyans — Luncheon — dinner. Naps."

TO HIS MOTHER

"*September* 6, 1841. I know, my dear Mother, that the blank of the last four days has presented a signal departure from the rule of a letter a day, or one every other day which I am fond of laying down to the family wanderers, when I am at home and which I like to follow myself. You will see by my recountation of our journeyings since I wrote from Haver-

hill that I have a total absence of opportunity, mail towns and mail roads to justify myself.

"First let me congratulate you on the return of your birthday and Lucretia on that of hers, both which I remembered and celebrated, with regret that I could not celebrate in the time-hallowed manner at home. Next to home, however, I was yesterday in a place best adapted for all kinds of sublimity of thought &c. &c., by being on the top of Mt. Washington, as you shall see. Last Thursday morning Dr. Jackson left us for Littleton, with the understanding that we were to follow immediately, as soon as our broken wagon should return from the menders. It did not return although anxiously expected, until half past twelve o'clock, so we dined at Haverhill and did not get to Littleton till late the next evening. From Littleton we were to come to the White Mountains (leaving the Dr. with William behind). There were rumors of a ledge of mica in Randolph or Kilkenny, towns immediately adjacent to the mountain, which Channing and the Dr. got up a desire to see. We (C. & P.) were accordingly to seek for them on one of the cloudy days of the excursion, thus giving us an opportunity to select the finest weather for the Notch and the mountain. Friday was cloudy when we started from Littleton, so we directed our course to Kilkenny intending to do up the mica and then come round to the mountain houses. The road to Kilkenny proved so intolerably bad and our horse so tired, that we did not get to the tavern of the guide to this wonderful ledge (who was a botanical physician and kept tavern without a sign, on the principle

that good wine needs no bush) until evening. He had told the Dr. of the existence of this ledge of mica (which if half were true that was told of it, would be to give it its due, valuable in the extreme) some weeks ago, but on examination it appeared that all he knew was, that 9 years ago Squire Odell, now of Portland, when he sold him his farm, told him he should find it by tracing up the south branch of Israel's river. To the head of this south branch was supposed to be about five miles, though he, nor anyone else, so far as was known, had ever been up. Mica hunting we started on Saturday morning, at half past six with him for a guide, and up the south branch we went, sometimes on one shore, sometimes on the other, and sometimes in the middle, quite in hunters' guise through a perfect wilderness. It was a very beautiful stream through a very beautiful forest. We kept on till half past 12, having advanced at least six or seven miles, but yet with no mica ledge and no head of Israel's River. This would be as far as we would go if we returned to Kilkenny that night, but Channing having still a desire to settle the mica question and both of us to see the sun rise and set from the peak of Mt. Washington, where we knew there was a shanty which we could sleep in without much discomfort, we resolved to go on; so after all three of us discussing the luncheon which his tender and thoughtful wife had provided, we parted and he went home. Our only difficulty was this, to be sure that we found the peak of Mt. Washington, for from that we should have no difficulty in descending early the next day to one of

these hotels and there we should sleep more comfortably than elsewhere. This was no easy task for we were quite surrounded with woodlands, and only occasionally got a glimpse of some mountain peak, seeming high enough to be Mount Anything, and farther than this we had no guide but the very general ideas of our friend the botanical physician as to the distance and bearing of the several peaks from his house, from which we were now at considerable distance, though how much we did not know. Our first duty was however to trace to its source the South Branch of Israel's River and this we proceeded to do. It very soon took the character of a mere mountain torrent descending very rapidly with some exquisite cascades and running through the richest of forests. We traced it up, climbing very steeply, as you may suppose, till finally we got to the very head where it took its origin in the side of the mountain. When we had first seen it in the morning it was twenty feet across, you may imagine how singular it was to trace it up so to nothing. Where it left us we were half way up one of the peaks, which we imagined to our great satisfaction, from all the evidence we had, must be Mt. Washington. After we left the stream, we had, as you may suppose, very difficult work in forcing our way through the woods, the trees in which however grew smaller and smaller, more and more stunted as we advanced till they were mere scrub pines not more than five feet high. When we had got to this level we were a little damped by a sudden shower of rain, which however we protected ourselves from as best we could

by crawling in under the pines so that we did not get very badly soaked. The view from here was grand, we could see some fifty or a hundred mountain peaks round us rising out of seas of cloud at all possible different distances below, the wind constantly changing their form and appearance, while occasionally the thunder grumbled out from some of them showing us how high we were above the rest of the world. After the rain was over, we climbed on, becoming more and more satisfied that we were on Mt. Washington, occasionally entirely surrounded by clouds, and occasionally left perfectly free with one of these magnificent sights of the peaks around us till we left all traces of shrubbery and indeed of vegetation, and scrambled over masses of entirely bare rock for about quarter of a mile till we reached the peak where from the perfectly clear view of all the surrounding eminences found we were on Mt. Jefferson, and could see our friend Washington rising a little higher than we were about a mile and a half to measure in a direct line, to the south of us. This was discouraging but the ridge of the high land which would be our path over there seemed pretty clear and easy and we resolved to make the passage and were inspirited on starting by the most magnificent sight I ever saw or expect to see. For some time it had been so cloudy that we had had but little sight of the sun, but now, half an hour before setting, it burst forth from the clouds making the most magnificent rainbows on those which were nearest us, the supports of which were very far below us, while all the clouds round were of the most brilliant colors and hun-

dreds of mountain peaks loomed up through them and took the brightest green from the sunshine. Of the world as we generally understand it, we saw and could see nothing, we seemed to be in a perfect cloud world, and I never enjoyed anything so much. It amply repaid us for all the toil of the ascent. When we set out for Washington, it was six o'clock, but we hoped to arrive there before dark. As you will have anticipated however, we found the way longer and harder than it had looked. Night came on, clouds came up, and we had to feel our way very carefully for fear of coming too rapidly over some uncomfortable precipices. We were too good engineers however, to think of losing it, and at nine o'clock after a walk the discomforts of which I cannot in the least describe, we saw looming through a thick cloud the little shanty where we were to sleep. You may imagine how gladly we entered it. It was an uncomfortable place enough, but much better than nothing. It proved to have a stove in it, and by splitting up some of the boards of the seats with which it was surrounded, we soon by the aid of our match boxes, had a comfortable fire. Each of us arranged an inclined board by its side, on which to sit or lie down and by its side alternately drying our clothes, which were soaked through, and sleeping, we passed a very comfortable night.

"The morning however proved cloudy and drizzly, we had no sight of sunrise or the world below and were obliged to content ourselves with those glories of the White Mountains which we had seen the day before. Your provident spirit will have seen that

we had no supplies the last night and no breakfast this morning. The raspberries which we found and ate in indefinite abundance hardly served to supply such important meals. I never felt with such force your declaration that they did not do to make one's whole supper on.

"We started accordingly at half past six to descend to men and food. Crawford's path to the summit is called only four miles and a half long; so having carefully selected it, we started on a good pace hoping to arrive by eight for our breakfast. 8 o'clock passed — 9 — and still we were in the path on a rapid walk. We satisfied ourselves that we must be in Fabyan's which is nine miles long. This would bring us down by half past nine. Ten o'clock passed however, and still we walked. Eleven, — and it was not till half past eleven that we arrived here at Fabyan's house. Imagine how hungry and tired we were! We immediately took a luncheon; immediately after a dinner; immediately after I went to bed and slept four hours. Then took tea, went to bed again, and slept 11 hours, and this morning feel much better though still I am quite footsore and very leg-stiff.

"My paper is quite gone, and we both abominate crossing. We shall ride through the Notch today and sleep at Crawford's. Tomorrow or next day, we shall ride through the Franconia Notch and so to Haverhill and by the end of the week I hope to be at home again. I shall come home down the river through Springfield. I should like therefore that if convenient you would have the railroad ticket there.

You had best direct thither after receiving this. I shall call at the P. O.

"Good bye, my dear Mother.

"Believe me,

"Ever yours,

"EDWARD"

TO LUCRETIA

"*Sept.* 7, 1841. I am very tired, but as I remember that you have two or three times waived that plea, and opening your portfolio, have written me a nice, long home letter, I do not feel privileged to make it an excuse for not writing, but merely enter it as a protest against charges of useless incoherency or repetition. The immediate cause of my fatigue is the ascent of Mt. Washington which I made today for the second time. I wrote to mother yesterday an account of the manner in which we went up and came down last Saturday and Sunday; on that trip the weather was so cloudy that we were not able to see the view from the summit of summits at all. So today we started again, with every prospect of a fair day, at six in the morning, on horseback, for a second ascent by Crawford's road, which is now a bridle road up to the very top. I do not know that I ever enjoyed anything more than I did the ride up. Our party consisted of four, besides the guide; Channing and myself, a Dr. Morrison from Buenos Ayres (the Bonus A-rees of the schools) and a retired sailor whose name I do not know. I never saw anything more picturesque than the appearance of our line

of march; the path is necessarily winding and zig-zag, and the appearance of the different horses in different parts of it as they came in sight between the trees and rocks was very like pictures we have seen of passages of Sierras and Cordilleras, or like the Forty Thieves at the theatre; so that we had the elements of beauty in our own party, if the view should disappoint us, which it did not. By this route you ride about a mile and a half thro' thick woodland, growing more and more scrubby as you ascend, which you do very rapidly, and then come out on the end of a range of mountains which leads more or less gradually up to the summit giving meanwhile several very fine points of view and a great deal of fine mountain scenery in the different passes which it crosses. The air today was clearer than it has been known for a long time, I never knew so transparent-looking a sky, there were however as almost always, a good many floating clouds, which considerably intercepted our prospect, though they cleared off so, now in one direction and now in another, that before we left the mountain we had a beautiful view on almost every side. From the summit it was glorious. The clouds which shut out our eastern view amply compensated for it, they lay some thousands of feet below us, with the sun shining brilliantly upon them, so that they were perfectly white, and extending as they did as far as we could see, they had the appearance of a frozen ocean. On the other side we had beautiful glimpses of the sea of mountains that extend south and west of Mt.

Washington. We staid there nearly two hours and I enjoyed it extremely — Enter moralist. — 'No pleasure is without its alloy.' No. My horse cast one of his shoes on the top of the mountain and consequently had the pleasure of bringing me down a-la-tripod, and I the still greater pleasure of riding him down, while he stumbled incessantly and distressingly over as difficult a piece of road as there is in the world. He was a sturdy little Canadian pony and what with the contrast between his size and mine, and especially the depth of the path below the ordinary level, my feet frequently dragged on the surface of the ground, while we were all constantly obliged to lift our feet with agility to prevent them from being abraded or unstirrupized by the stumps and rocks at the roadside. We were four hours going up and five coming down, so I have been today nine hours on horseback, good enough excuse for being tired, particularly as I am still rather stiff from our last as- and des-cent.

"By the way I was more taddit[1] after that than I ever was in my life. A vision appeared to me in the night watches in the shape of a commanding female figure who told me she presided over fatigue, and that she had never seen anybody else so weary and even had never been herself but twice, once when seeing Niagara for the first time, and once after a little summer party she had given for some southern friends of hers, where she remembered with gratitude that my mother and father, myself and brothers and sisters were present, — with

[1] *tired;* a coterie-word like *consekens* and one or two others.

gratitude for she knew we had a stupid time; — I admitted that we did, and the spirit retired looking two ways at a time. Nevertheless I had a capital time throughout that same rather hairbrained mountain expedition and would try it again if I had a full knowledge of its ills and blessings. There are a great many remarkable things connected with it — most of all perhaps our appearance when we entered Fabyan's hotel, clothes torn and dirty to the last degree, shoes annihilated, and both of us from wading streams, wet half way up the leg. Our baggage did not get round till an hour or two after we arrived so we had to make a decided appearance in this costume.

"Yesterday we came to this place and rode up and down the Notch, *i.e.* the road that runs through it. It is very grand and singular but no description I ever saw of it gives one any idea of it. It does not look like a chasm torn apart by some convulsion with opposite sides steep and matching each other as I have seen represented in pictures and narratives — it is not like the Greenfield Glen as I had somewhat imagined it, but is a long valley through which a river flows, with intense [seal] by steep sides which are the ends of mountains which run down to it and are then suddenly cut off: looking very much like a railroad excavation on a large scale, the sides being hundreds of feet high and the valley generally two or three hundred feet wide. The most beautiful feature of it to me was in the little cascades which come tumbling over the banks; there are several of these, rivers

which run along on the mountain tops till the mountains end, and they, of course, are obliged to change into waterfalls. We saw the Willey House, whose history you recollect, and went over it; it has been deserted ever since the family was destroyed. Tonight we sleep in this place, and tomorrow start for Haverhill via Franconia. I told mother yesterday that I hoped to be at home this week, but by counting up days I find that that will be impracticable. We return to Haverhill rather slowly in order to see the Franconia scenery and pass certain mineralogical localities so that we shall not be in Haverhill before Friday afternoon and thence it is 150 miles to Springfield. I may get to S. in time to spend Sunday. I have been travelling so promiscuously for four or five days that I am quite behind all my family advices, I hope to find a nice batch of letters at H. Early next week I hope to be among you all again — I shall have been gone nearly a month! Think what a traveller — I am very anxious to see you all, and among others the new family bantling Gaudi, who I suppose has, ere this, made his appearance to the admiring world. I see in the newspapers notices of the new number of the Chronicle. Good bye my dear Lucretia. Do not fail to conduct yourself with that prudence and discretion becoming a matron of your present advanced years. I should like to add a slight quantum of advice, but am persuaded that you have profited so much by the counsels of your different pater-mater-frater- and soror-familiases that it will

be unnecessary. I leave this letter only to go to bed at half past six o'clock. We start by about that time tomorrow morning. So once more, good-bye. Give my love to everyone.

"Ever yours,

"EDWARD.

Another deep impression received on these early wanderings was that of the Schoharie cave. He kept a very definite recollection of it to the later years of his life. In his trip thither, he was also accompanied by Mr. Channing.

"TRENTON FALLS, *Sept.* 21, 1844. On my way to this place we left the great western route at Schenectady, that we might visit the cave recently discovered and explored in the town of Schoharie. It is but twenty-two miles from Schenectady, and is easily accessible from that place, by a road which passes, first across the Mohawk Valley and then through a bold range of hills connected with the Kaatskills which exhibit a great deal of fine upland scenery.

"Although several small caves in the limestone of these mountains have been known for many years, none of any size were ever discovered till 1842. In the summer of that year, Mr. Howe, who had not long resided in that vicinity, was induced to enter and explore what was called a blow-hole, near the Kobleskill creek. This was a fissure in the earth from which cold air rushed in the summer months so vehemently as to blow the leaves and twigs quite away from its entrance. In winter as strong a current blew in.

"Howe, having satisfied himself that the cavity was a large one, prepared himself to explore it and entered alone, with a lamp in one hand and a gun in the other. The gun proved useless. But after some delay in the building of a boat, a two or three mile journey showed him the beauties of a curious and extensive cavern. He soon after established an inn near the spot for the accommodation of the curious; — and made and still makes excavations and other arrangements to facilitate the journey through the cave.

"C. & I, with two other gentlemen, and a guide made as careful survey of it on Wednesday as seven hours spent in it would permit. In that time, we advanced as far in it as any party had ever gone, visiting one new chamber indeed and thus travelling a distance of about six miles and back; while we were also able to examine several lateral passages. A strange enough undertaking it is. A day spent beneath the earth would itself be extraordinary enough. But as we travelled on, we constantly met surprises and sudden changes and novelties which were perfectly in keeping with an underground life perhaps but which suggest in the recollection more of the Arabian Nights' labors and wonders than of the matter of fact manners and customs of the worthy Dutch county of Schoharie.

"Thus — to speak only of the labors of the day. (For day it was, — though I shall always think of it as seven hours of successive concentrated midnights.) Soon after we entered we passed painfully enough, on hands and knees, with heads down

bent, through a tunnel eleven rods long. Its top is smooth but its floor is very rough, — and the pilgrimage is a very hard one. We had scarcely emerged from it when we embarked in a little skiff and sailed across a black Styx, under as black a vault, as easily as Sindbad the sailor under similar circumstances. More easily in fact, for I think he struck his head several times. We left this luxurious navigation, and C. & I set out on a trip, if trip it can be called, to see a waterfall whose murmurs we heard far below. The guide told us the way, but declined accompanying us, as we could not lose ourselves and so sat down to await our return. Down we went, through a passage so narrow and so low that we could not turn round after we had entered it, so low that we could only lie at length in it. Woe to the faint heart, and to those behind or before him. Down we went — at an angle perhaps of ten degrees — hands first, then heads, — through nine or ten rods of this. Then another change to a roomy nook, with rough rocks tumbled in all around — and this dashing babbling stream jumping over them. We wondered at it, tasted of it, traced it and left it, to wind our snail-like passages up again. Hardly ten minutes after we were in a gallery perhaps half a mile long and thirty or forty feet wide and high. And so from moment to moment or from hour to hour the cavern changed from the most tiresome and disagreeable creeping passages to halls or passages of wonderful grandeur or wonderful beauty.

"I will not undertake to describe in detail these several rooms or passages. The journey is one which must be remembered to be understood, and I would as soon try to describe six miles of a rocky seashore as the precise turns and ramifications of our journey. The hall which seemed to me the strangest — and the most beautiful of all of them is that which is called the Rotunda — I suppose it is not more than thirty feet in diameter, but one cannot estimate distance in recollecting such proportions. It is cased with shining stalactite formation of a yellowish white and runs up — up — up no man can say how high. You look up into the darkness of a topless pit. Our guide lighted a bunch of birch bark, and held it upon the top of a long pole above us. It lighted up the beautifully shining walls for eighty or a hundred feet, but they were as far apart as below, and that same black darkness closed the view. Last year Mr. Howe adjusted in the cave what anywhere else would have been a sky rocket. He took care that the stick should be perfectly vertical and fired it. The rocket rushed up, entered a cavity, wider than that below, burst, and for a moment illuminated white walls which were never white before, and came down again without having touched arch or wall. Last Monday another similar hall was discovered. We were the second party which had seen it. By the way, it required some underground swimming to reach it. The stalactites are more beautiful than those of the Rotunda. They are so arranged around it as to give the walls the ap-

pearance of closely grouped marble pilasters — finely fluted. The formation of the whole hall however is not quite so regular as that of the other. As nearly as can be ascertained by the courses of the several passages of the cave, as they have been measured, these two rooms in each of which were they a little wider, Bunker Hill Monument might stand on tiptoe, rise beneath a high peak called Barrach-Soughrie — which is perhaps the highest of the bold mountains in the neighborhood.

"Almost as remarkable as these is the 'Winding Way' through which you pass to reach them. It is nowhere wider than five or six feet — usually not so wide, but it rises high above your head, running zigzag for more than a hundred rods in length, a pathway where one cannot fall, and where he can see but a very short distance before or behind him. The walls are closely coated like those of the 'Rotunda' and the 'Capitol' with white and yellow stalactite or are of white stone, left smooth by the passage of water in some past generation. You may imagine how beautifully the light is reflected from these brilliant walls, moist as they are in most parts from the general moisture of the atmosphere.

"These are the greater beauties of the cave. Other halls are large and in their general effect as grand but none so richly finished. But you can scarcely pass anywhere along its rough passages after you have fairly entered, without seeing above you single specimens or masses of stalactite, mostly small indeed — but in some places of great size and beauty. The limestone rock in the crev-

ices of which you are walking lies in regular horizontal strata, so that in many places it has exactly the appearance of mason work. The cave has been formed by the dropping down of the rock in certain places, to a greater or less depth below. Thus the wall above, — one is tempted to call it the ceiling so smoothly does it lie, is often as flat and square as that of a finished room. You may walk for half a mile over broken stone, rough enough below you indeed, but with the satisfaction of seeing a perfectly level and smooth rock covering above you.

"Wherever in this flat roof there is any crack in the stone, drops of water have trickled through and stalactites have formed brilliantly white, and shining vividly as they catch the light which is almost lost on the black lime-rock above and behind them. Of the smaller ones which hang like single icicles one may collect any number. The larger groups are more rare.

"One of them which hangs six or seven feet from the roof has precisely the appearance of folded drapery. Like all of them it is semi-transparent and its colors are beautiful when a light is so placed as to shine through it. As you strike its several folds, they ring out different musical notes; clear and solemnly deep — with a gallery of half a mile long to echo them. In the intense silence of the cave, to which midnight is noisy, as you sit looking down into the utter darkness of the passage beyond, these sounds come upon you with the effect of the most solemn music.

"In as large a hall — perhaps in another part

of the same C. blew a horn. The echoes rang and rang round us long before they died away — with the same organ-like dignity and depth of tone. And when in the same place our guide fired a pistol, — the explosion, loud as that of a heavy cannon in the outer air, was, in just the same way, free from all crash or harshness — That was the real 'diapason of the cannonade.' I never heard so solemn and gently musical a sound.

"If you are alone in any part of the cave, away from any of the streams of water which flow through most of the passages, and if you are undisturbed by the bats which throng some of the galleries, and there extinguish your light, you have the grandest combination possible of all the conditions which go to make the sublimity, or if you please the horrors of loneliness. Silence, as I have said, is perfect; not a grain of dust to brush against another, not an animalcule to buzz round you — not a breath of air gives the sounds which are, in midnight, above ground, though we are not conscious of them. And darkness where three or four hundred or more feet of rock are between you and light is real darkness. So is loneliness when your next neighbor is working on his farm a furlong above your head.

"Such are one or two of the grand peculiarities which make a day there utterly wild and unearthly. The experience of it was as you may suppose, so sublime and grand, that we did not in the least regret the extremely fatiguing labors of our twelve mile journey in the cavern's borders. In another

year Mr. Howe's path-making labors will be so far advanced as to render the passage comparatively easy, without, I think, destroying any of its wonders. It will then be an object of interest to travellers on their way to visit the beautiful spot where I am writing."

One of the great natural beauties of the State of New York in the early days was "Trenton Falls, the most enjoyably beautiful spot among the resorts of romantic scenery in our country," as N. P. Willis called it. The Falls are in West Canada Creek, "the main branch of the Mohawk River. . . . having lost its proper name because not so early explored." It is one of the most beautiful of those long gorges or canyons of which there are so many in New York.

TO LUCRETIA

"Trenton Falls

"*Sept.* 21, 1844. After dark last evening I arrived here from Utica. After daylight rather, for by moonlight I ran down to the bed of the stream and there for half an hour watched the beautiful reflections on the water, without knowing whether I could go farther by that light — or caring to know or try. For five hours since breakfast, this morning, I have been watching the rapids and falls and cliffs in the wonderful journey which you make for a half mile along the river, — and now that I have come home to write this letter to you and eat my dinner, I am more rampant to rush right back to the river than I was at first. And then I shall

be more eager for tonight's moonlight and then for such possibility as there is of another visit tomorrow. You leave the stream and the falls with the feeling that you have but just begun to look — and must stop, or come back to see more.

"When you and I are here next summer for a fortnight, you will understand how impossible it is to describe this. Some very good water-color paintings (good *i.e.* for w. c. p.) hang in the hotel, and as Caroline King says they serve very well to prevent you from having any anticipation of what you are going to see. And, as in all beautiful places, each one of the hundred points of view, where you would be glad enough to sit all day, is so entirely different from the rest that it gives you a full and proper preparation for them without in the least foreshadowing them.

"The hotel stands on high ground commanding a fine view, and surrounded on every side but the front with an old forest. You cannot see the stream, (the West Canada Creek) anywhere from the house, but you hear the falls distinctly, and a minute's walk towards the sound through the forest brings you to the edge of the deep — very deep chasm which the water runs through. There runs along the upper edge of this valley a path from which you have a series of fine distant views of the stream and some of the falls. Distant views but distant below you — almost immediately below. The sides of the chasm or valley are bold limestone cliffs, — occasionally covered with ferns or geraniums or such like so that a rich green con-

trasts with the black rock, — and in some places shut out by cedars; — which grow sideways and up and down, really down — in curves like this [drawing] from the rock. These distant views, however, you do not see at first; — for you are running on to the sound of the falling water and just before you come to them an opening in the fringe of wood on the bank gives a place for a stairway by which you can descend to the bed of the stream. You do descend, about a hundred feet, — and are there on a broad ledge of rock — with this black river beside you — fast and deep — these straight rock walls on each side, — you are so entirely below the earth — as to be reminded of your day in Schoharie and to feel glad that the moonlight flashes on the water. Sunlight at 9 this morning there was none — the sun was not high enough to look down into the valley.

"And this black stream — so black that somebody has called it the Styx, has been tumbling, and raving — and rock gnawing, and flashing, and lying smooth and then splitting itself into infinitesimal particles of spray — which have held up rainbows above the waves below, for the last mile of its course. And by its side for that mile (or half mile or league, I have no idea of the distance) a path has been made that you may walk up and see its work and play, what it does with itself and what it has done with the rocks which it has been wearing on.

"My dear, you never saw anything like it in your life — and never will.

"I sat for an hour, looking at the two rapids which you come to first. And as I watched all the peculiarities of their mad foam, and listened to the perfectly musical tone which a real waterfall like this has (and which a mill-dam fall does not and cannot have) I had no very definite idea that I was to see anything more grand or more impressive than the scene around me, — I should not have been in the least disappointed if a succession of such rapids had been all the exhibition prepared for me. And yet I was but a hundred steps below the lowest fall as they call it which was the grandest cataract I had ever seen — and after an hour more spent there, when I ran up a little farther I came to the great fall or falls which are everything. Those little rapids are only in the last plunges of these falls. And so it goes on — a constant change and constantly new beauty.

"This great fall takes in two plunges of the river, I suppose of fifty feet each, — both which you see from below at the same time. The upper one is divided, by a point of rock — Goat Island like. On one side of this a thin graceful sheet drops down into the basin below, — which the other side overwhelmed, and has been carved out into curious gorges by a torrent taking the greater part of this immense body of water, which is whirled and whipped and slashed up into the finest foam and spray. You can stand close to the falling streams, so the wind does not bring the spray upon you — and in the earnest dignity of the confident plunge which they make there is

what surprises you in a waterfall. Indeed the idea of 'angry' torrents must, I am afraid be confined to [seal] and such-like. Here certainly and at the little cascade at Sharon there is a simplicity of the movement which seems more like forethought than passion. With which philosophy I stop, having dined, and finished the sheet. In my theory of letter writing I have always supposed that when a correspondent could give no account of what he had seen and done, it were next best for him to convey some impression of the incoherency of his own mind: — and in this I hope I have now succeeded. When I have had a whole winter to think over Trenton, to digest and inwardly remember it, to test my specimens of its petrifactions, to botanize my harebells from its foam, and to draw and paint out my recollections of its points of view in a hundred and thirty-seven portfolios, I will give you an elaborate account of it and its wonders. For the present, dearest, take what you have. I have just met at dinner my old chief, Dr. Jackson of the Geological Survey. He has just arrived on his return from the Copper Mines of Lake Superior. Tomorrow I shall probably preach a part or the whole of the day at Trenton village with Buckingham, whom I am in communication with though I have not seen him. I hope to retain my headquarters here. A thunder storm is just now springing up which will I am afraid delay my afternoon's visit to the stream. I hope mother got on Saturday night a letter which I wrote at St. Johnsville. Good-bye. Give my

love to all of them and remember me as your dear

"EDWARD."

ASCENT OF MT. KATAHDIN, NOTE WRITTEN IN 1907

"Channing and I had agreed to ascend Katahdin. I had then told this to Dr. Asa Gray. He had said that no botanist had ascended Katahdin, and that Alpine plants from there would be interesting. This, of course, stimulated me the more to go. I succeeded in getting twenty specimens each of twenty species of plants which grew either outside the timber belt, or in its upper line. Gray had told me that I need not bring him anything, unless I could bring him twenty specimens and I filled that order. It proved that I had nothing which had not been found on Mt. Washington which is a thousand feet higher than Katahdin, but somewhat south of it in latitude. In the early edition of Gray's Manual, to my great pride and pleasure, Mr. E. Hale is given as the authority for the habitat of some of these Alpine things. I could not understand, and what is interesting is, Gray could not tell me then how they came there, for we knew nothing then of the glacial movement southward over New England, and he had not thought out his simple and magnificent generalization which accounts so completely for such islands of vegetation. I know I spoke to him about it. Neither of us believed that the similar circumstances of the two mountains could

produce absolutely similar species, and it was impossible to suppose that seeds were carried from one summit to the other. But I do not think that at that time he had caught the true clue. He certainly did not say so. We noticed then and reported what Thoreau has since spoken of, the stunting, close to the ground, of hemlocks and spruces, whose trunks are at once so stout and so short that you stepped from the top of one tree to the top of another without touching the ground at all. But you were at no time more than four or five feet above it, so that you can not fall far. I do not think I ever did this on the White Mountains.

"The few people who had ascended had usually gone up the face of the slide, which still makes the most prominent feature in the southern view of the mountain. But I think we had not money enough to take a guide and canoe by the usual circuit, which is from Moosehead Lake down the west branch of the Penobscot. For some reason, probably this, we went up the east branch of the Penobscot, landing on the north side of what is called the Wissatacook River and going on foot twenty miles northwest by a logging road, which followed the north side of the river. We had with us a capital fellow named Jackins, whom we had engaged as a guide. He got off late in the day, so that we made our first camp only four or five miles up the road."

FROM THE POCKET DIARY

"*Jul.* 28, 1845. It had rained piteously all night, so much so that it once put out the fire which we kindled at 12. Poor Jackins was quite ill and in great pain, and this and the rain kept us in camp till afternoon. As we were up at 4 this made a long morning and with cooking breakfast and dinner, mending and drying and memoranding and fire-making and sketching and bathing, the time ran away fast enough. The water was intensely cold — a perfect torrent just below the house. At 12, in the afternoon Jackins who had been sleeping under opium all the morning was enough better to go on 3 or 4 miles to another camp — small but dry where we slept. We carried with us our pack from Reed's, and as before our bread. Squirrels run in and out freely at night, — the spilling of flour attracting them — Just after our arrival a heavy tree fell near us — clashing thunderingly. The bed was better than the night before and tho' it rained we slept soundly, I more so than before — Indeed my sleeping improved from day to day as we went on."

"*July* 29, 1841. The distances thus far have been Mattawamkeag to Robinson's 27; Robinson's to Stacy's 5; S——to Hunt's 6; (Hunt's 3 in 7th) to Reed's camp (4 in 8th) 11; Reed's to this and hence to Jackins (4 in 9th) 10. We made this distance to Jackins by 10 or 11 o'clock, bathed, — beautiful cascades at Thilling Mill & Grand Falls, — tried to fish and dined. But the

bears had eaten all the pork and most of the flour — so that we had but bread and molasses and nothing but bread to carry up for our dinner. We started at about 11 — with only what we needed for the night in our packs for the ascent. For a couple of miles we had one of the logging roads — first crossing Wissatacook south in a boat, — and afterwards Katahdin brook, a rapid fine stream flowing into it. There the tree by which they used to cross was gone — and Jackins felled another for a bridge; He was not more than 6 or 7 minutes at most though the tree was a large one. I found 137 rings — opposite is a sketch I made while he was cutting off a turn in the river just above. The afternoon was fine and we have not seen more beautiful foliage or undergrowth than the whole lower part of the mountain offered — After we left the wood path everything was covered with fine peat moss of the richest color and luxuriance. Above the forest foliage was very fine and rich. We ascended quite rapidly coming out at length on a fine bluff point among the trees which gave as good views of the surrounding mountains — Carbuncle to the North and Wissatacook to the South of Wissatacook River — Near here in a deep rock crevice we found a large mass of ice — very refreshing. From this slowly rising we crossed to the valley of a large brook which descends Katahdin itself by a series of magnificent plunges. In the short distance which we followed it, it must have descended 6 or 800 feet. The two highest cascades above were certainly 60 or 40

feet — very fine and noble rocks around. From this the ascent was harder — The lowest growth of pines was very hard, but a bluff from it gave what proved our best mountain view — the whole eastern side of Maine open before us — lake, forest and river a sea of woodland — quite level though with occasional peaks and some fine mountains near us. We reached bare rock by 6'4. Were in the first valley at sunset which was clear and fine and at once made our camp in the edge of the wood below — very tired and exhausted — good fire and good shelter from the wind — By 8½ all was finished — I pressed the plants I had found, made the memoranda which are elsewhere in this book and went to sleep."

"*July* 30, 1841. On Katahdin and descending; sleep at Jackins camp."

"*July* 31, 1841. Walk down to Hunt's — footsore and tired — swam Wissatacook and found my way as I could through to Hunt's — tired, anxious and very late to bed."

NOTE IN 1907

"The next day we left our packs at the camp, and crossed to the highest summit along the ridge. But alas! we were in a thick cloud. I do not remember one more thing. We could not see each other unless we were near enough to touch each other. We merely made the excursion for the sake of saying we had been there and then returned to our camp. It was on this return that the incident happened that I have related above

when I came so near walking off the sheer edge of the precipice. At our camp again, which we reached at about eleven o'clock in the morning, we cut the half loaf we had into three large slices and ate them, without pork and without butter, because we had neither, and with nothing but plants and our walking sticks and blankets, started to return downwards.

"As we went down that afternoon Jackins lost his way, and we had to prowl around a good deal before we found it. We were very hungry and afterwards when I found in Franklin's or Bachi's Travels that hunger and crossness are convertible terms, I went back at once to the memory of that afternoon. We were simply furious with Jackins, who was not of course in the least to blame, and was as sorry for the loss of time as we were.

"But about sunset, all was right. We came out on the camp which he owned, or which, with a party of men, he had built the preceding winter. We knew that he had some Indian meal or some flour in a cache there, and he was to make us some cakes from this for our supper and breakfast. But as we approached the camp it proved to be inhabited. The rain had swelled the rivers suddenly and Jackins' whole crew had come up on a forced march to run some timber down. They had arrived some little time before us, had a good fire going, and what we valued more, pork and biscuits all but ready for supper. (I never shall forget those white saleratus biscuits, and how good they were.) The men were as cordial as possible.

They knew we were 'tender feet,' though that is a western phrase, gave us the best places by the fire, and helped us first when all was ready.

"We slept that night, of course, all of us in our clothes. But it rained again like fury, and they had put Channing and me in the only part of the camp where the roof was tight. In the middle of the night he got up and when I asked him what the matter was, he said he was going for an axe to cut out a hemlock stump which stuck into his head.

"The next morning it still rained like fury, but we told Jackins he need not go home with us, but that we would go down the river alone. We did so, but that is another story."

CHAPTER FIVE

MAKING UP HIS MIND

1839–1846

THE life of the city and the town, or the life of river and mountain — neither of these seem exactly the life of a student of divinity. Doubtless the student of divinity, more than other students even, must have a first-hand knowledge of man and of nature. But we have seen little in the last chapters of the young minister. The growth of the ministerial nature seems to have gone on silently and apart. We shall want to know what can be learned of that growth.

The time in which my father graduated from Harvard was one of intellectual and moral stir. James Freeman Clarke, revisiting New England in 1840, wrote to his wife, "I find social life in a precious state of fermentation. New ideas are flying high and low. Every man, as Mr. Emerson remarked to me yesterday, carries a revolution in his waistcoat pocket." The nature of this stir is well known. It is sufficiently indicated by the name of Emerson just mentioned, to which might be added those of Carlyle and of Goethe. Those names in the history of New England indicate Transcendentalism.

We might suppose that coming from college into

the world and dedicated to the ministry, my father would have thrown himself with eagerness into such a flood. But he did not. He viewed it without interest.[1]

Goethe he had read somewhat at college, but not with any insistence upon the element which had so inspired Carlyle. Carlyle, too he had read somewhat, but he was more repelled by the style of the "French Revolution" than attracted by the thought. Much later he had a great interest in "Sartor Resartus", but not at this early day.

Concerning Emerson, his view is most interesting. In his Sophomore year, when he was fifteen years old, he wrote in his diary concerning Emerson's "Nature." "It is an odd sort of book but I like it better than most every one else seems to, though to be sure there is a good deal in it that I can't understand." But in the summer he listened to Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa Address on "The American Scholar" and remarked of it: "It was not very good but very transcendental."[2] The next year he heard that Emerson was to deliver the address to the graduating class of the Divinity. Of it he says in his diary:

"I did not like it at all. Mr. Emerson held that Christianity of the present is little better than none; that (as I understand him) the philosophers of Ante-Christian times were better men than the Christians of the present; that Church-going was

[1] The same thing may be said of Lowell at this time, as may be inferred from his class poem.

[2] The *but* is a substitution for *tho.*

less popular than formerly, owing to the bad preaching of the ministers of the day, whom he rated severely as not putting enough of self into their sermons. He said it would be impossible from such a sermon as a minister of the present time would preach, to learn anything of his biography, even the time in which he lived. He had been born, he breathed, and lived, he might have been in love, or been married; but the audience knew none of these things. Mr. Emerson's stock of startling phrases concerning soul, mind, etc., are getting exhausted, and I think his reputation will fall accordingly. The sermon appeared to me to be in singularly bad taste, considering it was preached before an audience of young men, educated to the ministry under the direction of three of the most prominent preachers of the place,[1] who have if any one has, the fault if such it be, of not introducing personalities into their sermons.

In this view of a youth of sixteen, we have probably a sort of natural conservatism strengthened by parental opinion. In later life, my father says as much:

"Like all college boys at their graduation, I was sternly old-school; thought Mr. Emerson half crazy; disliked abolition; doubted as to total abstinence, and in general, followed the advice of my Cambridge teachers, who were from President down to janitor, all a hundred years behind their time."

But it was not merely conservatism and parental opinion which caused this view. Throughout his

[1] Henry Ware, Henry Ware, Jr., and John G. Palfrey.

life, tho' he said little about it, my father felt something of this disagreement with Emerson, which is first mentioned in his college diary. In comment on a sermon by Henry Ware on the existence of a personal God, he alludes to the view of God as "a mere combination of qualities as is held I believe by Mr. Emerson." [Sept. 23, 1838.] He always believed, and the belief was entirely fundamental, that God was a person having love and interest in this world, and though in after years he felt deeply the value of Emerson's idealism, he was never carried away by him because he always missed this one thing which he himself felt was so immensely important.

Nor did he throw himself into another of the great interests of the day, namely: the Anti-slavery Movement, in spite of his admiration for one of its important leaders, Doctor John G. Palfrey. He has not left us much evidence on this subject save of a negative character.

The following is from his college diary:

"*April* 12, 1838. In the evening I went to hear Miss Grimke the younger, hold forth at the Odeon on Anti-slavery. I was very much disappointed. I had expected there would be something in the style or substance of her observations or in her personal appearance besides the singularity of hearing a woman speak, that would account for the great attraction she has always been. But there really seemed to be nothing of the kind. She is not at all handsome, at least thirty-five, has a very unpleasant and unusual voice and a very

ungraceful gesture, (for she has but one) and talks what is the weakest sophistry without exception, that I ever heard. The house, however, was crowded."

Indeed the views which influenced him were the conservative Whig ideas of Webster and Everett, with whom his father heartily agreed. Some years later his mother in a letter speaks of her little spare chamber as a "sanctum where the voice of the young pleader for the slave or advocate of the cause of temperance is never heard." The general opinion of the family did not condemn either movement in principle, but offered neither much assistance.

His vocation was that of the ministry. He said later in life that he could not remember a time when he did not have the idea of a minister's life before him. He tells an anecdote belonging to his eleventh year which shows it. His mother especially, but also his father, always desired him to be a minister, although it seems that they had no occasion to urge or persuade. His friends in college knew of his general intentions long before graduation. He did not, however, desire to study in the Divinity School. Just why is not clear. It was perhaps in part a piece of his lifelong objection for doing anything in a mechanical way, a feeling that made him through life critical of all institutional processes of education. It was perhaps in small part a prejudice not unnatural to the undergraduate at Harvard; he somewhere in his diary speaks of the "Divinity drawl", and in writing to Nathan he speaks of his aversion to the school and says, "You

can imagine it as well as I." There was probably a certain lack in the Divinity School ideal which did not suit his own conception.

Writing a long time afterward he says that from general objection to mechanical education he "was not likely to go into the Divinity College, which was more like a cloister than the College. Besides this [he goes on] I must have had a definite notion then that our business is a much more practical affair than the teachers in such schools suppose; indeed, than they generally comprehend. Again, and this was a poor boys' reason, we did not fancy some of the men at the school. I am sure that most of us, had we been asked why we did not study Divinity, would have said we did not like the fellows down at the Hall."

For it should be definitely said at the beginning that he was not very deeply impressed by the responsibilities and opportunities of a minister's life. He, himself, said later that at college it was commonly regarded as a life which gave plenty of opportunity for literary leisure. Even three years after college he said to Henry W. Bellows that "one prime reason for my choice of my profession was my desire to be in a walk where I might press my general literature." And though too much weight should not be laid on such slight indications, yet there is in diary and letters a general absence of other more serious ideas which cannot be neglected. The general notion which one gets from his memorials of this earlier time was that he felt of the ministry that it offered an excellent

opportunity for a man of intelligence to lead an interesting life of literary occupation and social enjoyment, while being at the same time useful and helpful to all kinds of persons who were not so fortunately placed in the world as himself. The following passages from journal and letters show such a spirit and the way in which it gradually grew into something very different. By the time he was settled at Worcester, when he was twenty-four, we see clearly the beginning of that temper which developed into the character of later years, which we know.

"*Apr.* 3, 1841. [He had been almost two years out of college, teaching in the Boston Latin School and reading theology.] I am nineteen years old and all day I have been thinking more of the future than I often do — not because it is my birthday but because half a dozen odd circumstances have called it up to me, and obliged me to remember that I shall not always be a boy, nineteen years old — living in my own home, and drawing my quarter's salary from the city. Another year I shall have left the Latin School, shall have begun to devote myself exclusively to my profession, a profession the proper preparation for which I think no one understands — I am sure I do not myself. I shall be obliged to take the responsibility of preparing myself for its solemn duties very much in my own way. I shall have the responsibility too of not wasting time, when I have no master but myself.

"While thinking of all this I am glad — very

glad — that I am only nineteen. To be sure only nineteen involves more than a quarter of the longest lease of life, but if I had entered college three or four years older than I did, and there are theorists enough who will tell me that I should have done so — I should not now feel quite so easy as I do. I should not have quite so much time at my disposal before forcing myself on the active duties of life.

"After all, I have lately persuaded myself that we are apt to trouble ourselves a great deal too much about these active duties. God made me, I believe, to be happy, and placed me here that my powers might be developed and improved and so fitted for a superior state of existence; if then by my labor in the community I support myself and do my duty to those of my fellow beings who are more unfortunate than I, I conceive that nothing more is or need be required of me. As for ambition I have less and less of the schoolboy stamp of it every day that I live. My air castles now are to live a life of literary quiet and repose, to spend my time in such manner as may be most pleasant to myself without infringing on the rights or pleasures of my neighbors, or fretting myself about the improving my study or other labor in the highest degree, of the advantages put into my hands. My time is best improved when it is passed most happily. I know of nothing to make me suppose that man was meant to be a utilitarian machine." [1]

[1] In 1907 he wrote against this entry the comment of eighty-five on nineteen, in the words "Omar Khayam."

This extract and the following show that his theological work and study were still something external, not the expression of his strongest desire.

"*May* 1, 1841. Blessing on the man who invented holidays! I have taken more comfort in life than I have for a long time. I had at command, and read the first volume of "The Flirt," a new and very good novel — This at intervals through the day. I arranged my Daguerreotype so as to be able to take a view on the first favourable day. This too at intervals through the day. . . In the afternoon and evening I made two attempts to consult Madame Adolph, the newly arrived fortune-teller. In both cases however, she was preengaged for a considerable time.

"There is an otium cum dignitate in a schoolmaster's or schoolboy's holiday that no other occupation has. You do not feel bound to do anything, you are perfectly at your own disposal and in consequence can enjoy yourself fully."

This entry is illustrated by a good many passages in his letters of this time, of which the following are examples:

TO NATHAN

"*June* 24, 1840. . . . I have been reading for the last week Mackintosh's life of his father; and by the book and the manner of reading it and the heat of the weather, have been led by my own musings of the dangers which valedictory ministers at college warn us so touchingly, of a life of literary leisure. There seems to be such an infinity, one

would like to read round in on every subject that it is a pity to sink entirely to one. Such ideas invite such very airy castles that I suppose a week's east wind would dispel them but now they are very refreshing."

TO LUCRETIA

"*July* 19, 1840. . . . At all events I think that a lazy summer will be a prominent part of my future schemes of usefulness and enjoyment."

"*June* 22. School of course. It is a year today since I was first confined to the house by lameness last year. I never desire to spend a pleasanter six weeks that I did then."

In the fall of 1841 [October 24] there is entered in the diary "a Dramatic Ode" entitled "Theology", which gives some idea of his view of his studies, especially in its whimsical end. It begins:

"What do you do when you study Theology?
How are you speeding,
What are you reading,
Are you down in the depths of philosophy
Sinking;
Or thinking
Of fate — foreknowledge in an easy chair?
Now
Tell me what
You are at
And how!"

Several answering voices give the subjects of his study, — Hebrew, Greek philosophy, the epistles of Ruarus, Nature. The last stanza is as follows:

"5th Voice

Retire to Cimmeria like the rest,
And leave the field to me the last and best.
I read Theology like each and all,
I scan the precious wonders of the page
Time's hand has spared through many a crumbling age.
I read the later volume which has shown
How great the work to which the first led on.
I read the letters of that patient man
Who wrote in love and kindness to his friends
For he called all his friends, tho' they began
To write him as a heretic, because
He made the truth and love his only ends.
And in his works divine my God I find
Nor yet forget the works most great of all
The soul, the inward Monitor, the Mind,
The springs which move the world
Whate'er the names by which the varying powers we call.
And yet — all alone
As I am here, I'll own
That I do this by fits and by starts for to speak
No more than the truth, I've a sort of a lurking
Suspicion, which is that the times of my working
Alternate; I play and I work week and week."

In January and February, 1842, he was doing a good deal of legislative reporting, which interfered with his study.

"*Mar.* 4, 1842. Invalided all day luxuriously.

"*Mar.* 5. Better, turned the point, read, drew, thought, day-dreamed, and slept."

"*Mar.* 6. Mr. Ware preached all day — in the

morning the agony in the garden. How could he preach so! I hope I never may. In the afternoon. Why is evil? I presided at Sunday school. At home ever since, — and now for a
Plan for Monday (*Mar.* 7)

German, at least a double share
Acts of the Apostles
Greek perhaps
Ruarus
I believe no Hebrew quite yet
Drawing"

"*Mar.* 27. The *a* was an entire failure. Will try now as follows:

To finish Ruarus before April 11th
To finish Acta Apost. before April 11th,

which will require 10 pages of the first and a chapter of the second per diem. Meanwhile to work constantly on the German, in the Testament, exercises and translations. This will require say for tomorrow:

German Ex. German Testament
German Trans. Ruarus

Acta Apostolorum and I must write some on the "Apocryphal Napoleon" for Nathan. By the way I have been very much excited with that since I saw you, and very much pleased with Festus.

"When this fortnight is over then — hey! for something worth doing — Greek philosophy and so for five centuries before and after, to include Greek accents that one may do it accurately and all Greek (and Latin in its order) literature that one may do it

well. And, too, if I should live to be more than 283 years old Hebrew, Arabic, &c. &c.

"I am going to write a letter to my next of kin in 1942 when I get the nerve. I have had such a plan on my mind this two years."

"*Apr.* 3. Twenty years old.

"So then! This game is done, — we're out again,
That last card closed our count, — we've twice made ten.
These games are short, — a third would soon be o'er
Don't take your hat but let me deal once more."

"Well, if you please, at least we need but try, —
The time has slipped along so pleasantly
That I should like to take my cards, — although
God knows, —we may not play the rubber through.

"And if I should not! — I should sooner see
The problem solved of life's great mystery
What if I should not! — Let me ever stand
Ready each moment to throw up my hand.
What if I should! The question tries
Life is more awful to behold than death.
We *know* what obstacles in life we meet
We see the stumbling blocks before our feet —
But ever trust, that passing through death's doors
Our paths will widen to a world of flowers.

"God let me feel that confidence in thee
By which my path in life still bright shall be:
With trust, with hope, with faith my quickened powers
Shall find, on desert wastes, most fragrant flowers.

Yes, God! firm faith in thee all fear might quell
Make earth a paradise: — find heaven in hell."

It was in the fall of 1842 that he began to preach. On November 15 his mother wrote to her sister, Lucretia:

"Since I wrote last Edward has made his debut in the pulpit, though not in Boston, so that I have not had an opportunity to hear him. He has been asked to preach at the Chapel, but he thinks he prefers to make his first trial before strangers, he is not to preach there till next month. In the meantime he has preached once at Newark, N. Jersey, then at New York, the last unexpectedly, but he was pressed into the service by Dr. Bellows, as he was on the way home, and he will now be for the next Sunday or two at Berlin or Sudbury in this state. I feel as if there were something appalling almost, in one so young (20 years) who was but the other day an infant in my arms, standing forth in such a position, and people fancy he is to come forth with something remarkable, from his name partly I suppose, so that I cannot but dread that expecting too much they may be disappointed. But I still keep hoping."

Some of his own feelings may be gathered from letters to his uncle:

TO EDWARD EVERETT, NOVEMBER 15, 1842

"I have been, during the past few weeks making my first essays, on such small scale as I could, in ministerial life. I am sometimes very much discouraged, and sometimes very hopeful about the

future. I wish I could think it were only the premier pas qui coûte, for the premier, as I have had it, accidentally, going from place to place with every new Sunday is disagreeable, not to say useless enough. One must lose a few pawns in beginning however; — but I do not quite know yet how I shall open my game."

TO EDWARD EVERETT, JANUARY 31, 1843

"I am greatly obliged to you for the kind wishes you express as to my professional life. At some times I feel greatly discouraged about it, looking at the divided and I believe the quarrelsome feeling among all parties on religious points, — and at my own inability to come up to what I wish to do. At the same time I am more and more satisfied as to the immense effect which may be produced by the clergy, if they act in the proper way. I am also, however, every day more and more satisfied that I embarked on the profession too young, and regret more and more that I persuaded myself to enter in its practice when I did: — for I feel younger and younger, less and less experienced every day that I preach. I suppose I may live through all this. There would be something almost ridiculous in a man's entering at any time with much confidence on a profession for which nobody was ever fully prepared. I am at present supplying the pulpit at Watertown for a few Sundays: — the Church which Dr. Francis has left the College, but for the future my plans are not at all definite. A scheme, which I think I mentioned to you, of an excursion to some of our young societies at the west, quite fell through."

It was in the fall of 1842 that he preached for the first time. In September 3 he was at Saco, on a trip to Maine and enters in his account, "Met Cushing, the Unitarian Minister there and John (Batchelder) having told him, as afterwards appeared, that he believed I had preached, Cushing asked to supply for him part of the day Sunday. So that my working honors begin to come upon me. I, of course, declined — did not have a sermon with me because I had never written one." In the fall and winter, however, he preached a number of times, so that when in March, 1843, he went to Northampton for three months, he began with numbers 15 and 16. That period of preaching must have been of importance; the journal makes only a skeleton record of day by day, but afterward comes a passage almost by accident.

"Greenfield. *June* 3, 12.20 P.M. For five minutes past I have been reading Mrs. Jameson's 'W. Stud and S. Ramb' and the pleasant jotting down of things which seem to be the 'utterances of the moment' has made me seize this book, with a yearning for the power which the perfection of that writing machine of mine would give me. For after all, the reason that we let so many thoughts, and knowledges and pleasant ideas slide over the rapids forever and forget them (I dipped at the Niagara visit) is that it takes so long to record them. Her book loses its charm when I think of her writing away for hours on those apparently offhand sketches.

"'Life in a Minute' to be perfectly good wants to be perfectly written in a minute. I am even now

chilled down from the zeal with which I took pen and opened inkstand while this page was still fair and yet I had three things to say. Perhaps the herald may call to the banquet before they all are said.

"And first her description of the real natural zeal of the refugee blacks in Canada against the restoration to U. S. of fugitive slaves. Her story is an affecting one — all such really are and the more you strip them of anti-slavery jargon and abolition eloquential and rhetorical twaddle the more affecting they are — 'I loved my mistress but I did not want to be sold,' said a mulatto woman with whom she talked: — and the moment that thought — the distress at the idea of being subject for barter occurs to a slave — that moment his condition is a distressing one. I do not suppose that to hundreds of thousands of them (the numbers are terrible) it ever does occur. The more fortunate for them. And yet it is a curse, a terrible curse; — abstractly speaking a great moral wrong.

"And yet I would challenge any man with the real enthusiasm for the rights and powers of human nature which will make him feel this curse the most sadly; — feeling anything like a proper zeal for the real advancement of the race in any variety of life but physical life (and the slaves have the advantage of that as well as we have — besides it is too low a thing to talk about) to do as I have done — come into the country for three months so as to see man, woman and child of different classes and situations (and I have seen the best more than the worst) and not be more shocked with the real degradation of spiritual

and intellectual life and culture, and of both to the purest and most unmitigated selfishness. I cannot and will not talk of reforms in government and institutions while the whole mass of those who are to form society are so self-seeking, self-caring; — earth-seeking, earth-caring: — so positively thoughtless as to spiritual life and religious hopes and prospects as people are as I have seen them anywhere where I have been in this state. I have been in the pulpit and write with the feelings of a young observer and a young man — God grant I may never feel otherwise as to the heinousness of the fault, though I hope I may see differently as to its extent.

"In Boston, it is, I fancy, if possible worse — There has Dr. Frothingham just given his people a rap for having entered into rest in the faith upon which they have agreed. They are as mad as they can be about it. But they deserve it — the idea of spiritual progress, any idea but the negative ones of moral codes are not to those Boston congregations so far as I know them.

"Do we talk mealy mouthedly when we say that till people here are roused from such positive self dominion as this they have no right to preach to others about moral obligations. And will not the best reformer of the south and of the world be disinterested, all loving Massachusetts? I bend to that oar. 25'1 P.M.

"I have forgotten what the other two things were. N'importe."

"*Nov.* 26. Half my journal pages are written on Sunday. Very well. A year ago today I preached

at Sudbury. I have begun today my winter's work. I have heard one of the best sermons I ever heard in my life: — but it was not my own.

"I went to Roxbury to preach for Mr. Putnam if he had not returned from New York: — as I supposed he had not. No matter for the series of contretemps that sent me there. I have said enough of them today to write nothing about them. Fortunately he had returned, and in the morning I heard him preach on the efficacy of faith: — a much better sermon than my No. 22 to the same point. He gave the true theory and a good deal of it. I am afraid that mine is very near the outside.

"He says, — that before man can will and so act, — at all: — he must have some idea of what he wants to do. This of course. His will will be stronger, — more vigorous, more down breaking of obstacles in proportion as his conception or idea of the object to be attained, and so his faith in its possibilities is more vivid and distinct and real to his mind. He labors to realize his idea — the faith — and the truer, the clearer, the more earnest the idea, the faith the more successful this labor: — he cannot help the labor, — it comes upon him by a law of his being; — for he has the idea and *must* endeavor to bring it to pass: — thus the more vivid and real it is, — the more connected, earnest, skilful, tactful, well designed will be the endeavor. The man who has a perfect idea, a true faith will conquer the world — or die! He illustrated by Columbus, by Luther, by any *self* reformer.

"All this after saying that faith in Christ was a

real conviction of the reality, the possibility, the practicability, the necessity of the principle which Christ inculcated, interwoven with as firm a faith in God's being and in a future world, and resting on the preliminary historical faith in Christ.

"And after all this he urged, — that men who fail in duty: who fail in (real) life — do not really believe, — do not make real to themselves the object to be attained — do not see the perfection of the principles by which they are to act or to which they are to aim. No! and nothing like it! No wonder they fail.

"For my personal life then — I must set up the study of Christ and his, — never to be lost sight of, day by day to be made more clear and thought of more and more as practicable.

"For my action on the world I start on this: — that the world can and shall be made less selfish — be unselfished by Christianity forced, — if it must be so, upon it by Christianity's self-appointed guardians or expounders.

"Bend to that oar!"

"*Jan.* 15, 1844. I had forgotten what was the detail of the last entry here when I took the book to write these lines. The contrast perhaps is a little queer though the aim is the same.

"On the 11th Dec. I left home with father for Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania resumption business. Here we staid till the 29th. When we got home I began to make my arrangements for the winter's recommencement of preaching, and was in negotiation with the Taunton and Nantucket com-

mittee, — agreed to preach and did preach January 7 for Chandler Robbins at his Church and at the Chapel.

"But father had to come on again and I was very glad to come with him on this same business. And as I may assist him, may be growing older: — with more tact, with more common sense in this work. I shall not attempt to make any farther pulpit arrangements till I see my way clear through this private secretaryship.

"By beginning to preach too young I forfeited all the advantages of going to college when I did. I do not hesitate therefore when I can to reclaim them."

He remained in Philadelphia and Harrisburg during the winter, having little opportunity for theological studies. He preached once or twice only during the winter when he came back to Boston. During 1844 the entries in his diary are few, but in one or two cases we may detect the note of dissatisfaction; there was too much preparation and too little action, sometimes compunction at what appeared neglect of duty. We should not pry into the more personal experiences, but he has himself left record of one at least. In 1907 he wrote an account of the realizing of what became one of the foundation stones of his life.[1]

"I was at Albany where I had been very much alone. I was sent up there to preach in an effort our people were making to establish a Unitarian Church. I doubt if the people of the so-called parish even knew that I was in town. I have no recollection of any

[1] Freeman MSS.

of them but a Mr. Little whom I used to see in his store. Perhaps it was to this loneliness that I owe a revelation which stands out in my memories of life. I had been reading in my musty, dark bedroom by an airtight stove. I think I was reading the *Revue de Deux Mondes*. But I put the book down for what people used to call reflection, and I saw, or perceived, or felt that I was not alone and could not be alone. This Present Power knows me and loves me. I know Him and love Him. He is here, I am here. We are together. And it is a companionship much closer than I could have with any human being sitting in that chair.

"Of course I do not mean that before this I had never prayed to God, or waited for his answer. But it is true that the sense of perfect or absolute companionship, the give and take sense of society, took form in my life then by the side of that rusty stove in that musty little room at the Delavan such as it had never taken before."

In the fall of 1844 he took a considerable trip through New York and Pennsylvania, ending at Washington, where he agreed to preach during the winter. There are one or two curious notes concerning his feelings.

"WASHINGTON *Oct.* 24. Well! I came home and considering, in the argument which laziness always makes, that in such frame of mind it would be absurd to try to work, I took Fanny Kemble's Journal, where I meant to read some of her descriptions of places which I have seen in my travels. And that day and evening I read that book through. And

I was a great deal better for it. [He then notes of the book its wholly journal character, in presenting day to day mental life and growth, and also its frequent fits of despondency, low-spirits, Byronism caused by trifles. He continues:] And the third is this.

"Fanny did not like the *social* of this country. Is there any wonder? And since we have the most perfect groundwork in the nature of our government and its principle for erecting the pleasantest forms of society that this world shows, had we not better do it?

"So much for Fanny's book which exorcised my blue devils — even before they had really come. [In the same entry is another note of his reading. He had been "dipping in Bettina's letters to Goethe."]

"Now I am afraid that Mad. Von Arnim is a consummately conceited hypocritical world destroyer. But when she wrote these letters, (I know just how natural they are, — I can write of such sort myself, — by remembering all the grotesque that in a short time crosses my mind, and tumbling all in together) she was full of feeling and she had great skill — perhaps because she was unlearned in styles and rhetoric in expressing that feeling. It is no matter so far as the reading of her journal of that time goes, for journal it is, — that this feeling was unaccompanied by principle as the event in some manner proves — that was the look-out of her and her friends but the book is not therefore the less attractive or profitable: — *because* — this full feeling so glibly and

winningly expressed is at least in such part as I read this morning a complete expression, demonstration, evidence, (that's the word) of the worth of the mere power of enjoyment, of its growth under cultivation and the benefit — the profit of taking means for gratifying it in out of the way methods. She did bizarre, strange things, but she enlarged her enjoyment field, and saved up the strength and interest of the pleasures always at command by substituting oddities for them when she could. [He goes on with some cases in the recent weeks which showed how much better it was to push through any especial experience. He ends:] So my chase down the river to get here in time to preach Sunday. I spent money, I worked hard, I got tired to effect it, and it was of no great importance in itself after all: — but it has given me a series of pegs for memory which are different from other pegs, stick out farther from the wall.

"Such is my argument, justification, suggestion of oddity — not eccentricity — but strangeness, so you make not yourself odd is strange in the management of life. If one can find any means of gratification, that is any means of seeing or doing or trying something new, which will not hurt him or anybody else, he better do it. (That is the second time I have had occasion to acknowledge *better* as a neuter verb. It would be a very good one, as good on paper as it is on boy and blackguard tongue.)

"And this suggests what came to me last from Bettina and was therefore first in my mind — towards which I have been writing here as Billy Swett used

to write his sermons — backward. Videlicet; — we read in novels — in books of foreign novels; in general accounts of Italy and Rhineland and in such books as this Bettina with great delight of such gloriously romantic days and nights — as long walks by river sides and fine views and every form of open air life and pleasure afford. All of which depend not in the least on their taking place in a strange country — with all my travelling enthusiasm I doubt it, that is not a slight, a very slight drawback. But they depend on the perfect freedom from worldly care and thought of a man who has given up his business while he travels and feels at liberty to think of nothing but what God and nature and his own enthusiasm, his own soul, suggest to him. In one word, why take ye thought for the morrow, — when you have so much to enjoy now in this beautiful world — and that too, to enjoy not selfishly, curmudgeon-like, as I am afraid is the principle of an old birthday entry of mine some hundred or two pages back, but to enjoy as God's child and servant. One does make a mistake in working too much for the future. Use time as holy time: — but not on the immense scale of beginning a series of operations worth less than nothing if no tomorrow, or no next year comes for their completion." [There is no other entry for a fortnight.]

"*Nov.* 8. WASHINGTON. I have been reading from the July *Edinburg* an article, I suppose Macaulay's, on 'The Good Men of Clapham.'

"It has made me wild — wild to do something by virtue of the faith which if I know myself is in

me. Here I sit, with a lame foot unable to walk out well, and yet as I have read of the sincerity and constancy of zeal and action of those men I have been perfectly wrought up to the intensity of a personal desire to effect in my own person that for this world of ours which I know a sincere true faithful man as such would effect.

"Those men were acting on a religious faith which was beautifully sincere — yet it was involved and twisted and dark. I have or think I have a faith in God, in Christianity, and which they had not in man; — Why not effect — nay [sic] the world's improvement by bending to it and it only — even to the living for life in this worldly minded home distant city?

"Ah. Ah. — the last entry here is half an Epicurean one — and so may the next be perhaps.

"But 'The Good Men of Clapham' whose only merit was that they were good is worth keeping at hand and laying to heart.

"Here in Washington are ambition, fashion, a civic self conceit, ignorance, want of intellectual action among all classes, degradation and ignorance of the free blacks, very little comparative influence of religion, and slavery

"Wake them up in twenty or thirty years?

"Tears! ! ! ! !"

He preached in Washington during the winter, but there are few entries of an intimate nature. He declined the invitation to settle there, feeling that the task was too great for his inexperience. On his way he stopped at Philadelphia in rather

low spirits. He speaks of "the uselessness of the profession, its appearance of coldness and machinery, kept looming up before me — and whether I were fit for anything and whether anything were worth trying for, and so on." From this momentary despondency he was delivered by an evening with Mr. Furness, so that he "came down Spruce Street thinking that after all the world was a happy world — or might be — and that it was worth something to be such a man as he is."

He reached home February 27, 1845, and on April 6 preached at Worcester, where he remained for six months and finally accepted a call.

It is perhaps with a feeling that he had reached a place where he could really work instead of dream, think, and prepare, that he enters in his journal these verses:

"Who came at the eleventh hour
  And to their tasks were true
And labored each as he had power
  Received each man his due.

"Who came when day was breaking bright
  And labored all day through
Well toiling each as he had power
  Received each man his due.

"These looked at those: — those looked at these
  As from their lord they came: —
The dues of those, the dues of these
  They saw were just the same.

"For those and these God's children were
Born for eternity
Moments of time could not compare
With lives which live for aye.

"And souls whose hopes and needs are fixed above
Deserve no lesser gift than universal Love."

CHAPTER SIX

EARLY SERMON-WRITING

AT the time that my father was ordained as minister over the Church of the Unity at Worcester, he had preached for a number of years. He had already formed the custom of writing his sermons out completely. In later years, at least, he read them with a considerable freedom and rather an extempore manner. He had not, at this time, yet acquired the habit of extempore speaking, on which he happened rather by accident. He once stood up in the pulpit, and opening his sermon case, found that there was no sermon in it. He had a recollection of the text, however, and beginning with that, he went on and delivered a sermon, which in essential was doubtless much the same as that which he had written. This was at a later period, however, and at this time it was his habit to write out his sermons with considerable care. This habit, indeed, he continued to the end of his life, and by means of it amassed a great collection of sermons which in course of time became famous among his brother ministers. About twenty years after this time, Robert Collyer wrote him: "and I will tell you what I want, to see a book in your vestry that contains a list of the sermons you preach as you preach them. I hear it is a sight to see. Staples saw it. I would dearly like to steal a lot of

subjects from it." There are three such books now, for the list of sermons was extended by the preaching of forty years more. Doctor Collyer might have seen not only the book with the list of subjects, but a set of the sermons themselves on the one hand, and a collection of the suggestions for sermons on the other.

These sermons were written with care for literary expression and were effectively read. We have already seen in what he says of school declamation, that while he did not at that time excel in what is commonly called "delivery", he had at least gained from practice a considerable ease of address. There remain one or two evidences as to his earlier preaching. The first is from a letter from Margaret Harding to her sister Caroline, January 15, 1843. Margaret Harding was an intimate friend. As a girl she had lived with the Hales in Boston while she went with Lucretia Hale to Mr. Emerson's School. My father had seen her often afterwards.

"Today being Sunday, we started in procession for Church. Edward Hale, we knew was to preach and we all felt a great curiosity to hear him. I was afraid that when he arose in the pulpit I might feel inclined to laugh, but he looked solemn enough and grave enough to have inspired anyone with awe. He has a splendid voice, very deep and rich, and when he let it out, filled the whole Church. His prayers were very good indeed. They were the best part of the service. His morning's sermon was very good indeed, very clear and perfectly unornamented, but he did not express himself enough, he left himself open to

attack by those who chose to misunderstand him. His sermon was to encourage those who felt an inability to perform the duties before them. He said that the motive of an action was considered by God as stamping the act as good or bad, and that our duty was performed when we had earnestly striven to perform it. In the evening, we had a number of callers to see John, and of course our new minister was discussed. Mr. Ashmun — 'He has got a splendid voice and that is all he has got.' Mr. Dwight — 'You are rather severe; he has considerable talent, at least, great cultivation of mind. But I don't like his morning's sermon. It is a very comfortable doctrine, but heaven is not going to take the will for the deed.' John — 'I liked his sermon. I think he shows promise of a great deal of talent, though no genius.' — 'I like him better than any minister I have heard this long time. I like the stand he takes extremely.'"

There is another comment on my father's preaching in Margaret Harding's journal.[1] It occurs a few weeks later in a note on a sermon heard at Springfield.

"He shows the fault of other young ministers. They content themselves with telling us what our duties are without showing us how we are to perform them. The spirit of Edward's sermon this morning, I liked very much. It was to show that motive alone determined the worth of our actions in the sight of God. One little short sentence I liked — 'No distress nor despondency can be religious' . . .

[1] Parts of this have been published in "After Noontide" by her daughter, Eliza O. White.

Edward's voice is very fine, and his prayer (he made but one long one) went to my heart. Only the young can pray for the young. Only the young *carries* [sic] that deep, holy, unquenched joy which is a well-spring of praise, of love and gratitude. Life must in ordinary cases do much to cloy this fountain, if not entirely exhaust it, with the withered hopes which the old man has seen to fall like the dead leaves around him."

Such extracts show what we might otherwise imagine, — a difference between the man in the pulpit and out of the pulpit. In everyday life the Edward Hale whom Margaret Harding knew was doubtless very like the other young men of his social set, his brother Nathan, James Lowell, William Story, William White, or others, — clever, interesting, amusing; full of the literature of the day and of current interests in daguerreotypes, in wild flowers, or in chemistry; taken up in his school-teaching or reporting for the *Advertiser*, or acting as secretary for his father; a young man full of the usual interests and occupations of the world of his time. Such a one, like any other, would have his view of life, his ideas of good and bad, his theory of practical ethics, but whatever were his views in such matters they would be but the views of one of ourselves. When he stood in the pulpit, however, and began to preach, he was somehow different. He had a position. He had a sort of authority. He was the guide and spiritual director. It may well have been difficult at all times to reconcile the two positions; we need not wonder that Margaret Harding had feared that she might be

CHURCH OF THE UNITY AT WORCESTER

Dr. Hale's Church from 1845 to 1856

tempted to laugh. It is a testimony not only to her own right feeling but to the real solidity of my father's character that when the time came she felt no such temptation, but rather a sentiment of gravity and solemnity.

At a much later time[1] he wrote:

"The first sermon I ever wrote in form, as a sermon I mean, is on Little Things. I was very much under the sway of Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb who were very much in the essayist habit of fiddling on Trifles and asserting their importance."

This sermon is that marked Number 1 in a list which in course of time numbered over two thousand. It is named "Trifles" and is on the text Matthew 11: 29, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." It was preached at Mr. Barnard's Chapel, Warren Street, June 20, 1841, to an audience apparently of children. Its first words are: "There is nothing in the world then so small but what God cares for it."

It would not be proper to take this first sermon as a specimen of my father's earlier preaching. Many of these early sermons he gave a number of times and often "rebuilt", but this he seems never to have preached again. Nor does the idea often reappear in his sermons, though once in a while the conception of the importance of little things will be seen. Yet since it remained in his own mind as an indication of his present interests and mode of thinking, we may spend a moment upon it. It is not

[1] Freeman MSS.

very important in its thought. It is very simple in idea; on the back of it are written two or three general heads, and the sermon is a development of them. It is however written in rather careful rhetorical form. In speaking of the faculties of the body he says, "There will be no harm done, if while we esteem and respect these faculties, we remember that there is a Being to whom we all are nothing, who commands and rules everything of which we can conceive, who made us and everything around us, who can destroy us and everything around us, who gave us the faculties we boast of, and who can take them away, who taught us the knowledge we are proud of although compared with his it is nothing." Such a sentence shows the mind careful as to style; it may not be much like Leigh Hunt or Charles Lamb — they were probably of chief influence in the matter of idea — but it is more the writing of the essayist turning over an idea in his own mind than it is that of the preacher who is earnestly pushing for his effect.

So far as this object is concerned, my father wrote also in continuing his comment, "Dr. Channing on the contrary is said to have said that a man should never preach on a little subject, and I knew that one of my criticisms on the Brattle Street ethical teaching was that I expected some Sunday to be taught there to brush my teeth and clean my nails." This first sermon would doubtless be called ethical rather than religious teaching. We must not infer too much from it, for it is really only a casual address delivered on a slight occasion, and of importance only because he has himself alluded to it as significant.

The second sermon in the list is on the Mediatorial Office of our Saviour, and was preached before the Boston Association at Doctor Pierce's, Brookline, October 24, 1842. It was at this meeting of the Association that the following minute was passed:

"At a meeting of the Boston Association at the house of the Rev. Thos. Gray, M.D. on Monday, October 24th, 1842, the following vote was unanimously passed.

"Viz: That Mr. Edward E. Hale having presented to this Association satisfactory testimonials of his qualifications for the Christian ministry, receive our approbation to preach the Gospel, together with our recommendation to the Churches of our denomination, and our sincere prayer and hope for his future success and usefulness."

This sermon — whatever was his ordinary mode of thought at the time — was distinctly a theological statement. The occasion doubtless called for a statement of belief and the sermon, though by no means a dry doctrinal discourse, must have been planned to give an understanding of his theological position.

The line of thought runs about as follows:

God desired at a certain time to recall his fallen children, to reveal to them a new gospel, one of love. To reveal this new gospel an example was necessary, for fallen man would not apprehend abstract instructions. Christ came to unite man once more to God. In Christ were mingled the essence of man and the essence of God. Just how this mingling is accomplished he would not inquire (because no one can

know anything of it), but he goes on: "Let me say this however; that when I find that man's nature is assumed by a being who is entitled to style himself in human language, the Son of God, I find a strong proof of the dignity of man's nature. When I see that no man has ever been able to show where Christ's divinity ended and where those powers and qualities which he showed in common with a perfect man began, I cannot but believe that the nature of man, when carried to this perfection, is more beautiful, more spiritual, and more divine, than, without this exhibition, there were reason to suppose." Yet in spite of such a conception, he goes on later, in spite of different opinions as to the possibilities of man's excellence and possible perfection, "I do conceive that for a revelation of God's will there was wanted more than the exhibition and agency of a man, however perfected and exalted." Revelation by man alone would always have possibility of evil. Such revelation was communicated to mankind by the influence of Christ's life, not by any mysterious atonement.

The sermons following the list are not developments of the ideas of either of these first two, though each of those ideas reappears several times. In fact, the sermons do not follow each other in the regular development of any idea, as we might naturally expect. It would hardly be natural to imagine a young man trying to develop a system of thought in a series of sermons. The case most naturally would seem to be that each sermon, as it was written, represented the application to some particular idea

of some general set of principles, or the handling of some idea, or some special way of thinking. One thought or another would appear or reappear in one or another place, but we should have no definite development of thought.

Natural or not, such is the character of these sermons. They stand well together, but they do not constitute any definite system of thought. He did not himself regard these early efforts as significant; as has already been said he remarks in writing to his uncle Edward Everett that "one must lose a few pawns in beginning" and goes on, "I do not quite know yet how I shall open my game."

Yet as we read them all together now, they express something, — a personality, a way of looking at the world, an ideal (we may almost say) of thought and action.

The texts are most commonly chosen from the Epistles; they are in the main short, even accidental, utterances of Paul or John which serve to show the tendency of the thought and act of the apostle. "Let us go on" in Heb. 6: 1 gives opportunity for a sermon on "Progress." "I cannot tell — God knoweth" in 2 Cor. 12: 2 is the text for a sermon on "Man's Ignorance: God's Omniscience." He deals with each text with an appreciation of the circumstances and conditions of the time; but he does not attempt any very particular explanation, he does not attempt to make his sermon a real interpretation of the ideas in the mind of the apostle. To him the text is an utterance, perhaps by chance, that embodies some principle of the Christian idea which the apostle

had learned, possibly from Christ himself. The apostle full of the earlier spirit of our religion could not speak without giving expression to some reality of Christian experience, so that even a casual utterance might be found to be surcharged with meaning.

The sermons are therefore not expositions of the theological doctrine to be found in the writings of Paul and John; indeed from what would be commonly thought theological doctrine they are singularly free. They do not attempt to give us the system of theology, or any part of it, of the great apostles. They express rather the preacher's own view as he finds means of illustrating it in the authoritative word of scripture. If we try to define that view as it appears in these early writings without much reference to whatever case we may know, we should probably say that it is in general the view of one who regards the world with satisfaction, who sees in life a great opportunity, who looks on the designs of men and women as inadequate indeed to the full measure of what might be, but yet as earnest of a great possibility. Man was in the world to live rightly and happily, and such a life was possible. True, man had fallen from his first possibilities, and the earlier forms of religion had only indicated in the faintest way the manner in which he might attain again to his earlier happiness. But God had desired to recall his wandering children, and his son had come with the revelation of a new religion, a religion not of observances such as might be offered a child, or a childish people, but of principles which might be applied in every contingency of life to make it the

kind of life God meant for his children. And this Son of God, offering in his words these principles of life, had shown in his own life that they might be applied to the incidents and occurrences of any life. Man then could be happy, for he could attain perfection by learning the word of the great teacher and following the act of the great example. The sermons offer no complete defense of life, it is true, but they show a well-developed theory of optimism.

Some fifty years after this time my father preached at Berlin, Massachusetts; he began with the following:[1]

"It will be fifty years next Saturday, the 12th of November, since I preached in this place the first sermon which I ever preached in Massachusetts. . . The two sermons which I delivered on that occasion still exist, somewhat yellow from time. I am not displeased, after fifty years, to find what texts, I chose for them. In the morning we considered St. John's direction, 'Let us love not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.' In the afternoon, I spoke from the same epistle of St. John, the text, 'Perfect love casteth out fear.' I am glad, I say, that I know that that Divine Spirit which guides us always, led me, even in boyhood, to choose such themes, shall I say, as the fit starting places for the duties of the pulpit. That perfect love casts out fear, and that this love must show itself in action and not in word, — this may be said to be a fair foundation for whatever the pulpit has to say or do."

[1] A Sermon — Tis 50 Years since — November 6, 1892.

Had he had occasion to review more carefully the preaching of these earlier years, he might well have maintained his general satisfaction at its character. One cannot say that the kernel of his later work is to be found there: it is not, — the ideas most characteristic of him come later. But the view of life to be found in the sermons of these early years is the same practical optimistic one which distinguished his work through life. It is a working theory which says, "Get the best out of things; know everything that you can, with faith; growth means possibility of new growth." If one tried to relate the ideal of some of the currents of thought at the time, one would easily discern the appreciation of the value of knowledge then so prevalent. Later in life, he often spoke somewhat slightingly of the "march of intellect fad", as he once called it. "The reign of Lyceums and Mechanics Institutes had begun. Briefly, there was a real impression that the Kingdom of Heaven was to be brought in by teaching people what were the relations of the acids and alkalis and what was the derivation of the word 'cordwainer.' If we only knew enough, it was thought, we would be wise enough to keep out of the fire and we should not be burned." [1]

He himself in these sermons never offers any such view. Yet there is an instinctive leaning on knowledge natural enough in one whose life up to that time had been almost wholly taken up in its attainment. One might guess at that from Margaret Harding's remark concerning the fault of the young

[1] "A New England Boyhood." P. 26.

minister — "They content themselves with telling us what our duties are, without showing us how we are to perform them." That would be the way of one who considered that knowledge was the principal thing. One might think the same thing from the sermon on "Man's Ignorance: God's Omniscience." "We may labor, study, learn, constantly press on," he writes, "and we ought to: — but there will be much that we shall not attain. It is then that a true heart turns more confidently to its great Master and Teacher and whispers to us,

> 'Man, 'tis enough for you to question why, —
> Leave to your God to answer. If you knew —
> Could you know all things, why need Christ have come?'"

Christ as the one who should give to man the true knowledge of God, — such a conception often occurs in these sermons. Without regarding it as a complete definition of his work and his purpose, we can see that it is one most natural to the time. He probably himself never had any overweening estimation of the value of knowledge pure and simple; doubtless he always felt more or less definitely, as he said later, that "the business of a preacher, as distinguished from that of a chief justice or other lawyer, is to help people to accept or grapple with the difficulties or mysteries — instead of trying to explain them away." To help, rather than to explain, — that was what Margaret Harding thought the minister should do, and that, in spite of the high value given to knowledge, these sermons evidently try to do. They are

based on a clear idea of fact, but they are meant to inspire and to help.

He certainly had the feeling that there were greater things in the world than knowledge. In the sermon preached at Berlin, which has just been mentioned, he shows that love is the mark of the Christian. The text is 1 John 3: 18, 19—"Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth", and the sermon shows that mutual love among mankind is the rule of life, if all will adopt it, and not only the ideal rule, but that the example of the life of our Saviour is the possible rule for the individual. He urges his hearers to think how love and consideration for others will soften and sweeten business, family, personal life, and goes on:

"Jesus as the Son of God, had the power when he assumed man's nature to exhibit it in the perfection to which it might possibly attain. Examine the record of his forgiveness, of his kindness to his enemies, and of his compassion to all men. There is a standard at which we ought to aim, and we have the power if we have the will to attain it. Christ prayed for those who persecuted and despised him. He made his disciples do the same, and can they not—can we not, do so? If we wish to do so, have we not the power? And is there any curse upon us which *prevents* us from wishing to do well? Man is not left with an indistinct desire or craving to do good without the ability to do it. When he fails to do it, he may accuse *himself* and he ought. Let no man say when he will be tempted, 'I am tempted of God'—for God tempteth no man to evil. No! God has set

before us an example in the person of his Son, which shows us of what we are capable, and to what we may attain, and it is by our exertions to attain it, that we may and must show our claims to a truly Christian character."

A passage like this shows another thing, the general rhetorical form in which these early sermons were cast. Rhetoric, perhaps, one should not call it, for it is obviously a natural currency of thought, and these old manuscript pages, though they show plenty of correction, do not, as a rule, show much working over. Corrections were frequently made as he went along, an additional sentence or two was often inserted, but in the main the form of the sermon is the form of the current thought. Somewhat conversational it is, but yet a little lifted above common conversation. A style for speaking, of course, and not for an elaborate delivery either, yet of a dignity above ordinary talk by reason chiefly, it would seem, of the true feeling that dictates it.

CHAPTER SEVEN

MINISTRY AT WORCESTER

1846–1847

IT was on the 29th of April, 1846, that my father was ordained minister of the Church of the Unity, Worcester. The Unitarian body is congregational in its church polity, and holds, as did the early Independents, of England, that each body of worshipers constitutes a church, independent of others, save as fraternal interest may allow interference or delegation of authority. When a minister is ordained over a church, therefore, the ceremony is not one of a regular body admitting and commissioning a neophyte, but rather that of a number of representatives in a great fraternity welcoming a new member to their circle. Ordinations, then, in that day, were little assemblies of ministers, generally of the locality, little councils of the church. They served not only the particular purpose for which they were gathered, but as a means also of communication and society to the ministers in the country near at hand. One pastor would make the installing prayer, another would give the charge, another the right hand of fellowship. One perhaps would write an original hymn. My father after his own ordination took part in many another ceremony of the same sort, sometimes

preaching or taking some other part in the direction of worship, sometimes writing the ordination hymn. In the case of his own ordination, the hymn was written by his friend and classmate, Samuel Longfellow, then just at the beginning of his active ministry.

He had been preaching at Worcester for about eight months at the time of his ordination, and there was doubtless at this particular time no great change in his usual work. He had already begun the regular duties of a pastor. He had twice before been settled for a considerable period, once at Northampton and once at Washington. In both of these places, besides his Sunday sermons, he not only carried on the usual activities of the church, but took pains to continue the pastoral relations of preacher and congregation, yet he had not taken up the work of organizing the church activities into any definite form for the future. This in Worcester was the one thing of most importance. He found himself settled in a place where he meant to stay permanently and where he meant to take a definite position in the life of the town. Naturally he wanted the Church of the Unity to take the ideal position as he conceived it in such a community. Just what that position was does not appear very clearly in his letters and diaries of this time. The old New England ideal, according to which the Church represented the community in its religious activity, as the State represented it in its civil capacity, was of course impossible. Nowhere in New England — save in the smallest

places — was there any remaining form of what had in colonial days been the legal and usual thing. Not only were there at Worcester, as elsewhere, several churches of the differing denominations which divided even the old New England, but there was a considerable influx of new population which gathered together people of the other churches and often of no church at all.

The Church, then, was not the community in its religious aspect as it had been. Just what conception did the new minister of the Church of the Unity have as he entered upon his ministry? Without a perfectly definite conception, he had evidently already formed in his mind the ideal, toward which he continued to strive through life, of the Church as one of the active social factors in American life, working by whatever personal or institutional means suggested themselves, toward the upbuilding of the community in which it existed. A scrap of a note of a speech at some religious anniversary gives a good idea of his thoughts at about this time:

"Mr. Hale said, in allusion to some remarks of Mr. Hedges, that he knew very little about the negative side of Unitarianism and never succeeded in understanding it or explaining it. Its positive side gave him more to do than he ever did and suggested all he had to say at the meeting. The business of the church was positive. The only value of such an assemblage of men of heart and spirit, at work in the walks of moral and religious effort is, that they assure themselves whether they

are doing their share in the great positive work of the world's redemption. In that work all men of conscience and life — in whatever calling — are engaged. All of them, however engaged, are seeking to lift up the civilization of the world. We meet here, — in these philanthropic assemblies to see whether we, — in our several lines of action, are doing our share — and keeping up with the immense well trained work of other laborers. It is the work of the world's salvation which is given us to urge along — with such powers as God endows us with." And he goes on with a figure which compares the material and religious workers in the world to the oarsmen in a boat. They are engaged in a common effort to get the world ahead, and each side wants to do its share in the work, that the boat may go ahead and not be driven around in a circle.

On some other occasion — the notes are fastened together without further memorandum — we read:

"Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester was the next speaker. He would inquire what sensible men, that is religious men, are trying to do? He supposed they were trying to lift up the civilization of the world, trying to make something better out of the society in which we live. They had come together on that occasion to see if they were keeping civilization up. The material means of civilization do not exactly accomplish the thing for us. We want to level everybody up. 'Friend, come up higher,' is the word of Christianity to Civili-

zation. We want to elevate men in their physical habits, their education, their perils, their morals — in every relation of life."

These two conceptions are perhaps not consistent in any rigid development, nor is either to be considered as a carefully thought out statement of the place of the Church in modern life. But both do give an idea which was doubtless important in my father's thinking and acting at this time. The Church was a social power; whatever character it had in ministering to individual souls was absorbed and included in that larger office, the power of society. In this social office the Church was but one of several agencies engaged in the same work, the up-building of civilization, otherwise to be called the salvation, even the redemption, of the world. But though only one of several agents or factors, and though not always the most modern or most efficacious of such agents, it was rather the highest and had its effect on the others, just as other agents had their effect on the Church. Such a conception perhaps he never definitely formed or expressed, but it was evidently, in its main points, at the bottom of his religious idea at this very early time as it was throughout his after life.

Just whence came such an idea it is hard to tell. In his college days, he details with apparent approval the thoughts of the Rev. William Swett, who disapproved strongly of those steps toward secularization which were becoming apparent on all sides. Ministers knew more of Texas than of Judaea, the minister complained, and were more

interested in anti-slavery and Canada than in the salvation.[1] The only comment of the young collegian on these ideas is his mention of "Dr. Channing and the other clergymen who cannot mind their own business." When we consider his general literary ideal and the broad conception which he first had of the ministry as a life, in the main, of literary leisure, we can see that he would naturally have sympathized with Doctor Swett. That the Church was to throw itself into the general work of the world, that its chief effort was to be the uplifting of what was otherwise considered secular civilization, this was hardly in keeping with such religious ideas as we know of in his earlier days.

Yet, however formed, these were the controlling ideas with which he began his pastorate at Worcester, and the record of the ten years he spent there — not to speak of the fifty years he spent in his next pastorate — show how important they were to him. That the Church was to be organized so as to be a social factor — that is still if not a new idea, at least in many places an unaccepted one to-day — that the Church, as a social factor, is concerned not merely with its own people, but with everyone with whom it comes into contact, is a natural corollary. Both ideas he had well in mind as he arranged his work. Among his own congregation he was not concerned with spiritual states alone; he was not merely one who should advise them about their spiritual state on

[1] See I, p. 39.

Sunday and at such other times as he might personally meet them, and who was concerned chiefly with such spiritual functions as christening, marriages, and funerals. He was one who had an interest, and as far as was natural, a guiding interest, working in all the activities of life. But he had a position outside of his congregation as well. Wherever there were those who had no one else to stand by them in their social life — whether it were to help them to some work that should give them a daily wage, or to offer them some association and fellowship which should make their lives happier or more effective — there, in his view, the Church of the Unity should be at hand to counsel and help. Hence from the early days at Worcester we find not only record books with careful lists of members of the congregation and particular notes of parish calls and other activities; we have also notes in which are set down the daily work that came up with people not of the congregation, who had no connection with him or with his church except that he had the ability and the church the desire to be useful in just such cases. These instances of various forms of help and counsel were doubtless nothing absolutely new, yet they were more systematically cared for and followed by my father, even at this time, than they were by many other ministers, and they certainly played a far more important part in his mind in the conception of what a clergyman ought to do. They developed into a systematic theory of church work which he followed out through life and they

overflowed the limits of theory and developed into all sorts of illustrations and examples, as well as topics and subjects in his literary work.

Thorough individualist as he was, there are many notes of a keen appreciation of the value of necessity of a life in common. Talking with Mr. Preston in Columbia, South Carolina, he notices that the South separates from the North and grows more and more conservative. Among other things, "They live so little together that there is none of the contagion of large masses of men acting on each other.[1]

A little before this is a poem on Cotton and one on Unitarianism not being very suitable for the South on account of being founded on brotherhood of man.

But these things took form in his mind but slowly. Suggestions came from very different sources: his mind reaching out somewhat vaguely found a hint in one place or another, and when it found one developed it into some practical form which satisfied his ideal. In his journal for August and September, 1846, after a good deal about association with other ministers and work suggested thereby, he writes:

"Saturday I wrote two sermons and a communion service address, Sunday 105, 106, and the service only excited me the more for this union of true men to take a true hold on the world. For behind all these different suggestions has been Rudolstadt, — George Sand's with its at times paltry, but at times grand descriptions of Illumination. Why

[1] Journal, May 26, 1848.

does the Real sleep when these petty imitations flourish and seem so successful?"

A bit later after some definite memoranda "to get some children's books for George Brown", to do this and that, he adds, "In one word to extend constantly wider active relations with the true world."

His journal during these first years does not show the development of any new plan or scheme. It was not for a good while yet that he began that systematic plan of putting down appointments beforehand and records afterwards that for the latter half of his life offers such an accurate means of determining just what he was doing at any time. Still he noted a good deal: his journal records parish calls, parish parties, teachers' classes in the congregation, meetings, exchanges, meetings of denominational associations and councils, and other things which belong to-day to the everyday routine of many an active-minded clergyman, and probably did then, with the addition of lectures, addresses, and magazine articles, which are not so usual. It is in minor ways that we see the growth of new ideas. Note these early records of practical philanthropy; they are put down as a little out of the usual course.

"*September* 2. Last night a talk with Mr. Hill, who had been preaching at the County House. Resolved to go this morning and see that little boy, Geo. Brown, out next month; and praise God did it this morning. Sickly—bright—sad—perhaps wicked:—but likes poetry—! and I will see him again."

Three weeks later is the note that "George Brown comes out of prison next Monday. I have promised to meet him there and see him to his home." All of which, no doubt, he did, though he makes no reference to it in his diary, which here becomes more and more fragmentary. The diary has more notes on the literature of Illuminism than upon the practical illustrations of it. But though there is not much account of his beginning the work of practical philanthropy, yet that may be because it is much easier for a man of literary tastes to write about his own studies and reading than about his experiments in working out a difficult social problem.

A year later he had another experience, still so novel as to be worth a page in the diary:

"*September* 1, 1847.

"Had a call from an Irishman who had lost his hat last night in a gale of wind; *Anglice* pawned it for liquor, of which he was still redolent. Fixed him up a hat, and then, could not I let him have a few cents to get some breakfast with? I could let him have some breakfast and so Werther's Charlotte-like appeared with bread and cheese which however he wrapped up in his rag: — and next came 'hadn't I perhaps a pair of pantaloons he could wear.' No, I had given my pantaloons to a gentleman from Poland, and then after a little talk about his pedestrian journey from Hartford, 'had not I a vest which would fit him.' No, my vest in fact had gone to his cousins in Ireland: — though I did not tell him so: — and after a few

words more, about the way his breastbone was broken — he suggested that his coat was worn and then — But I told him it looked very well, and the weather was warm — and so exchanging blessings he went his way.

"Put that down to the charity of the day."

On his birthday, as often, he wrote down in the form of verse some of the thoughts which had been in his mind.

"*April* 3, 1847. My twenty-sixth birthday. Easter Eve.

"Why seek the living here among the dead!
Father! and why do we who breathe Thy life,
Who move with miracles of love around,
Who know our immortality of life: —
Why do we pause, why falter, why not go
Where he — our Saviour went — to every walk
Of mercy — to know and call to truth
The worst, the poorest, the most sorrow worn?
Why plan and read so much and leave so much
undone!
Why seek in dead resolve — the life above."

That the Church was to be a social power, — a power in the world of men, — this was undoubtedly a principle well fixed in his mind by the time he settled down to work at Worcester. But just how it was to do the work, just how it was to be what it had to be, — as to that he was perhaps not so entirely sure. He did not at this time have any full or careful knowledge of these matters. It was not for five or six years that he began to feel

the necessity of thorough and accurate knowledge of questions of emigration, taxation, relief of the poor, care of delinquents, which were among the first of the social studies to which he began to give attention. As soon as he became convinced of the importance of these matters, he began to read and study and write about them. At present, however, his ideas were but general theories. We may be fairly sure that he did not think in any definite way of what is nowadays called an "institutional" church. Some of the great organizations of the present, with their missions, clubs, kindergartens, lecture courses, savings banks, and many other means of reaching and touching humanity on all sides and in all ways, would have been as much of a surprise to him at just this time, as his own conception was to many other people. He undoubtedly believed in the social mission of the Church, but there is nothing to make us believe that he had any idea of an institutional church rather than a personal church. A personal relation, that was what he had in mind, just as Jesus Christ had had it in mind. It had been possible in Galilee; it was doubtless possible in Worcester.

George Brown and the wandering Irishman were the advance guard of a never ending army. The next year there were so many of these broken men and women that he began to enter them in a book. He put them down as they came along and systematically indexed them. He generally gives a little sketch of each case. So many of them came from Ireland that right in the middle of his book is a

map of Ireland carefully drawn and worked in with notes here and there of the places where one or another had come from. These people do not appear to have belonged to his church or to have had anything to do with it. He sometimes paid them money out of the church fund and sometimes got payments from the city. But in the main he looked after them himself not with money, but by some personal effort, thinking up something that they could do and either arranging it himself or getting somebody else to arrange it. It does not appear that he did this in any public capacity, though he was doubtless led to it or confirmed in it by being one of the town's Overseers of the Poor. He had been asked to serve on the Board of Education, but thought he would be more useful in the other place.

To which may be added a comment on his ministerial work made at the time, and one written long afterward.

"*Jan.* 15, 1847. The first entry for this year! — Last night and to-day come the first of the sad series of intimations — which from the first I have known as the inevitable reaction from the enthusiasm of an ordination time. The talk of two or three silly women to one sensible one is a fair enough index of the discussive tendency of the parish in the middle of a winter; — and yet I am half surprised now that I hear of such criticism how little it pains me. First undoubtedly because I was prepared for it: — Vide Palfrey's Ware, Huntington, Dr. Frothingham, and so on ad inf. — knew

it was inevitable: — though perhaps nine months is a shorter time than I should have looked for.

"Second because such murmuring criticism is either true or false. What I know is mistaken — false — I cannot be greatly troubled at. 'If Mr. Hale wants anything he wants heart' — is ridiculous when said of me — whose only force of any kind is sympathy — & sympathetic feeling. That does not trouble me.

"Per contra when they say that I have not spent time enough on my sermons & have run about too much — they say what is very true — though not in the exact significance they give it — and what I had found out by New Years' Day.

"So we will hammer on and God be with the right!

" — then father in the wilderness

"Thy angels strengthen him!"

The following is a reminiscence, written long afterward, but probably a pretty accurate one:

"My dear Jasher.

"This is the close of the charge I should have given you if I could have gone to your ordination.

"To reduce to practice the considerations I have offered, let me suppose that you will regard the first of the boys or young men of this church who happens to meet you tomorrow, as the special gift of God to you as a personal friend, — ask him to walk with you. Bring him home and show him your books or your gun or rods. Help him tomorrow night in his lessons. Borrow his horse when you have a distant call to make and wish

to go in the saddle. Take him with you if you hunt the glen for climbing ferns or for lady's slipper. Read with him, sit with him on the hay cocks, or make hay with him. If you are the man I think you are, you and this young Arthur will be intimate and confidential friends before the year is over.

"This is the first of May. By the first of June, you will have established such friendship in the parish, when you and Arthur go for your wild flowers, his sister Blanche, who is now an awkward and self-thinking girl of thirteen, may go on the party. You and he will put confidence in her, — can cure her of that cursed introspection. She can be made to believe that people are not looking at her, — that nobody cares whether she is alive or dead. She can be interested in life in flowers — and books, and frogs and toads, — in milk weed and chrysalis and butterfly. Before the year is over, Blanche who will be nearly a year older, will be able to take a comfortable and useful part in life.

"But you three are not the only people in New Arcady. In July you and Clarence will find each other out, — some day when you and he go in swimming with the boys, — and twelve months will teach you and him that you like to be together, and that you have much to bring you together. And you will find that Mrs. David, Bertie's Mother, is never more glad than when you join the three youngsters at her house for some of your combinations of study, of walking or riding, — of oratory, of autographs, or of a thousand exigencies of life.

Four sworn allies have you in the business of bringing in the Kingdom of God before August is over.

"And if, my dear boy, you do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think, September, November, January and March will add to that little sodality, Ethelbert, and Griscom and Ichabod and Kensing among the boys, and Fanny and Harriet and Josepha and Laura among the girls will appear as September and December and February and April come round.

"In some such way, you can enlist in that neighborhood in the next twelve months, twelve of the most spirited young people here, between 13 years old and 19. They will be loyal to each other and loyal to you, loyal to the church, loyal to the town and state. They will be consecrated ministers of the Good God, — that his will may be done on earth, — quite as much as you are. Take care that they are not more efficient than you.

"I have only described the intimacy of one year with 12 young people of an average age of 16 years. Observe that the next year you can do the same, the next year the same. Fifty years hence, if you are still in this ministry, you will have a list of 500 close confidential friends, whose lives have been consecrated to the love of God and the love of men, — who remember the passages of difficulty and of joy, when you helped each other, and to whose common joy, common strength, common force, — comfort the present prosperity of the world to some extent depends."

CHAPTER EIGHT

LIFE AT WORCESTER

1846–1850

FOR the first years of his pastorate at Worcester my father's personal life was largely his life as a minister. The tie between him and the others of the family at Boston was by no means less strong, but he was not now living with them; he was living by himself in new surroundings. One or another of the family was often in Worcester with him, and he himself was often in Boston. But the new surroundings necessarily made a separate life, different from the common life of the family which was so much to him. He was now separated from the home circle that had been so important an element in his existence, nor was there anything that could exactly take its place. Worcester was not very far from Boston; the railroad between was a family affair, — he could without much trouble get to Boston, and others of the family could without much difficulty get to Worcester. Yet in spite of all communication, it was inevitable that old usages and circumstances should pass and that new ones should take their place. Out of hundreds of letters, a few only can be selected as giving a general atmosphere.

TO HIS MOTHER

Undated, but in 1848

"My long silence must be attributed to various causes, *princeps inter primas* of which is 'Jane Eyre'! I should have written Monday but each instant of leisure was occupied by 'Jane Eyre' and Tuesday, but each similar instant was occupied by the undone work of Monday — and reviewing 'Jane Eyre.' And so yesterday was a day of chaos, in which I finished a Lyceum Lecture and carried it and Charles over to Grafton at 4.30 P.M. to deliver it, of which he will tell you in a letter which he is now writing. I was delighted to see him, and am only sorry that he did not come before. We will go down Saturday morning: he on his way to Cambridge and I on mine to New Bedford.

"The week has been rather a gay one and a good deal occupied with the end of the sleighing, and the beginning, middle, and end of the thaw. I think I left home Thursday P.M. Friday was a little gathering at Mrs. Harris's in honor of Mrs. Thayer's 79th birthday. I was there till nearly 11 and then (you remember the evening of your sleighride) I walked out Graftonward about a mile and met the sleighs in which our Club were coming in from the Grey Farms, Fanny Allen's house. I joined them, and for an hour of that peerless moonlight we took a delightful sleighride around the pleasant drives about the village.

"Monday night was a party at Eliza Allen's in

honor of Mary Weld, Billy's sister. A magnificent aurora — the finest but one I ever saw was the out door entertainment — the moonlight notwithstanding — the columns and blazes of rosy light were all over the sky. Tuesday night was a similar party at Ruth Ann Miller's.

"But *the* event of the week has been 'Jane Eyre,' we talk in this house [1] of nothing else, we look back to detached passages morning noon and night and do not often get through a meal without introducing the book for reference. I am perfectly crazy about it. I can hardly say I want more because I read and re-read it again and again. It lies open on its face beside us now.

"The news of Edward Webster's death is very sad. I can but think how painfully it will come to Julia, to whom he was very dear. And his father too. He can hardly have been in his new quarters at all before the attack came on.

"I wish you would send these pamphlets—(the Insane Reports) to the parties indicated. The pamphlets make a parcel as before.

"Love to all from

"Yours ever

"E."

TO LUCRETIA

"Yes! — what you say about music impresses me more and more. And I can conceive that at the Bog Church, the very fact that you had been asked to go and hear the music, probably made

[1] He lived with Mr. and Mrs. Moses Phillips.

the matter worse; — you could not get that artistic notion out of your head. I find that more and more I listen with trembling feelings when people speak of Church music, or architecture lecture: — or of anybody's sermon that they remember, dreading lest they shall stop without having shown any devotional feeling as the foundation of the other. Of course the theory is simple enough, that the Arts should be the Handmaiden to the Life: — the [blank] to Religion. But for a' that, one looks with an understanding sympathy back on the old Iconoclastes, and can understand in exactly what mood they did what they did. St. John was so amazed at the way one of the angels delivered his message that he fell on his face to worship him. 'See thou do it not' said the other, 'I am thy fellow servant, — worship God.'"

TO NATHAN

"This minute, I met a scrap in one of Milton's Sonnets which reminded me that there was the place to look. In the sonnet to Lady Margaret Ley, you will find her father, Sir Jas. Ley, spoken of thus —

> 'Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
> Broke him, as that dishonest victory
> At Cheronea, fatal to liberty,
> Killed with report that old man eloquent.'

This was Isocrates. True to my blood, of which I think the main characteristic is that we stop in what we are doing to do whatever presents itself,

I stopped my reading to write it down. . . P.M.—The French news is amazing. When you can spare them let me have one or two of the Paris and London papers for a day or two. I wish I were there. I think a skilful republican to the *manner* bred could, by following his hand make himself President or First Consul or Chief Archon, with alacrity. And by vamosing in time he could gain a perpetual feather in his cap."

TO LUCRETIA

"CHARLESTON, Monday night
"*May* 1, 1848

"Frank Hayes arrived this morning and after the shower this afternoon we all took a walk on the Battery. This is the favorite promenade to which for one and another reason, I had not been before, although it is a place of great resort every afternoon. It is certainly the finest walk or drive I ever saw. It embraces the whole point of the peninsula, looking out on the harbour and open ocean, and across the two rivers, Ashley and Cooper, between which Charleston is enclosed. The wall is at the very water's edge, wide enough for six or eight abreast and solidly built from the water. Then at a lower level most of the way is the driveway, where are carriages of bonnetless ladies or men on horseback. In a little 'pavilion' in the midst of the green space enclosed by this walk, was a band of music playing. Add to this that the houses which look on it are of the largest and finest, with sumptuous gardens and now blazing with

roses — and that the beauty and chivalry of Charleston was on the move here while we also were, and that a perfect sunset surrounded the whole, and the fault is my description or your imagination if the coup d' oeil does not equal Charles Street. . . .

"To go back, one by one, to the gaps since my hasty note on Friday night, sent day before yesterday by Mr. Curtis, I passed the vexatious ordeal of a first Sunday's preaching yesterday much more pleasantly than I dared expect. You can imagine how blankly one feels at the idea of talking to a house full of criticizing strangers. But what with the hospitalities of the week and particularly the Sunday School expedition Saturday, a great many of the congregation were not strangers to me when yesterday came, and as the church was full and the people very attentive, I soon felt quite at home. The church is old and very venerable of aspect. The church-yard is even one of the most beautiful gardens of this garden-strewn place. When I talk of roses you must imagine the choicest roses of our greenhouses growing high and large and blooming fully as the cinnamons or blush roses do in the spring with us, and this church garden was vivid with them. Everywhere the air is laden with perfume and here the brilliancy and fragrance as I have said seemed to me more striking than ever. The service in the church, though of a very simple plan (E-lev-en and *all's well* — from a distant watchman as I write) has a little more of Liturgical appearance than ours and is very agreeable. . . .

"Sunday evening, (as Tuesday and Thursday evenings) the negroes of the church meet for a service, like a Methodist class meeting, in a hall attached to the house. You know the religious fervor of the blacks, and the musical enthusiasm. I never enjoyed any service more than I did this, to which I went as spectator for a little while. They speak admirably, and the singing — very Methodistical — is very fine. One of the men took my morning's sermon and in his own fashion followed out a series of deductions from it with admirable point and finish. We had a great shaking of hands all around then a general welcome of me and good-bye to the Doctor.[1] They styled me 'the young Doctor who had come from 'way off from the North 'tother side of the great sea.' They asked me to speak and I did — not better than they."

TO FREDERIC GREENLEAF[2]

"WORCESTER, *Sept.* 6, 1848

"MY DEAR FREDERIC: . . . I have charged Penniman to be not only minister in Savannah, but Bishop of Georgia. I tell him and every one as the result of my southern observations, that in the South, especially in Georgia, there is a deal of young life, — all torpid and lost though it be, for want of stimulus and direction, — that in Georgia property is widely divided, that the state is comparatively little in the hands of a landed aristoc-

[1] Doctor Gilman who was going to Worcester for an exchange.

[2] Frederic Greeenleaf was one of his most intimate friends at this time.

racy, and that any man or body of men of firm faith and living souls who would go into Georgia, and, any-how, marshal around them the young blood, — the bubbling life of the land, which does not yet know how to boil or to flow, who would by literary culture or scientific, and in the end by religious training create one and another and another Timothy born in the land, but baptised into a higher culture and a higher life than seems to the land indigenous, who would thus teach, thus attract, thus enliven and thus send forth reflectors of their fire into the highways and byways of the land, would in a little ten years revolutionize Georgia, — make of it the beginning of a better than New England, — make it a land of a living spirit, — and, of course, would in the process drive from it the black master-devil who now sits on its back and holds it down. What do you say to that? Have I seen more than you see? . . .

"We have had a beautiful Sunday and a pleasant service. People are mostly returned from the sea shore, so that we see natural faces after the parting. I preached in the morning a new sermon which I liked so well that it had grown under this pen to an inordinate length. But I was obdurate, remembered that no one would know how good things I left out, and chopped out nine magnificent pages. Afternoon an old sermon with a new leading illustration, — so-so only, rather a shame to bosh a good subject and text so. . . . My best love to your wife. We shall ordain the Doctor (Penniman) some day this month. I shall see that he carries

on some Greenwoods with him. God bless you and so good bye." "Ever yours

"E"

TO MRS. MOSES PHILLIPS

"Bulletin No. 2

"*Dinner time, Sept.* 22, 1848

"My Dear Mrs. Phillips: Thank you for the Letters Missive. If you have a spare week take the Dictionaries and find out why they are called so. I am sure I do not know.

"I am better decidedly. When I wrote yesterday I was in bed, — as I was from 11 P.M. Wednesday to 6 P.M. Thursday. I could not sit up because through that time to reduce this inflammation, the blood was still flowing from these leech holes. But now all that is at an end. The inflammation is reduced and we are only waiting for time to give the strength to the muscles. For fun in the meanwhile, we apply cold wet cloths, but I believe this is only what the Doctors call a *placebo*, for the amusement of the patient.

"Uncle Doctor comes in every day, and at a different time George Hayward. So that I have a double excitement in looking out for the Doctor, *the* event you know, of an at-home day. . . .

"I wish you would care for the *Movana* with the fantailed frame in the barn, if it is not dead. Also please take up my oleander when it comes time.

"I am *delighted* with the *Rosary*. I had become very dumpy about it, feeling that it would seem a very scatter-brained affair."

TO HIS MOTHER

"*January* 25th, 1849

"Of my today the event has been a long very pleasant call from Mr. R. W. Emerson. He left Concord for Albany, today, between the arrival of his train and the departure of the Western had the whole afternoon, and called here in that time and sat an hour or more, talking wonderfully. He told of his European experiences with evident gusto. He wrote the lectures he is to deliver here in Paris in May — saw the gathering for the row of May 15th, having been at Blanqui and Barbe's Club regularly to see what was in embryo till that outbreak. He told me the details of Robert Browning's marrying Miss Barrett. She was an invalid — never left her bed — her father a jealous old man, who let no one see her. Browning and she had complimented each other in print, but never met. 'How can I see Miss Barrett,' he cried in Carlyle's parlour one day. And Mrs. Carlyle answered 'You can't see her at all,' giving reason as above. At which he took his cane, went to the house, asked for Miss Barrett, and by a blunder of the servant who thought him a doctor was admitted to her bed room. She had not moved for three months, was bed-ridden — but at the end of the first visit, she lifted her head in bidding him come again — the second time she sat up — the third stood — and closed the fourth by eloping with him to Italy where they are now — her cure being a complete one.

"Mr. Emerson will come here to lecture on the 16th of next month."

There is another account of the conversation in his journal. My father had apparently been trying to find out something about Emerson's new interests and had asked about the "*soi-disant* Philanthropic Set in England, the Howitt's Journal and People's Journal people, saying they seemed very flat." Emerson, however, said he had not seen any of them except Mary Howitt. "I saw very few, if any of those people. I saw many philanthropic men — truly philanthropic men, but not of the set you allude to." He turned the conversation with more interest to Carlyle and Browning and other people of literary note.[1]

TO ALEXANDER [2]

"*Aug.* 9, 1850

"And now I have come home and am trying to settle down quietly for August. It is a month when I always try to be close at home because there is a good deal of sickness and death here and people like to have the minister close at hand. This year Mr. Hill is away for the month, so that I have this duty in his parish as well as mine. Not from *my* letters, I am afraid, but from the home

[1] His mother, like many others of an earlier day, was no admirer of Emerson. My father wrote of her later that "She would laugh and say he was crazy, which she profoundly believed, never reading a word he said, and being absolutely idealist." His own opinions of Emerson had undergone a change since college days.

[2] His brother Alexander had graduated in 1849 and was now an Engineer at Pensacola, Florida.

letters, you may have seen that my summer has been a good deal broken. February and March saw me sick in Boston and here — it was not till the middle of April that the Phillipses came home. Then I took a few days of May to go to Baltimore with Sarah, a week more for the Anniversaries. I was hardly at home when there were four days in June to go for her, then a week or two weeks after Nathan's lameness and well earned journey [to the White Mountains]. All this time the knock-downs of the sick months of the beginning has been hanging over me — until the White Mountains which has recruited me more than anything else has done. And by doing no hard work through the dog-days which I can help I hope to keep what I have gained.

"This sort of broken summer is scarcely more a feature of my life, than in the family's generally. Poor Sarah's sickness and long absence; Mother's visit here; Father's virtual six months in Maryland; Nathan's short trip; Charley's[1] ending of college life and what not beside have, as you may well suppose, rather upset any evenness in the current of the family career. You may have guessed that the Chesapeake and Ohio business has proved a miserable affair. I hope it will turn out all well in the end, but they have thrown a great deal of work upon my father, for which as yet I suppose he has no compensation, and they would have been glad to have involved him personally to any pecuniary extent if they could. All this, of course,

[1] He was the class of 1850 Harvard.

was embarrassing at the same time that the new arrangement of the proprietorship of the *Daily* required all his funds and time. But he has wholly washed his hands of them now and I hope will get off, at least without loss. To this matter, of which we do not talk publicly at home, do not allude in your family letters, except as theirs may suggest it.

"We have all been sorry not to see you this summer. If the home letters have fallen off, you must ascribe it to the broken-updom which I speak of. I hope now things are more to rights. Sarah is better, Nathan quite himself, father very much engrossed in the *Daily* and in nothing else. Since I got back Nathan has spent three nights with me. Last night we went to Newport and back for the sail, which was very pleasant, diverging from each other at Providence on our return. Charley passed here on Tuesday on his way to Alpha Delta Phi at Amherst. The rest are all at home."

CHAPTER NINE

LITERATURE

1833–1850

MY father's first great success in literature was made in the year 1863 when he was forty-one years old. He is now chiefly known and doubtless long will be, as the author of "A Man Without a Country." [1] Yet, although this story was the first to come to general notice, — for "My Double and How he Undid Me", published four or five years before, did not at once become widely known, — though it first gave him a general reputation as a writer of fiction, yet it was really but one very significant point in a long course of literary development.

Fortunately or unfortunately my father came early into a "literary atmosphere" and became used to books and newspapers and magazines, and the machinery of producing them. There could never have been a time when he thought of a book or a newspaper as other than a normal, if occasional,

[1] He sometimes thought of this in later life. The following was written about 1900: "It is not a little curious — I am not in the least sensitive about this — that when a man has worked sixty years in the hope of bringing in the Kingdom, and has been in twenty or thirty states on that business, still nineteen persons out of twenty should think of him as the author of one, two, or three stories. Well, you know what Renan says, — that the parables of the Prodigal Son and of the Good Samaritan have made more Christians than St. Paul ever did. I suppose that is true." Freeman MS.

mode of expression of anyone who wished so to express himself. His father conducted the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, and his mother wrote little books for Carter, the publisher. He himself contributed to the *Advertiser* at the age of fifteen and wrote a little book for Carter at the age of seventeen. It seems to have been as natural for him to express himself in writing as in speaking. To have what he wrote printed soon became as customary as to have it read privately. If one wrote, it was natural that people read. The whole mechanism of literature, so far as it then existed in Boston, became early a matter of absolute familiarity. He himself commented upon these facts later.

"If ever children were born to know the machinery of what is called literary life, we were those children. After my father entered at the bar in Boston, he was engaged by Mr. John Lowell to be the responsible editor of the *Weekly Messenger*, a newspaper then established by Mr. Lowell and his friends. Mr. Lowell was a leader, not to say the leader in Massachusetts politics, and he and the other leaders felt the want of better journalism than New England then had. Under their auspices and I think though I do not know, with Mr. Lowell's pecuniary help, my father bought the *Daily Advertiser* in 1812, when that paper had existed only a few months.

"For many years, that paper was the only daily paper in New England, and to this hour, old fashioned people call it "The Daily" in Boston.

"The *Weekly Messenger* was a distinct effort to publish a newspaper which should not be depend-

ent on advertising. They admitted no advertisements. The *Advertiser*, on the other hand, was confessedly a business paper. But all the same, it maintained the political views of the old Federalists and their political successors in New England. Steadfastly opposing, for instance, the Missouri Compromise and all other concessions to the Southern States. . . .

"All this is by way of preface to say that all of us were born into a home crammed with newspapers and books, perfectly familiar with types and ink and paper and proof sheets and manuscripts. By the time I can first remember my father owned a well-equipped printing office and carried on power press printing on the cross dam of the Mill Company, which is now Parker St. He made contracts with the United States Government for printing: he printed the American reprint of Campbell's *New Monthly Magazine*. He had a fine literary sense himself, was a good Latin scholar, and kept up his Latin. He read French and German easily and Greek as well as I do, with a better knowledge of Hebrew than most men now have in my own profession.

"My mother's brothers were in Europe a great deal, and I suppose that this was partly why it happened that our office was better supplied with Continental newspapers than any of other American journals. My mother was the only woman in Boston who could read German when I was a boy, and from the day of her marriage to the time of her death, her translations from the French and the German

appeared in the newspaper. There is a pretty story which has the advantage of being true that she rocked with her foot the cradle in which Lucretia lay in the evening, while Mr. Webster or Judge Story, or Lemuel Shaw dictated to her their speeches in the Massachusetts Convention of 1820. . . .

"I cannot fix precisely the date, I wish I could, of the first paragraph of mine which was ever printed in a newspaper. It must have been about 1833, in the beginning of all this business of Assyriology. Papa brought in *Le Journal de Debats*, from his study and showed us a little article about the French discoveries on the Euphrates. And he said to me 'Edward, if you will translate that I will print the translation in the paper.' I suppose I thanked him. I hope I did. But when he had gone, I confided to Mama what she and the others knew, that I had never studied French. She said she knew that, of course; but that it would be a pity to disappoint him, but that Lucretia had studied French, and that we had better take the dictionary into the corner together and translate the article, which we finally did. And to my joy it appeared in the *Advertiser*.

"This was the beginning of my newspaper work which has lasted until this time.

"While I was in College, I had a sore throat turn, such as I was a good deal troubled with in those days, and was working it off at home, when Papa brought home the first copy of *Graham's Magazine* which afterwards became quite an important element in magazine literature. He asked me to write the *Advertiser's* notice of it, which I did and at night he

told me that he had given it out for publication. He said 'I struck out all the "verys" and then it was quite right.' I had said in the exaggeration of a young writer that such a magazine was very much needed, and that this was very well done and very handsomely printed, and so on. I have handed down his advice to hundreds of young authors since that time.

"In College, of course, I had to write and I enjoyed it heartily. We worked under the care and criticism of Prof. Channing, Edward Tyrrell Channing (Tyrrell killed William Rufus, and why Channing was named for him we never knew) of whom his pupils were never tired of singing the praises. In my senior vacation, my father proposed to me to report for the *Advertiser* the proceedings of the Massachusetts Legislature, Senate and House. This I did. I wrote shorthand well at that time, and this is a great advantage to any man: and practically the work was that to which we had been well trained in College, the condensing the statements of the books we read and putting them on paper. It is very good training to write for a newspaper where you are not to see a proof. It gives you the habit of accuracy from the beginning. I have seen my father wait three or four minutes with his pen in his hand while he was feeling for the precise word he wanted."[1]

There were of course advantages in all this, and had general surroundings been different, they might have been much greater. For a bright boy to come naturally into a literary atmosphere where there are

[1] Freeman MSS.

great men or great traditions may be the best way of arousing and giving a chance to the spark of genius. Boston in the '30's and '40's was not a place of great men or great traditions in literature. The foremost literary figure of the earlier generation was possibly my father's uncle, Edward Everett, a man of the utmost literary adaptability who had at this time already been pastor of Brattle Street Church, student at Göttingen, professor at Harvard College, editor of the *North American Review* and governor of the state. But it was perhaps just on account of Edward Everett's immense facility that he never became truly great. Without difficulty he became a pre-eminent figure in the slightly lettered American civilization of his day. Perhaps he was never called on to make a real effort that demanded his whole power.

Somewhat like him, in a smaller way and in a narrower circle, was my father. It can rarely have caused him real effort to do whatever was done in letters by those around him and to do it better than most. His college themes he wrote without the slightest difficulty; he used to say late in life that he learned much from Professor Channing, for whom he prepared them, and this is doubtless the case. Professor Channing must have enjoyed the easy facility with which this boy of fifteen or sixteen thought and expressed himself on any subject that might occur. He also wrote, and probably with equal ease, a poem for the I. O. H., and a class poem on graduation. He says himself that he valued his poems at their true value, that he knew that they had nothing of real poetry in them, but were a common form of

elegant expression. Of James Lowell, the class poet of the year before, he speaks differently. He says of him that Lowell knew himself to be a poet, and that everybody else knew that he was one.

Beginnings in literature therefore to my father were matters of course. To write an account of the Dighton Rock for the *Advertiser* or a poem for the graduation of his class was natural one year, just as it was natural the next year to write an article for the *North American Review* or for the *Boston Miscellany*. It was the normal thing and easy — indeed, it was really too easy.

If one read much of these evidences of his life, at this time, it soon becomes clear that these early publications do not express the literary ideals which were gradually forming in his mind. He wrote one thing or another as occasion arose, but he seems rarely to have written anything (at least, to have published it) as the expression of an imperative need. His articles were concerning various matters of fact; but he also thought of many matters very different which never came to publication at all. His college poems as we see at once were in the conventional form for such things, but at the same time he wrote, though he never published, verses of a very different character. It was not for a matter of twenty years or so that he found an opportunity for expressing the real thing that seemed to him worth expressing, in the way that seemed to him worth while. In "My Double" and "A Man Without a Country", both extravaganzas and impossibilities written to present perfectly simple and vitally

important truths, he hammered on two thngs that the experience of life had convinced him were worth saying, two truths which were almost fundamentally at the bottom of his heart. One was that a man really must have a country: whether we understand by the word *country*, nation, state, neighborhood, church, family, does not matter much; the idea is that one cannot throw over the claims of the life in common. That was the first great truth of his life. The other truth was less important in theory and more so in practice. It was to the effect that, great as are the calls of the life in common, and absolutely as it is one's duty to obey such calls, so far as it is possible, yet one still has a duty to oneself. The calls of society are too apt to be formal, conventional, mechanical, and if one does not somehow free himself from them, one will get no chance at all to develop the only thing by which one can be of any use to society or oneself. These two ideas are almost enough for the foundation of a man's ethics. They had slowly been clarifying in twenty years while he gave his time up to teaching school, reporting for the *Advertiser*, preaching and doing parish work, and, for literary expression, writing reviews of Anthon's edition of Leverett's lexicon and of "Cecil, the Story of a Coxcomb" and other things of the kind.

A real study of his literary development, therefore, would not necessarily follow the course of his various publications. These were at first only accidents; they are of course expressive, but they are not the only expression of his literary life; often, in fact generally, they were not the best.

During his early years, perhaps till he was thirty years or so, my father's literary ideal, in fact, his ideal in general, was that of the essayist, the man who lived a life of literary leisure among books and letters, and who wrote out as he saw fit the musings and reveries that rose in his mind as he sat in his library before a glowing grate. He himself much later said that his literary ideals at this time were Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb, and the fact that he mentioned these two together shows that he appreciated in them something which they had in common. I cannot find in my father's early writings anything much like the humor of Lamb or the poetical appreciation of Leigh Hunt. But one does find something else which they both had as well as many others, the delight in literature, in books for their own sakes (we may say), as the most real, most certain interest in life. Literature and the time to enjoy it — that was his early ideal. At first it was because the ministry seemed to offer some such life as this that it seemed attractive to him; by the time he had settled at Worcester such fancies had almost gone by, and he had understood the solid foundations which must be laid for the minister's life and had gone to work to lay them four-square for himself. But in early days he did no such thing: he had little consideration of foundations in those days, but in his musings and reveries he saw rather the cloud-capped towers and airy pinnacles of innumerable castles in the air, as he often said himself.

In college he read vigorously everything that was in vogue. But it would seem that he had but slight

interest in those things which a later view sees to be the really germinating powers of those days. His journal is full of remarks about reading Scott and the *Quarterly Review*. But of Goethe, who was at this time so great a voice in Europe, there is hardly a mention, little of Carlyle, though "Sartor Resartus" and the "Heroes" were but just out, and of Emerson only (as we have seen) slight mention and that with but little commendation. The real literary life of England and New England at that time — the life which impressed itself on the world so that it is remembered as an influence, if it be not an influence still — was of little interest to him. He understood it and its ideals later, and gained something from them. But at this time his aims were different: his typical literary man was not a figure like Carlyle; it was somebody rather more like Henry Pelham. The contrast is not so absurd as it may appear. Carlyle himself in the year 1834 practically said in "Sartor Resartus", in the chapter on The Dandiacal Body: There are two ideals in life: that of Teufelsdröckh and that of Henry Pelham; one thinks the inside is the thing; the other thinks the outside is. Take which you like — they are mutually exclusive. If such a view appear strange to those who think of the author of "A Man Without a Country" and "In His Name" and "Ten Times One", they have only to read a review by my father in the *North American Review* of October, 1842, of two novels popular at the time, "Cecil a Coxcomb" and "Cecil a Peer" and then (if they can) the novels themselves.

It would be absurd to suppose that the superficial, the social, the sartorial ideal of Henry Pelham, Vivian Grey, and Cecil Danby could ever have exercised a strong influence over a respectable young Bostonian who was earnestly and seriously reading for the ministry. There is nothing in all the diaries and letters to give the idea that the impossible combination of coxcomb, dandy, man of the world, which may be found in each, was ever very interesting to him. But the superficial is not everything. No one would fancy that cloud-compelling, beer-drinking, airy-thinking Teufelsdröckh was great because he smoked, drank, and talked interminably. Under these hulls and chaffs lay the real man, the man of the Everlasting Yea: under the brilliant and correct trapping of the dandy and coxcomb lay the real man, the man familiar with the world of politics, of society, of scholarship, the man who in the morning plays his part in the public life of the day, who in the afternoon makes his bow and passes his epigram in a few best houses, who spends the hour that belongs to himself in company with a volume of the classics of other times or even of his own, — an ideal which might easily have attracted a brilliant and clever young man in 1840 as it has attracted millions of brilliant and clever young men before and since, and continues (in different forms) to attract up to the present day.

Such was the ideal of literary life up to settling in Worcester, nor did it ever wholly fade out of mind. It is an utterly impracticable ideal in actual life, whether in Worcester, Massachusetts, or London, or

anywhere else, except for those rare geniuses in whom the temper of the charlatan is mingled with real and tremendous power, men like Disraeli — and one can hardly think of another of universal reputation. But few ideals of life are ever very practical, or rather it is not very important whether they are or not, for long before people have realized them, they have changed and become different. For ten years my father's idea in literature was to be a brilliant essayist, a man who knew everything that ever had interested anyone, and who wrote when he did with the ease and elegance of the scholar and the gentleman.

It is hardly necessary to say that he never attained any such ideal nor ever made very strenuous efforts to attain it. He simply had it — and for the time, no other.

Later he had a very different ideal. Henry Pelham would never have produced "A Man Without a Country." But neither did my father do anything of the sort till twenty years after this time, nor was he capable of so doing. Steeped in literature from his birth and coming to maturity very early, he produced nothing of really artistic quality till he was thirty-seven years old.

He did write for publication much for the *Daily Advertiser* and later than this a good many reviews for the *North American Review*. At just this time he wrote two or three things for the *Boston Miscellany* which are quite enough to show what he would have liked to do at this time in his life and why he did not do it. The *Boston Miscellany of*

Literature and Fashion was a magazine published during the year 1842, and edited by my father's brother Nathan Hale. It was, as one would imagine, a gathering up of the work of that brilliant group which had for one nucleus the Hale family; among the contributors to the first volume were Edward Everett, Alexander H. Everett, their sister Mrs. Nathan Hale, Nathan Hale, Jr., and Edward Everett Hale. Besides these were James Russell Lowell and W. W. Story, who had been in Nathan's class in college, and N. Hawthorne and N. P. Willis, and some others. The second volume had naturally a larger range. It would be an interesting study in American literature to point out what was good in the *Boston Miscellany* and what was not. Here we have room only for the contributions of my father. One of them is a review of Geoffrey's "The Apochryphal Napoleon," a book which we may recognize at once as after my father's especial vein. It makes the assumption that Napoleon did not allow himself to be vanquished by the destruction of Moscow, that he pressed on and destroyed the Russian army at the Battle of Novgorod, and that after that crucial turning point, his course of victory was unbroken, and that he came to be sovereign of the world. Such a book may be said to be in my father's especial vein because it makes a practically impossible assumption and then proceeds to tell the story in a logical and realistic manner. This will be recognized as the manner of "My Double" and "A Man Without a Country", as well as of that long series of stories with which my father interested and amused the

readers of the seventies and the eighties. No one can conceive as an actuality a government like the United States imposing such a whimsical punishment as exiling a man on board of one its own ships of war. No one can seriously imagine a country clergyman using his hired man as a double to go to tedious public occasions for him. We may say that such things are possible, we may think of other matters that are like them, but they are really as impossible as that a microscopist should make a lens out of a diamond whereby he was enabled to see a nymph in a drop of water, or as that a quiet intellectualist talking with a friend should find out that two murdered women had come to their deaths at the hands of an orang-outang belonging to a Maltese sailor. It was a current literary mode of those days, just as it is, in lesser degree, of these. My father naturally enjoyed this imagination of the possibilities of the life of Napoleon, granting the one great impossibility, and chose it for review for his brother's magazine. His other contributions, however, are stories. If the *Boston Miscellany* had been successful, perhaps he would have become a story writer and novelist twenty years before he did. The first was a "Tale of a Salamander." This story he had written some time before and had sent to *Blackwood's Magazine*. It did not succeed in becoming one of the well-known *Tales from Blackwood*, and when the *Boston Miscellany* was started he evidently had it in his portfolio. It is the story of a student who one day resolved to try the truth of what he had always thought of as mere tradition, — the glass

blower's superstition that a salamander will emerge from any fire that burns more than forty days and forty nights. The student's resolutions and fancies are fully told, and his difficulties and trials in the way of keeping his fire going for so long a time; the story is fully worked out up to the very point when the salamander may be expected to appear, — and then we have a line of stars. An afterpiece gives an idea of the student's violent fever. He is led to speak of his experiment but of the actual result he says he "cannot, ought not say."

From a later standpoint it is not difficult to say why the story is not a good one; however good the beginning, it fails at the very point for which the beginning was written. One is excited and aroused at the idea of the mysterious possibilities of the appearance of the salamander, but the possibility is all there is to it, and one ends the story with a feeling of disappointment. Perhaps my father considered it a success, for he reprinted it in one of his later volumes.

He did not reprint the second of the stories which he contributed, "Love by the Way." The story is not like that of the salamander, the working out of an impossible idea; it is the development of an idea very possible and indeed familiar to all readers — namely, a journey in a stagecoach. But if we do not have here a story of the especial kind that has just been analyzed, we do have another kind of story which was commoner in those days than now, namely, the story which at the end turns out to be a hoax. The story of this sort which has made most reputation is

"Marjorie Daw", by T. B. Aldrich, but there were many others during the half century which preceded that attractive fancy. They are not so different from the realistic extravaganzas like the "Salamander" or "The Diamond Lens"; they call for the same realism of treatment and the same whimsicality of idea. In this case the story is of a man who made love all day to an attractive girl in a stage-coach and only at the end of it discovered that she was deaf and dumb.

The third of his tales, "The South American Editor", evidently pleased my father better, for when he collected his first book of stories, "If, Yes, and Perhaps", he put it in. This story is more of a realistic extravaganza than a realistic hoax; we need hardly spend time in determining the character when the general quality is so clear. Taking the idea of the mercurial quality of South American politics, my father invented a story in which he was able to use both his imagination and his knowledge of fact. To create something like life, — that is really as much an act of the imagination as it is to create something unlike life. To give a realistic account of the day's work of a newspaper man who has the oversight of the South American news is really as imaginative as it would have been to tell all about a salamander which came out of a fire in the forty-first night of its burning. All may not think so, but whether it be so or not, it was the kind of imagination that my father had. To get some idea — in his work it was generally as whimsical as possible — and then to clothe it with flesh and blood and give

it the breath of life; that was his conception of writing a story. It was not a bad one, and not very unlike his general plan of life, which was very largely given to thinking how one could transmute machinery into life.

The stories in the *Boston Miscellany* had no immediate successors. The daily course was generally so full of things to do and articles to write that there was little time for anything more than day dreams and plans. So far as literature was concerned — the two or three things that he did were rather more the result of suggestion from without than the development of his own thoughts.

In 1848 he edited for Phillips, Sampson, and Company, *The Rosary of Illustrations of the Bible.* Those were the days of annuals of all sorts. *The Rosary* was a religious annual and consisted of a number of engravings and a number of articles in prose and verse, original and selected. One would not look in such a volume for evidences of originality, nor would one find such here. There is, however, indication of my father's thought in the selections. The poetry is not very significant; a good deal of Jones Very was natural in the New England of the day. George Herbert, Aubrey de Vere, Bernard Barton were also the normal results of liberalism. But the extracts from James Martineau and Athanase Coquerel, especially the latter, show us much of the intellectual and spiritual food of that time. The sermons (if they be such) on Eli, on the Good Samaritan, and Paul before Festus, in their simple realization of the Bible narrative, in their conver-

sion of theological material into life itself, undoubtedly show one of the factors which went to make up his religious temper. Theology must adapt itself to life is the fundamental idea. It is of less importance to note that if the book as a whole shows very clearly where he was going, the chief prose extract by himself shows where he had come from. The essay in "Silent Worship" is more like Leigh Hunt and Charles Lamb than anything else of his that I have read; I suppose it must have been written some years before *The Rosary* was published, at a time when the literary fancies of college still had something of the nature of ideals.

A year or two afterward was published "Margaret Percival in America" by himself and his sister Lucretia.

My father later [1] gave some explanation of this early piece of work; "partly a novel, partly a sermon" he calls it. It was most of the latter, as far as its really serious purpose was concerned. "Margaret Percival" was a religious novel of the time of the Oxford movement, which gave the Anglo-Catholic position; in it, to use his later language "you were taught how to tread on that narrow rope way, which, as she thought [Miss Sewall, the author] swung between the Church of Rome on the one hand, and the awful depths of 'Dissent' on the other." The particular point which attracted my father's attention, however, was the natural assumption of the book that the Church of England was in England *The* Church. He wanted to show that the Church

[1] *The Christian Register*, October 11, 1906.

in America was different from any such establishment. He and Lucretia conceived the idea of bringing Margaret Percival to America, and showing her what the real Church of America was. They introduced her into a group of conscientious Christian people from whom she gradually learned that the establishment of England, even including its missionary offshoots, did not include the whole Christian world. That was the main thesis, but of course the book is full of other things indicative of American life and of my father's life at this time.[1]

[1] "Moses Dresser Phillips, of Phillips and Sampson, published our little book with cordial enthusiasm. Phillips and Sampson was a firm of young men, who led the way in restoring the publishing enterprise of Boston. Let us hope that the little book did what it was written for. . . . The title was attractive, for Miss Sewell's book was well known. Then the book was founded on the eternal realities: that is a good thing if you write a book. What happened was that four or five editions of it were immediately sold. I think that no critic for the press ever read it. I know that the 'Dissenting' papers never read it. But, on the other hand, I have good reason to know that four or five thousand copies were sold."

CHAPTER TEN

LIFE IN WORCESTER

1850–1854

FOR the first years of his life at Worcester things went actively and well. His preaching and parish work were successful, he began to see more and more into the possibilities of a strong church in a town like Worcester, he had some time for reading and study. He lived with Mr. and Mrs. Moses Phillips. Mr. Phillips was a bookseller and publisher with ideas that soon extended beyond the limited boundaries of the town they lived in. But while he remained in Worcester, his house did the most that can be thought of to take the place of that family atmosphere which my father had left in Boston. He made intimate friends: among those he knew best and depended on most was George F. Hoar, just settled in Worcester. But probably the man whose friendship meant most to him personally at this moment was Frederic Greenleaf, the friend who suggested Harry Wadsworth in "Ten Times One is Ten." "The most manly and womanly fellow he, whom I ever knew," said Colonel Ingham. "The merriest and the freshest, and the bravest, and the wisest; the most sympathizing when people were sorry, and the most sympathizing when they were glad. Thunder! if I were at home [Colonel Ingham was at this time with Garibaldi in Calabria] and

could just show you three or four of Harry's yellow letters that lie there, then you would know something about him; simply he was the most spirited man who ever stumbled over me; he was possessed with a true spirit, that was what he was; and so he had guns enough, for any emergency." This was written twenty years after my father and Fred Greenleaf had been familiar friends. My father's letters to him are probably the most intimate of all those preserved at this time.

TO FREDERIC GREENLEAF

"WORCESTER, *Jan.* 3, 1850

"It has been a hurried, sad, and happy fortnight. To say that I have been pressed for time is to say nothing. I have been crowded even to being jaded, saddened, even to being sick, and yet of course in the midst of all this, have had some of the very brightest cases that I ever had at all. I think you will have some notion of one of them when you reread *Philo*. Christmas Eve we had a service at our church. The young men, in the face of pitiless snow had been dressing it with green, — Mr. Hill preached and it 'went off' very pleasantly. Well, just as I was awaiting it here came a parcel with the first copy of *Philo*, and a letter from Judd to *me*, which he called 'a claviary.' If I can I will copy for you the letter and send it. Imagine my enthusiasm! Only, it seemed too bad to sit here and read it all alone. And all alone I was. LeBaron was at Plymouth for the holidays, and Joseph called away to his home. So I just tasted *Philo*, and then took it to "meeting"

with me. No, you're wrong there, I did not read a word of it there, though it once or twice burned under my cloak, I own. Then I looked around for an appreciative listener, — found Miss Stearns who was ready to hear on Christmas day itself, — what day better to read an Evangeliad. Now, I make but two absolutely idle days of the whole year, Christmas and Independence. So the next day I went down to Miss Stearns's and began on *Philo*. For the next week I had the book in my coat pocket when I was out, and at my left hand when I was at home. I read from it to my St. Paul's class, in my sermon, to my Sunday School children, it became my text book, and already through mine and other agencies, so great is the enthusiasm here about it, that one lady told me yesterday she had narrowly escaped having four copies for New Year's presents. Indeed, I think it first rate, as I know you will. You will like Longfellow's 'Launching of the Ship' too. Commonplace people will say that it is an imitation of the 'Song of the Bell' and that *Philo* is an imitation of *Festus*, in fact both of them are the imprudent readiness of men of genius to show that they can take familiar forms for expression and infuse into them new life, wholly original and their own, and both of them are successful. As to the *Festus* machinery, why we all of us roam over heaven, earth and hell and the sea so constantly, whether with devil, angel, or alone, that no one man can claim patent right to the invention of that system![1]

[1] Sylvester Judd was the Unitarian minister at Augusta, Maine. He had already published "Margaret," called by Lowell, who reviewed it in the *North*

"But there are other things to talk of than Philo Juddaeus, as the wits call it."

TO FREDERIC GREENLEAF

"WORCESTER, *Jan.* 9, 1850

"We had a ministry at large meeting last night. They agreed to call a general meeting Sunday evening at the Town Hall, on what Burton calls the 'moral condition' and I 'the crime and poverty' of the city. You see last Saturday a man broke his neck in a fight, which he brought on after a gambling drunken day in old Dr. Bancroft's study, which is now called 'The Lunch,' a fashionable gaming dramshop. This has made a ripple of popular feeling on the condition of things here, out of which I hope something may come. But I do not hope for much; indeed we have worse canker sores than public meetings or speeches by well-disposed people will mend. The City Government is firm, as far as their firmness will go. They prosecute the Liquor sellers to effect, whenever they can, but you know it is hard to get any testimony. Meanwhile I grow, or at this instant of writing am in, rather a discouraged mood. Here are these armies of young stars who do not appear to apprehend that *character* is an element in life; a man may have it or not, is their notion, as he may learn handicraft or not, or so one would suppose they live."

American Review, "the most emphatically American book ever written." The present book was "Philo; an Evangelical," and was the story of the second coming of our Lord. My father used to say afterward that they really seriously expected "Philo" was to convert the world.

TO FREDERIC GREENLEAF

"WORCESTER, *Feb.* 3, 1850.

"We have had a very pleasant Sunday, bleak enough out doors, but for all that, cheerful enough indoors to make up. I preached the Coming of Christ in the morning (communion today) from a letter I had from Judd, explaining about *Philo*. He had been hurt that people said they could not understand it, — and so wrote me the most glorious letter of eight pages, telling all about his notion of Christ's second coming. 'This is the sum of my conclusions,' he says. 'That Christ would come into the world again, that he expected to come, and promised to come. But how? *In the person of his followers*, in their virtues, his would be reproduced, in their moral beauty his would be reproduced; they would walk in his steps, bear his cross, die his death, illustrate his life, and so personate him. The *Coming* of Christ and his *Revelation* are terms used interchangeably by the Evangelists and by the Saviour himself. 'The doctrine of the book is that no foreign, super-human agency is allowed in the world. It teaches moreover that the hope of the world lies in itself, in its men and women, its wood and iron, and in the blessed gospel of the Son of God, which also it has. It alludes to the evils and more particularly to that culminating one, War,' — and a great deal else which it is madness to condense and a shame not to copy.

"Then this afternoon in my course on the Gospel History, I have told them of the open air tang and

tone of the gospels so far as the Galilean part of them goes; — and how that fresh, racy spirit, of lily perfume and sea breeze is the natural dialect of such lively, vivid, wide-awake words and teaching. And this, my dear Fred, brings me back to the other reason for writing. Are you wholly off the notion of taking Caroline and the boy to the Mediterranean this summer? Is it that you are not well enough for it? We talked of it, — I almost as a dream. But now it seems to me more as a thing that can be, — why should we not sail early in April. — If you will I will join you at New York, though you would want to come farther perhaps. We will go together where you will, to Gibraltar, Genoa, Smyrna, or Beyrout. I think this last is best. Borrow *Eothen* and see what a good centre of movement that would be. How fine this voyage thro' April and May for you, — and then we would all go, by such means as offer, to Tiberias, to Jerusalem, and all the rest. I want to go very much. I shall not if I have no companion. But, with a companion, and you are best of all, I think I could go for six months, perhaps eight, though I have consulted no one about it, and must, of course, ask the parish. Pray think it all over again, and talk it over with Caroline who probably knows better than you or I, whether it will be really best for you to go. The nearer we come to the time, the more it changes to me from one of my old visions into a possible reality. I will not say any more for you see I am in earnest. And I know you will judge for the best.

"We have had young Mr. Carpenter here, an

English Unitarian minister, son of Dr. Carpenter. . . . Fanny Kemble was here: I saw a good deal of her, and was perfectly fascinated by her. So thoroughly direct, straightforward a woman, — who has seen so much of the world and so hardly, — you have hardly seen. Her power is *true expression*, not imitation. And so she strikes you with as much delight and even amazement when she is talking as when she is reading. Then we had Miss Bremer. Did I write you of her? Very short, very old, very plain, but very bright and goodnatured. She looks as if she were every day of 60, — is said to be, — *is*, I think forty-eight. She says by the way, that she shall die when she is sixty-six years old. She had a revelation to that effect from a friend, a gentleman who died some years ago, — who promised if he could he would return to tell her of the other world and give her a sign."

TO FREDERIC GREENLEAF

"WORCESTER, *Feb*, 20, '50.

"Hurrah! I have waited *so* anxiously, my dear Fred, and am *so* delighted with your answer! — Let us say this then, as we *are* going — (why does not the ink stand blow up at the words?) that we will strain every nerve to get off as soon as we can. If when it comes to the time you are not ready March 30, of course I can wait, — or if I am not you will, and neither shall grumble — I do not scrape up more than $600 at very most and I mean it to last me eight months. Now, cannot she (Caroline) and he come within as modest a figure as that? Think again pray.

"And I have broached it to no one but LeBaron and my father's family. I shall begin my consultation of the parish from whom I must get this leave of absence tonight. I write now as you see in haste, but you shall have another bulletin tomorrow with all that I can collect by that time. This is only to say Courage, and close up! before we go farther. I hope April will be possible. Love to C. from yours,

"EDWARD."

"Bulletin No. 2
"*Feb.* 21, 1850.

"DEAR FRED: I wrote No. 1 yesterday as you see in haste, but missed the mail. I am in the reaction of yesterday's enthusiasm just now, having been in search of the Parish Committee, to whom *pro forma*, this matter ought to be broached first, and having missed seeing any of them, — so that my secret burns within me. Besides, I have rather a sad letter from mother (my father is away) who is afraid it will cost $3000 (why did she not say $50,000, — how charming are women's notion of money!) so no more hurrahing in today's bulletin but more practical suggestions.

"If I had just the cutting and carving for days and winds with my light of today, as God be praised I have not, I should say:

Sail from New York	April	2
Arrive in Gibraltar	April	24
Sail from Gibraltar in steamer	April	28
Arrive in Beyrout	May	10

Palestine and Egypt,—if Egypt, to July 15
Athens . . . . . to Aug. 15
Florence . . . . . to Sept. 15
Germany or Paris . . . . . to Oct. 31
London and England . . . . to Dec. 1
Liverpool to Boston . . . . . Dec. 1–20

"What do you say of that programme as showing what is possible?

"Now as to the money. Hy. Sargent says $100 a month is good calculation. Young Cambridge going to France and Germany always takes $1000 a year. Dr. Anderson, King of the Missionaries, told me that $500 a year when he was in Palestine would carry a man there, let him travel there, and come back again. In short, I am convinced that if we took $600 for each (I hope of the three) resolving to stay till it was spent we should get home about in time for Christmas. I hope to be in Boston in a day or two. I will then see some of the Mediterranean trade about the best vessel up the Mediterranean. I am already informed about quarantines, an important matter of study. I have resolved to throw by everything that is not preparation. But as this involves preaching constantly at home and brushing up my Italian which you and Caroline must do, — and finishing a book for P. & S., it is no joke. Good bye again, — another bulletin tomorrow.

" Ever yours truly E."

Unhappily this delightful plan was to come to nothing.

"WORCESTER, *Sunday night,*
"*March* 17, 1850

"MY DEAR FRED: By a telegraphic despatch sent as I mail this letter tomorrow, I shall do my best to undo the mischief I have done, and at once to let you know the unexpected condition affairs have taken. I have just returned from a conference with Judge Thomas, Frank Merrick and Mr. Tolman, a committee whom the parish yesterday charged with the matter of my "leave of absence," and the result is that *I ought not go* with you, — and must submit to withdrawing my request to the church for a furlough. That is this committee, most anxious to please me, and acting as my best friends, still feel bound to say to me that they think it will be a decided disadvantage to the permanent prosperity of the church to have me go away now. Now as, all along, I have put the request and not a claim, (and there I am sure you will think I am right) I do not think that in view of the prosperity of the church, which is certainly, as certainly it ought to be, the object next my heart, that I ought to hesitate in surrendering my private personal gratification, to a duty to which I have consecrated four years, simply because I have consecrated to it my life.

"I know there is involved another interest, viz. yours. I know that I have stimulated you to go, have put you up to sacrifices for going, in the idea that I was to be with you, strong enough and well enough, and God knows, glad enough, to take care of you. I know that you are as much delighted with the idea of going with me as I with you. I remem-

bered all this to the last. In the vigorous effort I have made to keep to our plan, it has been one of my strongest incentives. But see what the difficulty is. It is unfortunately the end of our parish financial year. Unfortunately the parish is in a panic? Three men whose annual tax amounts to some $350 have signed off. Therefore, the parish is in a panic. You remember our people. You know that a notion of this sort once in their heads worries them a while and they forget it. Well, this is their notion now. I have no idea but what, without these tax payers, the church is virtually strong this morning. But, it seems, it does not think so itself. From every quarter, where my best friends can speak to me they tell me that we must pull together just now, and that this is just the time of all times when I am most needed here.

"Mark, this difficulty was not when I wrote you first or secondly, or thirdly. Not till this last week did this thunderbolt, which I could laugh at, were it not so serious to you and me, fall. But no sooner was my plan fairly afloat for the gossips of the town to talk of than it assumed every variety of dress under their lips. I am afraid that our friends of the old church helped it along. Some said it was Hale's excuse to get rid of his parish. Some thought it was the parish's excuse to get rid of him. Then fell the thunderbolt aforesaid, — and so our friends, my best friends, tell me distinctly, that for their benefit it will be decidedly very desirable that I stay, — save them from 'supply' with no pastoral ministration, — show all tremblers that we have a

firm front and no fear, and so weather the storm. In true faith, then, I must stay. At the same time, I, individually, think there is very little of a storm to weather.

"Now, Fred, you cannot be angry with me, but you will think I have been hasty, — and that I have misled you seriously, as I have more than once before, by one of my hasty half-cock decisions. But this time, it is not so. Thomas, Tolman, both say that since I first advised with them their minds have changed wholly, because the circumstances have. I did not determine without consultation, — and now that I recede it is because the parish recedes and compels me to do so. You must look on the disappointment as you would do if I had died, or fallen sick. It is, in its circumstances, one as little expected or expectable and as wholly beyond control.

"Now, for yourself, I still hope you and Caroline and the boy will go. Not quite as we should have gone, but I am sure that the voyage to some pleasant summer home on the Mediterranean, — or life of some weeks there, such as you would lead with them, and then a voyage back would be for you invaluable. What you want is rest, depend upon it. The freedom from responsibility, freedom from care which this would give you, would build you up more than fifty Wistars or fifty million cod-liver oils. God knows what a pain to me it is not to go with you. I do not remember to have had so dear an idol, or castle, — call it what you will. My table here is steeped with books about those lands, — and how much advice I have to give you if only you will go. If I have writ-

ten calmly up above here, it is because I have forced myself to write under the impulse of what I owe to our own dear church, — not that this is not as severe a disappointment as ever I met with."

TO FREDERIC GREENLEAF

"WORCESTER, *March* 20, 1850,
"*Wednesday* 10 A.M.

"Now for the first time, I feel nervous, — at this moment I am sad. I never involved anybody so far before as I have you now, and how your affairs, how everything may stand, in your change of plan which (I will not say I) but I and mine have compelled, I am most anxious to know.

"Still, I cannot accuse myself of want of decision nor of effort. In the longest fit of sickness I ever had, and since I returned, I held on to this as firmly as I could. I am defeated, personally disappointed, but because I have not my own weakness to charge with the defeat, in any point that I can find, — because I have given up to a clearly stated case of duty, I do myself readily accept the condition of things as a Providence, not one which I have pulled upon myself, but one ordered for me to meet, — and 'I will not let it go without it blesses me.'. . .

"But, Fred, did ever so fine a castle in the air come so near completion! I go about among people calmly, without expressing any intense sorrow, — nay, without feeling when others are very much troubled. It is when I sit down to write to you that all these visions of the moods in which I have written, the letters that I have written to you come over me

again, and I feel the disappointment really. At other times, I have not had, barricaded though I am with the guide books and travel books, a 'realizing sense' that we were going. I was deep in all practical inquiries, knew about climate, rents, and houses, hire of horses and all that, still it was all like a very definite dream, not like a reality. And to decide to stay, to my somewhat surprise, seemed like falling back by a sudden plunge from a dream in to a waking life.

"But in this letter writing, I had a *realizing sense* of the voyage.

"Let all that go, it will all come out right. God knows how, — much better than I do.

"I can see what a relief my determination seems to be among our people. Not that I am vain about it. There are elements enough to save me from that. I mean by relief, that they are relieved from a dread which they could not define, — a something hanging over them, they do not know what.

"There is a disappointment to me, — that after four years they have no more confidence in their own mutual communion, in their own strength."

TO CHARLES

"*June* 7, '50.

"And from that you are free. And your last vacation for life begins. That is to say, after Commencement you will always have, even in any self-granted holiday, the feeling that they are self-granted, and that their limit is in your hands. I hope you will come up here as soon as you can. Two or three

things we shall like to talk of before you make any definite arrangements for the year. And I know you will enjoy Worcester. We are bringing 'Margaret Percival' to a close, thanks to Lucretia's energy, of which she has enough to be a light to all of us. And indeed I am amazed in every chapter with the freshness and vividness of thought which she brings to bear in a book, too, which in itself is rather unpromising. I mean closely cramped in its requisitions and designs. On Monday it goes into Phillips and Sampson's hands. Its merits are that it exposes its predecessor, a book which has had a very wide circulation, and that it brings out a good deal of practical theory of personal training. Its demerits, that it has no story whatever and is published a year too late, the original forgotten more than I wish it were. So is to be launched our first literary enterprise."

TO MRS. MOSES PHILLIPS

"CENTRE HARBOR,
"WINNIPISEOGIE, *July* 21, 1850

"The smile of the Great Spirit be upon you, my dear Mamma, as I do not doubt it is, in our dear home.

"Here as I have been sitting this last hour everything seems so full of life and of God! From close in front of me, where are the flowers I brought in from my walk this morning, across to the blue distant hills which lap on the bluer sky of the world inhabited ether, one ray, one bunch of rays, brings so much to me! And my brave little wee eye can take them all in! What is man that thou are mindful of him? ? ? ?

"What, indeed, but this. The same Thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels; — hast crowned him with glory and power! Why, these flowers here! As I dressed after my swim, I thought to take one only of each sort. I appreciated as never exactly before, how great our error when we bunch together *wild* flowers. Their charm is almost always in their lightness, or at least in the shape. They grow one by one. (Oh, those two beautiful orchids that I got yesterday, — separate as Egyptian obelisks or as fixed stars!) Bunch them, — to feed your civilized eye with a mass of their color, and you gain in color to be sure, — but that is where, — as far as brilliancy goes, — they do not affect to equal gardens or carpets, — and you have lost grace and form. As if you had arranged with a barbaric power Fanny Ellsler and Sarah Phillips and Susy all in a platoon, and were marching them about according to the school of the soldier. Having, at last, by the gift of 28 years and odd, appreciated this, I say, I gathered *one* Monkey flower, — then I put him by and took another who was better, — *one* Loose-strife, — *one* Cistus, *one* Actaea, — (forgive me Mamma and Spirit of Harry Blake and all good powers if these names be wrong), and I brought them home and put them in water. And I have arranged them by letting one lean out at every corner of an imaginary square inscribed in the top of the tumbler which I took from my washstand.

"What could be a simpler arrangement?

"And yet, there are those four little fellows, pink, purple, yellow, and straw color, nodding now in this

playful breeze, perfectly conscious that their very movement is infinite and incalculable, — that La-Place and Charley on the tip top slide of the fluxions and integrals could not state, a line or a curve of it, — and as for this witching tracery of their lines and leaves, — in the water and out of it, edges, tops, bottoms of their leaves, — buds, blossoms and seed vessels, — Good God, there is not the man of us all, nearest to Uriel or farthest following on Zephon, who would dare take pencil and undertake to follow that tracery and put it down, — without apologizing at every step, — toning down at every stroke, and arriving at the end that he had better not have begun. And for color, will you paint them, my excellent friend, crowned with glory and honor as you are and little lower than the angels?

"Yes, sir, I will paint them, for I will not forget them, but I will paint them in eternal colors on an eternal sketch book, — and with none of your miserable manufactured pigments. Paint the infinite with the finite, — faugh!

"So much for the flowers, — which I am sorry to be done with so soon. Now as I sat, the length of that tall graceful stem of Cistus stretched way across from the bottom to the top of the cone of light that brought to me that blue heaven, — blue mountain, blue lake, — and perpetually a twig of maple waved into it, or a fly flew across it, to remind me that between the mountain, nay, between the worlds lost in the distance and me, the whole was full of Life and full of the God of Life.

"There is a Hymn of Sterling's; I must give you

Sterling's poems. Go find mine. A bit of it is in our Hymn Book. Stay, I think it is all in the *Rosary*. Something in it about the 'fly inweaves his (something) flight' has brought it to me, — the spirit and tone of it, I mean, for I cannot remember another word than those three, — as the hymn of this place and hour. ('God In All Things, — beginning, Oh Thou, whose strength and wisdom').

"In this glorious world, now in one mood and now in another, but always with this loving welcome from skies gray or white or blue, and prospect various as the heaven of which it is a part, we have been steeped, — saturated for these three, four days, with nothing to terrify us or make us afraid. We in it, and I hope we may yet say, it and the spirit in us. Thursday night we came to Tyngsboro, sleeping beautifully by the beautiful Merrimac. Friday night we were at Concord, N.H. It had rained almost all day, and we had come from Nashua in the cars. Yesterday on horseback again we came here. The horses are good, — the day was just the day to ride, — and so tho' our ride was nine miles more than we meant, we enjoyed it all. We dined with the Shakers at Canterbury, nice souls they of whom some time I will tell you. I am better every way than when I started, though I have a throat still. Today we have been to meeting all Sunday. I hoped to find some Methodists, but no. For preaching a Professor Forsyth of Princeton in the morning diluted the 23rd psalm (as he called it) with Calvinism, — or tried to (poor witch work it was, mixing gold dust with water to make a paste) and a poor boy from the

neighborhood told about Regeneration in the P.M. But I stood firm, loyal to my last Sunday's doctrine, — the singing and the chance for praying saved it all, — and I am very glad I went.

"We shall stay here at least two days more."

The year closed in a most depressing way. Not only was the trip to Palestine given up, but in the summer Fred Greenleaf died. Not only that, but early in the fall my father's younger brother Alexander was drowned at sea. The blow was a very serious one. Alexander, Charles, Susan, and Jane had been the younger half of the family; Jane died in childhood, but the others had now grown up and were eagerly beginning life. Alexander had graduated from Harvard in the class of 1849 and had shortly gone to Pensacola, Florida, as an engineer in the Government service. Here on the occasion of a shipwreck, he had volunteered as one of a life-saving crew. None of them were ever heard of again. My father has told me that for years he had the idea that his brother might somehow reappear, but there was no real chance of escape, and nothing was ever heard of him afterward.

TO MRS. MOSES PHILLIPS

"*Wednesday evening, Sept.* 4, 1850

"My dear Mamma,

"All that we have had is virtually in the letter from Major Chase in this morning's *Advertiser* which you have read. Tonight, Father has a similar letter from Commodore Norton, who speaks, as

Major Chase did, in the most beautiful way of Alexander and the way in which he had ingratiated himself with all there. His letter says that they seem to have lost sight of their own peril till too late, in their efforts to reach the endangered vessel a second time, and that after they were once in the current their destruction was certain.

"None of the bodies are found and it is not at all probable that they will be, from the nature of the currents on that coast.

"I cannot tell you how small the family circle seems. As large of course as it has been for fifteen months past, at any moment, but yet the gap seems immense, — the difference tremendous between my last visit and this. Sarah bore it much better — I mean with less painful physical result, than I dared hope. She got through yesterday well, and last night got good sleep, as with God's blessing we all of us did.

"For the rest, it is a blessing to be together, — that is all I can say. My father is affected as I never saw him, — but not more than I knew he would be. The brave boy was in the prime of his fortunes, with a promise that could not be overstated."

TO MRS. MOSES PHILLIPS

"*Monday* P.M., *Sept.* 9, 1850

"Yesterday was not so sad a day. I had not been in the church as one of the congregation these five years, — my own feeling of 'the home of our devotions' came back over me as it could have done

nowhere else out of our own dearest little home church, and in the hour of the service I felt for the first time the reaction, — not to hope exactly, or high cheerfulness — but to life, energy, plans for the future. The service was very agreeable but of that I will tell you some other time. I do not know that that moved me so much as the deeper influences of the place.

"Understand me when I speak in such ways. I am not in the least conscious, since the beginning of the week, of a single pulse of distrust faithlessness, or repining. It is as clear to me as ever that God's order of things is right. But at the same time, it is terribly clear, that that order has crossed my separate wish. God knows this, as well as I. That I need the sorrow I do not doubt, but none the less is it sorrow.

"And here is its effect on me individually, — that for years past, say ten years, — whenever I have failed in any wide enterprise, seen my want of influence on wider circles, I have fallen back in thought and resolution on what I could be and do for these three children. There my empire was certain. There the field was all my own, — they as eager to receive as I to give, — loving to be with me in body or spirit, as much as I have rejoiced and been proud to be with them. What I have lost, then, in my dear brother's return to his home, is one of the harbours under my lee — one of the light houses I was accustomed to look to in my storms. That is, I have lost one of the favorite objects of my life, I do not wonder then to find, that there is not in

me one plan of action, one thought or system of labor through which this crack does not somehow run. But I can feel as proud as ever of him, and, as I said to you, I believe, see how noble an angel he has made. All is, my life, in many regards, must be recast in its hopes, plans and dreams."

In the spring of 1851 came another blow, the death of his much loved sister Sarah. She had been in poor health, and in the late winter he had gone to Washington with her. She had stopped in Baltimore on the way back and instead of improving had grown worse and died.

TO MRS. PHILLIPS

"*May*, 28 1851.

"I will tell you when I see you of the beautiful way in which Mr. Judd spoke of Sarah. He had first learned of her death from Mr. Phillips. I believe I always rated intellect low enough, in the scales of manhood, but I think I shall now rate heart higher than I have done. It is what one wants in seeking strength from surrounders (*sic*) in this world."

TO HIS MOTHER

"*Sept.* 16, 1851.

"I had a good time at Concord where as Lucretia told you I went a little unwillingly. I staid at Mr. Hoar's. He is splendid, a real old school gentleman. I liked very much Mrs. Stover his daughter, who did the honors. Mrs. Hoar and Miss Elizabeth were away. The sudden change in the weather had left a beautiful day and the

church was full of people. In the evening I made some calls, one of an hour on Mr. Waldo Emerson who was especially genial. He was amazingly and amusingly interested in the model and success of the yacht *America*, had the Illustrated News with the pictures of her and talked quite pleasantly about her victory. The new life of our friend John Sterling which Phillips and Sampson are carrying through and which he negotiated for, on Carlyle's behalf, was another subject of talk."

On October 31, is the first mention that I find of a person afterward of great consequence in his world. He had met Miss Emily Perkins before this particular time when he went "and made a call at Dwight Foster's." At the moment, however, his mind was much absorbed with other matters. Toward the end of the year he received a call to be the pastor of the First Church of Boston. One might suppose at first that the offer would have been exactly in the direction of his plans and hopes. But there were many circumstances involved.

TO HIS MOTHER

"*Jan.* 10, 1852.

"You are always kind, and your letter was most kind; tho' I will not say that reading it just before I went to bed helped me much to sleep last night. I only wished that you had expressed yourself as fully a month since, instead of trying to feel as I think you feel no longer, that it was really an open question which had two sides. You are wrong in thinking that I am surrounded with advice here. Yours

is the first *advice* I had had from any one, except Greene who said he and Anna Greene (Shaw) feeling that I was of indolent temperament, thought such a place of no-work as Chauncey Place just the place for me; and from Huntington eager for me to go 'because Boston needs true soldiers,' and from Shackford because 'if the most conservative parish in Boston had thrown itself into the hands of one of the younger men, he owed it to the rest to accept the burden and the responsibility.' From Chandler Robbins and Weiss on the other hand I had their intimations that they should not go, Weiss's perhaps amounting to advice to stay. But here no one advises me. Everybody says it is for my personal interest to go, and then, persons whom I had thought my indifferent parishioners or my disaffected opponents come to say that if I were to stay they would be the first to rejoice in it as a thing of great value to themselves, the parish and the town."

In the main he felt that his duty and his inclination led him to stay. The First Church was a parish of older people, without Sunday school or benevolent institution; his church at Worcester was young, desirous of carrying on the institutions of the church, and entirely united in a wish that he should stay. The salary in Boston was larger than that he was receiving, but he felt that even in Worcester his additional earnings might enable him, as he greatly desired, to do something for the maintenance of the family in general. He was eagerly desirous of being with the rest of the family,

but in Worcester he had formed many very close associations.

TO HIS FATHER

"*Jan.* 20, 1852.

". . . my work with pen and in print. This is my pet fancy and ambition, the thing I enjoy most. For this sort of work I have most power at Worcester, because I have my time most at my command and have a parish who have to let me do as I chose."

One consideration is well worth note. Speaking of the letters of some of his brother ministers, he writes to his father. "They say the Unitarian ministry must have a man to be before the public what Mr. Palfrey, or Mr. Buckminster, or even Cotton Mather was, a man not shut up in his parish, but capable in charities, useful knowledge societies, mercantile libraries, athenaeums and so on: that now when the clergy is to be represented in such matters, some Orthodox or Methodist comes in. I think they are right. I think we need such a man, in such a way. I think I could be he: but I do not think it a very important or desirable person to be."

Possibly not in just the way he conceived it at that time. But he afterward made such a position very "important and desirable."

He decided to stay in Worcester. But he impressed on his father that if he felt that a permanent residence in Boston would be substantially better than his frequent visits he would make the other decision.

Not long afterward he received an informal call

to Brooklyn. "The position," he wrote to his brother Nathan, "is a splendid one. A young, wide awake parish, starting with means enough in this immense active world. But I prize home too much in my modesty to entertain it."

At this time he took two important steps. He contracted for a house on his lot of land to be done in the course of the summer, and he became engaged to be married. On October 15 he was married to Miss Emily Perkins of Hartford. The wedding journey was taken in a chaise in the Berkshires, and when they returned the house was ready for them.

Life resumed its general character with the added pleasure of married life. As the spring came on he began to develop his garden, getting up before six to have an hour to himself.

The diary which had been kept for ten years now ceases. In the last years it had been very intermittent and had consisted more of a noting of reflections and meditations than of a record of facts and occurrences. The *Omnium Gatherum* also, although it contains some note of reading, is likely to have more careful analyses and abstracts of fewer books. Now, however, after marriage, a new and most amusing series of scrapbook appears. These books carefully kept up for ten years are very full evidence of a full and cheerful social life. They have generally rather elaborately drawn designs on the cover painted in now faded and worn water colors. The inside is embellished with coats of arms, illuminated borders, and other such things.

These were all drawn by my father who, like all the others of his family, could draw and paint in water colors. His sister Susan was the only one who devoted herself to painting as a profession, but my father, at this time, was always drawing and painting, and now and then taking lessons. So he decorated his scrapbooks with all sorts of amusing things. The books are full of memorabilia, invitations, programs, notes, cards, inscriptions, generally mounted or supplied with ornamented borders. My recollection of my dear mother's drawing leads me to think that these were wholly the product of my father's pencil.

We find also note of much family visiting.

"*Dec.* 22. Nathan, C. E. P., Mrs. Perkins
Charley Perkins leaves at 9.30
In A.M. arrived Mr. Charles Hale
(visiting card)
In P.M. Mrs. Stowe.'"

Nathan, of course, was his elder brother. C. E. P. was my mother's younger brother, Mrs. Perkins her mother. "Mr. Charles Hale" was at this time studying law and reporting for the *Advertiser* and looking about in politics. Mrs. Stowe was my mother's aunt, Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the first glow of the fame of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"*Dec.* 24. Nathan, Uncle Tom in P.M. [Thomas
K. Beecher]
Writing Christmas sermon.
Vignette from study window [sketch
of a pool and distant landscape]
Christmas Tree in evening.

"*Jan.* 5. To Worcester. E & E and Mrs. P.
[with an illustration of a snow-covered church cut from some paper]

"*Jan.* 6. Brace arrives. [Charles Brace: just about beginning the work which took form twenty years later in "Dangerous Classes of New York City."]
Mrs. Foster, Lizzy Baldwin dine [sisters, and first cousins of my mother]
Reading class: with note of names.
Braces's Lecture in evening.

"*Jan.* 7. E. and E. to Boston.
Brace and Mamma here.
Thackeray on Goldsmith and Sterne
With Mr & Mrs Bacon.

"*Monday, May* 9. Kate's birthday [my mother's sister]
E. & L. & K. & S. & mother read.
Village Bells
Evening. E. & E. & K. & S. & L. to Henrietta Sontag."

[At the Howard Athenaeum: The program — part of it — is surrounded by an elaborate picture of the stage with the backs of the party mentioned in orchestra seats, looking partly at Sontag on the stage and partly in a very vacuous way around the audience.]

This all shows a family life full of charm and attraction; all sorts of jokes and coterie-talk, brightness and cleverness. Doubtless the members all have something to do (we get constant

note of parish calls and of more serious ecclesiastical functions) but the family circle is the center, the main thing. The Worcester family is a new center between Boston and Hartford. Nathan and Susy Hale, Charles and Katy Perkins, are constantly coming and going, and every program, announcement, ticket, visiting card is taken as opportunity for borders or vignettes. The grave program of the inauguration of James Walker as President of Harvard University is adorned with an absurd drawing of the University procession. The announcement of the Fourth of July celebration at Worcester has bells ringing in the morning, little boys and citizens shouting and giving three cheers, displaying the flag. The oration by F. Wayland has a hand which points to a picture of a rapt audience and gesticulating orator. We must remember also that this was not the production of some artist or dilettante but of a working minister who was preaching and making parish calls, besides organizing practical work for Kansas and Nebraska on the one hand, and the charitable work of a city of fifty thousand on the other. The drawing must have been done quickly, generally, we may imagine, with someone looking over the shoulder of the artist; the books are not evidence of artistic ability, but of a constant flow of good spirits and ingenious expression. A note of it must be enough. It was a gay and clever group; my father, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Lucretia Hale, at least, came to subsequent reputation in literature, while Nathan and Susan Hale had always that

better founded but even more ephemeral reputation in the social recollection of their own generation. But like most of such social movements it left slight mark of what it actually was, — an element in the life of my father that we should not miss.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

KANSAS AND NEBRASKA

1850–1856

MY father's earliest expression of political opinion may be found in the "Address of the Carriers of the Public Informer to their Patrons", written toward the end of 1834, when he was about twelve years old. There, after mentioning among the remarkable happenings of the year, the achievements of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, and the burning of the Ursuline Convent at Somerville, he goes on

> "Once more: we find the spirit of the age,
> In our own home where many parties rage,
> No longer sturdy Federalists are we,
> No longer Nat. Republicans we see,
> Now we are Whigs; and now we see revive,
> The spirit of the Whigs of '75."

No political writing of the day gives a more rational account of the rise of the Whig party in Massachusetts than these few lines. They had been Federalists; then they became National Republicans; now they were Whigs and the successors of the Whigs of 1775, the heroes of Lexington and Bunker Hill. That was all they knew and all they needed to know.

It was a matter of course that my father's views should have taken this form. His father and his uncle were both persons of importance in the Whig party, the one as editor of an influential newspaper, the other as member of Congress. Daniel Webster, the great Whig statesman, was not only closely connected with them, but was the father of his friend Edward, who at this time was writing the gossip of the Capital to my father from Washington. He might not unnaturally have known that there was some reason for other views in politics, but it would have been very unlikely that he should have had much sympathy with them.

As a good Whig, then, my father went through college and in his diary we now and then get note of some political event or other. It seems probable, however, that he did not think very deeply about the condition of national affairs. In college and in the after years when he traveled about the country a good deal, he does not appear to have emerged from the political views of the godlike Daniel, "his Excellency" (as Edward Everett was commonly called in the family after his being Governor), and the editor of the *Advertiser*. In college we have seen his sympathy with the Rev. William Swett, who thought that the clergy should take more interest in Palestine than in Texas. He evidently took little real interest in politics; his diary, letters, commonplace books contain little mention of political affairs, except when writing to Edward Everett or his brother Nathan, who was in these years doing more and more on

the *Advertiser*. It must be admitted that though the Whigs of 1835 and later years were doubtless as patriotic and full of the love of liberty as their grandfathers of 1775, it is not so clear that they were more so than the followers of Jackson who in their opponents' imagination had to take the part of Tories. Glimmerings of such a view appear now and then in my father's writings.

At Washington where he preached during the winter of 1844, he had good opportunity to see something of politics from the inside. In his "Memories of a Hundred Years" he gives his recollections of his own position at that time.

"On the morning of the 2d of March I called on Mr. Rufus Choate at the Senate Chamber, and called him out from his seat.

"'I am going to Boston, Mr. Choate. What shall I tell my father?'

"'Tell him we are beaten, Mr. Hale — we are beaten, *magno proelio victi sumus*. We have been beaten in a great battle.'

"The truth, was, as I suppose, that President Tyler had told Senator Merrick — a weak Senator from Maryland — that if he would vote for annexation, his son should be made Judge in the District Court of Columbia. Such was, at least, the scandal of the time. The son was made judge of that court, receiving a position which he held until his death, and the father, who had been chosen as a Whig, voted for annexation.

"For myself, I went back to Boston most eager to carry out what I thought to be the true policy

of the Northern States. I have never changed my opinion. The whole North was angry with what seemed a trick which had been played upon it. This same North was sending westward thousands of emigrants every year; and here was this magnificent province lying empty. How certain it is that if the wave of free emigration could have been turned into Texas then, evils untold of would have been prevented. On the other hand, I am afraid it is as certain that human slavery would not have been abolished in the older States for another generation.

"But my own duty seemed to me clear enough. I gave my first days after I returned to Boston to writing an eager appeal for the immediate settlement of Texas from the Northern States. 'How to Conquer Texas before Texas Conquers Us,' this was the title of my pamphlet. I printed it at my own cost, and I am yet to meet with the first person, outside the circle of my immediate friends, whoever read those sixteen pages. No, I must except the proof-reader of that edition and the proof-reader of the eighth volume of my standard edition, in which I reprinted it fifty-six years afterward.

"I was ready to go myself in any capacity. I had fancied, in the innocence of twenty-three years of age, that we could arrest attention to such a plan — that the men with money would contribute money and that the men of courage would ally themselves together; and even, as certain men went from Leyden to Massachusetts Bay in

1620, a body of us would go to Texas in 1845. But no, mine was a voice crying in the wilderness. No man went or proposed to go."[1]

Settling in Worcester shortly afterward he found other matters crowding in upon him, and with his practical trend of mind he began, as we have seen, to deal with the things of immediate importance. I do not know exactly when the expression "The duty that is next your hand" came to take a fundamental place in his thought and feeling, but it expresses a good deal of his feeling at just this time. The Mexican War began and came to its end. I find little reference to it in his papers. The following notes of beginning and end probably show his general view.

"*May* 12, 1846. Then there was the public news of the outbreak of the Mexican War, where I had hoped was nothing but vapouring and bluster."

"*Mar.* 13, 1848. The war is done as it began — so awkwardly and left handedly that nobody knows it is done — and can be enthusiastic over the finale."

He was beginning his real church work and his mind was probably full of church interests which were gradually forming his ideas as to the really important things of life.

In 1850, however, the Compromise debates, and especially the position of Webster, aroused many who had regarded the slavery question as a matter of no immediate pressing importance. Nathan Hale, of course, believed in his old friend and polit-

[1] "Memories of a Hundred Years." Vol. I, p. 151.

ical leader, and my father, with some misgivings, I think, acquiesced in his view.

TO FREDERIC GREENLEAF

"Mr. Hill tells me he is going to pitch into Webster's speech. Much good may he do by it, but I think the speech is good and going to do good; I am only afraid it is a little too machiavellian in what I suppose to be its subtle policy. The Free Soilers mostly will not agree with me, but I think they will within the month and give the great Daniel credit for a longer head and more principle than they thought for."

Bits of other letters will show political sentiment coming out here and there. But such bits are not numerous and generally show little more than a desire to escape from the general do-nothing policy to which the Whigs seemed bound.

TO HIS FATHER

"There is an assiduous effort made to make political capital out of the Fugitive Law. The papers give us credit for more *excitement* than there really is. But everybody talks of it. I send you a circular which I received yesterday from the Anti-Slavery (Garrison Wing) Society. It seems to me that you ought not ignore this very natural excitement."

There soon occurred, however, an opportunity to do something himself in the way he thought things should be done.

"When, in the beginning of the year 1854, with

a sublime audacity, won by success, the Southern leaders determined to overthrow the Missouri Compromise, the same opportunity for the direction of free emigration presented itself to another man in Massachusetts as the solution to be attempted then.

"The 'Nebraska Bill,' still so called in conversation at the North, though it was for many years the law of the land, was introduced in the Senate. It violated the promises of the Missouri Compromise by throwing open the territory west of Arkansas and Missouri and Iowa to the institution of slavery. The North was on fire at once at a violation so disgraceful of a compact which had been loyally respected for thirty-four years. And Eli Thayer, a schoolmaster of Worcester, Massachusetts, called on the Legislature to organize the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Company. He was a member of the Legislature for the city of Worcester. It was not a plan of an old antislavery warhorse. It was a plan which proposed to meet the South on its own terms, familiarly known as 'squatter sovereignty.' It authorized a capital of five million dollars in establishing settlements in the West. The charter was rushed through both Houses of the Legislature at once, and was signed by Governor Washburn on the 26th day of April, 1854. This was a month before the Nebraska Bill was signed by Franklin Pierce, then President. On the 4th of May the petitioners accepted the charter. Massachusetts picked up the gauntlet, it has been said, before it was thrown down.

"In point of fact, the friends of the movement acted under a quiet, private organization through the whole of the year 1854, and a more valuable working charter was obtained for the New England Emigrant Aid Company in the next winter. That company still exists. Before May, 1855, thirty thousand dollars were subscribed and spent. Eventually, the company raised and spent one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. The first company of emigrants went under the direction of its executive in August of 1854. Dr. Charles Robinson, who afterward became Governor of Kansas, was the leader.

"When this New England Emigrant Aid Company organized, the largest subscriber was John Carter Brown, a millionaire merchant of Providence. He was chosen the first President of the new organization.

"Mr. Eli Thayer was a near neighbor of mine in Worcester, and as soon as I knew of his prompt and wise movement, I went over to see him. I was ready to take hold anywhere. He was very glad to have a man Friday so near at hand. There was enough for all of us to do. We called meetings in all available places, and went to speak or sent speakers wherever we were called for. Colonies formed themselves in all the larger towns of New England, and before the end of 1855 we had sent out four or five thousand settlers into Kansas. It is fair to say that every man in this company went for the purpose of making Kansas a free State and to give a privilege to all other States.

No man went with the primary purpose of enriching himself or his family. What followed was that Kansas has always been a State of idealists. When the Civil War, so called, came for the whole nation, Kansas, which had tasted war for six years already, furnished a larger proportion of soliders to the Union than any other State did." [1]

TO CHARLES

"Does father give any cue about the Nebraska bill? Because it is a gross fraud, and I hoped he would let you say so. The Missouri Compromise was the result of as much travail as the 1850 one, and none of them are to be worth anything if they are not held to."

TO NATHAN

"*Mar.* 17, 1854

"I am very much riled at Douglas's language regarding me among others. That he should say I had not read up the debate on the Missouri Bill. I was tempted to write him to say he was misinformed. I think his Excellency was even more than usually diplomatic on the occasion."

TO HIS FATHER

"*Mar.* 22, 1854.

"The last *Independent* published at New York contains this map. They offer to sell blocks of it at two dollars, and if no other Boston paper has it I thought you would like to print it. I bought

[1] "Memories of a Hundred Years." Vol. I, p. 153.

this paper therefore to send you. I think there is no doubt it is accurate."

TO CHARLES

"*Mar.* 25, 1854.

"The *Independent* published in New York has stereotyped a good map of Nebraska etc; which they will sell the block for two dollars. Will you call there and buy one? Father says he will put it in with an article which I am to write on the present position of that question."

FROM EDWARD EVERETT

"*June* 5, 1854.

"DEAR EDWARD,

"Mr. Rich and Dr. Webb called upon me one day last week with the subscription book of the Emigrant Aid Society, on which there were I think three names. I told them I was altogether friendly to the subject, and willing to make a small donation (twenty dollars) in aid of the fund, but was not prepared to become a member of the corporation. Wishing to withdraw myself from all the agitations of political life, I feel reluctant to become a subscriber among the very first, and with the avowed purpose of influencing others to an organization so vast (four millions in pecuniary amount) and capable of becoming a tremendous engine. I do not suppose any such purpose is intended, but while I am withdrawing myself as much as possible from all active duties, I do not

feel warranted in assuming the responsibility of new relations of such possible magnitude."

TO HIS FATHER

"*Apr.* 5, 1854.

"I ought to have said this morning in sending an article about Emigration to Kansas that the quotations in it were from a letter from John M. Forbes to me, which I should have liked to print entire, if it had been proper. Of course, I would not ask your assistance to the petitions if I did not think it were in honest hands."

"*May* 11, 1854.

"My dear Father: —

"The Corporators of the Emigrant Aid Company hold their meeting for arranging for subscriptions to stock tomorrow at ten o'clock at the Revere House. Other gentlemen will be there, and I wish you would go and see if there is not real prospect in effecting something. It is no mere charity scheme, but one in which business men, I think, will interest themselves. Benjamin C. Clark, Isaac Livermore, Charles Thurber, Mr. Bullock here, Moses Kimball, Otis Rich are among the corporators whom you know. They want to secure your hearty cooperation if the scheme pleases for an examination, and I think would be glad to make you President of the Company.

"You know how it has interested me as the means of helping these Irish and German people west without suffering.

"There are two hundred thousand of them and others going west this summer. If twenty thousand only of them go into Kansas, that is made a Free State forever.

"The company proposes to make contracts at the reduced rates with Railroad Companies for taking Emigrants on in companies, say of two hundred each. We will let them have their passage at these reduced rates. Arrived there it provides for them saw mills, grist mills and temporary barracks.

"It makes its profit by reserving the sections in which these establishments are placed. Suppose at such places two or three towns grow up, as they must do, in two or three years. You can see what two or three reservations of six hundred and forty acres each will be worth, and what a return it will make for the investments necessary.

"Mr. Bullock, Mr. Thayer and I were requested at the first meeting of the corporators, (at which I was not present) to draw up the Corporator's address to the public, which I have just now been putting in form. It will make a column of the *Daily*. I wish you would print this on Saturday.

"But I will not ask for this if you will go to the meeting. If you cannot, will you ask Charles to go and make some report of it?

"I think I have never had anything so much at heart, and I only wish I were a business man that I might move in it openly.

"We had mother's nice letter and the valise yesterday, Emily's gloves answered admirably.

Today is a warm southern rain excellent for transplanted things.

"I leave to some of the others such little domestic news as we have."

At this time occurred a very important matter in relation to the *Boston Daily Advertiser*. It is impossible, nor is there any reason for explaining the details of the financial embarrassments of his father. They had long been a source of anxiety. At this time his father had a slight stroke of paralysis. He recovered very quickly, but his illness became the occasion for a rearrangement of affairs by which my father and his brother Charles assumed to a great degree the financial and editorial responsibilities for the paper. Charles became practically the managing editor. My father helped on the editorial page.

TO CHARLES

"We have canvassed that and still spell it with 'z.' I think you will find that the territory of Arkansa*w* was organized under that spelling, but the public changed the matter before it was a State. The Emigration is taking a very good turn. You may say you have heard of more than one instance where manufacturers of wood and iron are proposing to take out machinery and establish it. I do not add more to your article from want of time. See the pamphlet for advertisement of the next poetry from here."

TO NATHAN

"*Aug.* 10, 1854.

"I cannot get the Nebraska Act, but have a clue to that National Era which I am to have today. I am sick of the whole thing, and it really seems as if my hand quailed at writing.'

TO CHARLES

"I have not written to Boston this week because I was writing Kanzas at the rate of forty-three pages a day and dreaded the sight of pen and ink."

"Kanzas at the rate of forty-three pages a day" means his book called "Kanzas and Nebraska" which he was writing to spread the influence of the Emigrant Aid Society. This work, which engaged his whole mind and his best energy, gave him the satisfaction of finding some way which he felt to be practical in which he could work for the cause of antislavery. But in addition to this feeling was the interest growing out of his newer studies and work in social science, in the questions of immigration from Europe, and of dealing with immigrants in this country. Kansas Emigration seemed to him something well worth doing. One can easily understand the eagerness with which he wrote the closing passage in the book:

"It must be that the settlement of the new territories by the best population which can be given them shall command the active effort of all true lovers of their country. This effort ought not to be spoken of as a little affair, or as incidental or

subsidiary to other enterprises, but as the greatest duty now before American patriots and Christians. It is a way of work more hopeful than any which has been opened for years. It gives room for the exertion of every one, in whatever position, and holds out rewards such as satisfy the most eager. In the long, painful, irritating, and perplexing discussion which has sought to check and hem in the institution of slavery, the great difficulty has been the want of a field of action, where working men should not feel that they were wasting life in mere talk or wordy protest or prophecy. That field is found in Kanzas. To send men to Kanzas or to go to Kanzas, resolved that free labor shall be honored in Kanzas, and shall make itself honorable, is an effort which can enlist the energies of every man. It is an effort which the whole providence of God demands, and which is made easy by the wonderful arrangement of his wisdom. From the time of Moses to this time there has never been seen so gigantic an emigration as *He* has been pleased, in less than forty years, to lead from Europe into America. As part of this, and as consequence of this, every year has seen the wave of emigration passing westward from the Northern States into the northwestern deserts. That wave is moving now, larger than it ever was. There needs no Peter the Hermit to enlist crusaders. The crusaders are already on their way. There need only the guides who shall show them the fairest lands in the world; the counsel and assistance which shall organize them, that they may encourage and support each other,

and they will pass into the valleys of the Nebraska and the Kanzas, as the waters of a mountain stream pass into the lake in the valley. Passing thither, they carry with them the principles which sent them forth. No propagandism is needed to instil them. These emigrants would not have left their old homes had they not wanted to work somewhere, and had they not meant to find a home where they could work with fit prospect of reward. That reward they can only gain in a state which shall be free. The dignity of working men will only be preserved by the institutions which give all men equal chance before the law. And without special instruction, without pledge to any political or social party, the great pilgrimage of free emigrants from Germany, from New England, from the Middle States, or from the states of the God-protected old 'North-western Territory,' know that this is so. The Emigrant Aid Companies ask no questions of their emigrants. They sell their tickets at the cheapest rates to all who come for them. They take no political position. They make no political pledges or promises. But none the less is it sure that when twenty thousand men have gone into the new territories from the seaboard and the North, they will be men who will know that, to preserve the value of their virgin farms, to maintain the dignity of their own lives, to sustain the honor of their new-born states, those states must be forever free."

But as he worked on the subject, he found also a topic in history which appealed not only to all

his interests as a historian, but to those leanings toward the life of a pioneer which were so much a part of his nature.

His book gave an account of the history of the regions which had become Kansas and Nebraska, of the geography of each territory, and of the relation of the territories to the rest of the United States. He read for it, or remembered, not only the account of Father Marquette and La Salle, but accounts much more recent and full of the charm of current interest. The travels of Lewis and Clarke; of Pike and of Long; Irving's account of the wanderings of Captain Bonneville; Fremont's own reports; Parkman's story of his life among the Sioux which we remember as "The Oregon Trail"; the account of the American Indians by Catlin, are but the best remembered of the travels, and explorations of half a century, which at that time had all the charm of actuality as well as the romance of the frontier. Even nowadays "Kanzas and Nebraska", though little more than a compilation, is an interesting book, because it is so full of the intense feeling of the day. The book ends as follows:

"Every indication now points to victory. The movement of freemen is ten times as fast as is possible to men who must sell plantations before they can move, and carry field hands before they can labor. The whole foreign emigration comes principled or prejudiced against slave institutions. And the whole feeling of the North, whatever its politics or its religion, turns eagerly to seek a field

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

From a daguerreotype taken in 1855

of action for freedom. That field is open now, inviting effort, fair, loyal, constitutional, and manly. In that effort the whole energy of the North may be enlisted, without one word of anger, without one partisan appeal, with a simple reliance on the principle which is diffused through the whole system of northern life, thought and industry.

"It will only be by a miracle of indolence, by blindness utterly incurable, that the men of the free states can forfeit such a prize.

"Unless freedom refuse the strength she always has given to freemen, that victory is gained. It is gained unless the intelligent, high-trained industry of the North, which has surrounded the world with its commerce, and made all nature tributary to its arts, meets now its first defeat. It is gained unless the great principle of association in a great cause fails as it never failed before. It is gained unless the Church of Christ, which has thrown over the world a net-work, along the cords of which run the electrical words of good tidings, is false at home to a golden opportunity of advancing His kingdom.

"Unless, in one word, the providence of God be wholly neglected and the immense power for freedom flung away which God gives when he sends an army of his children westward over sea and land, the freedom of Kanzas and Nebraska is secured, and the firmest step for the future prosperity of America made sure.

"That victory will be won! God gives it to the energy and wisdom of those who stay."

Further matters may be seen in the following:

TO CHARLES

"*Aug.* 18, 1854.

"The managers, I see, of the Whig party are coquetting with the Know-nothings. Think twice before you go into that game. The organization is wrong, and it will be just as weak as Masonic, Oddfellow, Native American, and all other secret organizations have been before.

"I will write an article explaining why I spell Kanzas with a *z*. Will you print it and give a general order to spell so. I will make the *Register*, and I think the *Tribune;* my book will spell so, and, I hope the Emigrant Company. I hope it is not too late to change it, or rather to settle it."

TO CHARLES

"*Sept.* 20, 1854.

"I am heartily obliged for the notice of Kanzas: whether I ever see the book itself seem more doubtful. I have been sending down to Webb myriads of Emigrant letters. Can you conceive of any bore less deserved and less in one's power to avoid, than being announced as Secretary of a Popular Society. I think a very good farce might be made out of it. I have settled down to reading *Hippolytus*, as if I did belong to a sedentary profession and really were a literary man. Imagine a working minister reading the Fathers."

TO CHARLES

"*Feb.* 2, 1855.

"I have lots of things which I want to write about of which the evil is that having in ten years la-

boriously broken myself of writing editorials that I might write sermons, I now return to my old love and dislike the sermons in proportion." [He wants reports of State Almshouse and the State Auditor.]

TO CHARLES

"*Feb.* 15, 1855.

"I wrote the *Tribune* a letter headed *Freedom in Kanzas* which if he prints I wish you would copy."

TO CHARLES

"*Feb.* 17, 1855.

"Will you send me six copies of my Emigration Statistics in same parcel. I missed your abstract of the New Liquor Law. Let me have that. Your Judge Loring article is excellent."

TO CHARLES

"*Feb.* 22, 1855.

"What fatality introduces George T. Curtis to defend Loring. It seems to me the end of the case. And this (inter nos) is Judge Thomas's feeling. He has all the judiciary feeling about the attack on Loring, but said yesterday in a nice talk I had with him that this *fatality* he thought finished it. If Loring is guilty of anything, Curtis is more. Not only is he one of the Curtis clique, but he is the most unpopular of the officers on trial. It is precisely having an accomplice not named in the indictment defend a man who is tried. When that accomplice happen to be the most unpopular man in the country, God be with his client.

"Take care that you do not overstake our Supreme Court's decision in the Sims case. It covers one point only, viz. the validity of the warrant by which Sims was arrested. It is not a review of the whole Fugitive Slave Law and an approval of it, and does not cover all the points Loring made in the Burns. I will tell you more of this when I see you. I am going to send so much Emigration, but it turns up you see. I wrote the enclosed for the *Tribune* a week ago. Print it when you can. Here is their last onslaught on the college. I would not answer it, but you may want to."

TO CHARLES

1855

"I have read here this morning two or three political diatribes in as many newspapers, — and comparing their spasms with the stillness of the town and people, — and with my general observations on society, am led to remark that there is no such humbug as this pretence that the country is convulsed to the centre by the re-awakening of the Slavery discussion, etc., etc. The fact is, the country is not convulsed at all, and at heart does not care a copper for the Missouri Compromise, — nor, I am sorry to say, for Kanzas. There was great truth in the *bon mot*, which attributed the success of the K.N. last fall to the fact that people were tired of Rum and Niggers. The leaders of K.N. not being tired of these, have rushed back into their old treadmill and are trying to persuade a jaded audience to stay to a sixth act of the melo-

drama which has fatigued them. But it does not follow that any, except very old stagers, will stay. Indeed, — looking philosophically on things, I suppose that the great want for purposes of political interest just now, is the want of a man or two. Parties, all over the world, have been always the trains, or admirers or supporters of men. In America this has been specially true. With Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson, — we have had parties which deserved the name: — with Clay, — with the imagined Cincinnatus to whom we gave the name of Harrison, — and with Zack Taylor we have had parties, of more or less efficiency, — but never with cries, or platforms, or mere principles. The same has been true in England, — and in France, and is true at the present day. Meanwhile, while some man is coming along we can discuss questions which are going back into history, pour passer le temps, et pour engorger les colonnes de notre Gazette, — but I don't think it makes any great difference what we say.

"In shorter language the public is a fool and we can wait

"Love to Lucretia, "Ever Yours,
"EDWARD."

TO CHARLES

"This may show you how little importance I attach to it. I have meant for a fortnight to write to say that Fremont's nomination seems to me to offer some hope for the Presidential Election. I know nothing of him but that he has commanded

a few men well, and that he is not distinctly committed to any thing that now is.

"Governor Robinson intimated that the notion of running him had emanated from them, he and Robinson were old political bed-fellows, (though nominally opponents) in California. Whether Robinson named him or not, I think it may be considered as the nomination of the West proper which really (speaking of the Union) is a conservative element in the country.

"Thayer, who has seen Fremont, says he is not a great man, but sound upon Kanzas. The Sewardities evidently look with some horror on the suggestion, and he will take the wind out of their sails.

"I do not write to suggest the paper's taking any ground, but rather to suggest that it should not yet take ground against him. It seems quite clear that the Democratic Convention will name some of the old dead wood. Fremont is, whatever he may be called, a National man; born in South Carolina, trained in the Army and the wilderness, and now belonging to California. I think also that he has been cautious, not to commit himself in any way to the pure and simple abolition wing of the 'Republicans.'

"With this notion, I am not sure but I shall write an article, conferring with Nathan, and send it down for your judgment or addition. And if you know anybody whose advise is worth anything (I do not) you might confer with him as to the advisibility of our taking up Fremont so early, or

rather speaking civilly of him so early as to encourage him in not going savagely into the arms of the Blacks. But when I began this note I had no thought of this article.

"Farewell,

"EDWARD

"P.S. Can you in building a brick knock-down [picture] cross a space of twelve brick lengths, [three feet] so that the train on the other side shall run? I can."

TO CHARLES

"*Dec.* 18, 1855.

"I had another invitation to go to Plymouth and hear Seward on the 21st which I was quite tempted to accept. But I declined both on the point of duty. I have swept Kanzas off my table completely and return to the work of making a decently organized Christian parish out of the few hundred people who pay me the compliment of coming to hear me preach. In St Bernard I have the finest of conceivable subjects. An immense folio containing half his letters is in the other room. I have as yet hardly begun upon them."

TO MRS. PERKINS [1]

"*Sept.* 2, 1856.

"If you read our Kanzas news, you will see that our people have been fighting, have broken up four Southern forts, got back a good store of their own

[1] Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Hale's mother, was at this time abroad with her sister, Mrs. Stowe.

arms, and in general taken their affairs into their own hands. If you chance to see Fred Olmsted, tell him his howitzer has been recovered in an exchange of prisoners against arms. There are two results of all this; first that Missouri threatens another invasion, and talks very loud about it, and will try it. You may get news of the beginning of it with this letter. But, second, our people are in more confidence than they have ever been, and the Southern party more discouraged. Our men have fought very well and with the tacit approval and consent of the officers of the army there. The new Governor goes out a Free State man, and we hope to keep him so. The best judges think there will be no more fighting for three months, i.e., till winter. But this is all but a guess. I write you this by way of consoling you and Aunt Harriet for Buchanan's election, for which the chances are one hundred to one. We shall save Kanzas, even if we lose Fremont."

TO MRS. PERKINS

"*Sept.* 13, 1856.

"Our Kanzas news is much what it was when I wrote you; if I believed in the arm of flesh I should say better. First after the Missouri men burned Ossawatamie, a village of forty houses from which, however, all the woman and children had been withdrawn, our friends drove them bodily out of the territory. For a week we only heard that they had returned to organize themselves, but the news of last night is distinct that they ran

away. It is regular warfare of the Marches or Borders and if you want details you can ask your friends the Angles how they used to lift cattle and burn villages when there was occasion. It is cruel beyond conception when you see it in detail. Our friend Mr. Mute is a prisoner, taken when he went to get the body of his brother-in-law who had been shot and scalped, and this by a Kentuckian. There is chivalry."

TO MRS. STOWE

"*Oct.* 7, 1856.

"Of politics all your correspondents write. It is growing intensely exciting. We are in better hope and better [for the election of Fremont]; but if you ever play whist you know that when your adversary has made six and you must take seven points running to beat, then the excitement is intense. What, then, if you must take sixteen points, without dropping one, the points each a state, in a world of separate tangles any one of which defeats you, and such a stake to play for. God bless us in it, for surely it is no play."

TO MRS. PERKINS

"*Oct.* 18, 1856.

"In your last you were imprudent enough to ask for news about politics. I suppose therefore that by this mail you have Emily's, Fred's, Charles', Kate's, and Mr. Perkins' views at length on the Pennsylvania elections. I may say the less of it therefore. But I feel very badly about it. I

think we are beaten in the Presidential vote. That is I think the chances for Fremont are reduced to a bare hope, by the miserable result in that miserable commonwealth. I knew the state well when I was there thirteen years since with father, (he was engaged in persuading them into paying their debt to Sydney Smith, and others). He succeeded, but we came away with the idea that it was a state of people entirely debased by their material interests. They will write you all sorts of reasons for hope. Hope on — of course. But this is a fact that the speakers who went from here to help *our friend* in Pennsylvania in the canvass were cautioned to say nothing in their speeches about Fremont and nothing about slavery! Do you wonder that such leaders were beaten?

"Oh! God is above us. We will not put our trust in princes, but will save Kanzas in spite of them."

CHAPTER TWELVE

THE CALL TO BOSTON

1856

MY father's life at this time was very full of business. One day he wrote to Charles (March 1, 1856): "Yesterday I went out at 10:30 A.M. and returned at 9 P.M. I put myself to sleep counting the number of people I had talked with on different affairs, people whom I knew, not including office boys, or girls at doors, or people I called on and found *out*. There were fifty-three of them."

Another letter to Charles (May 21, 1856) "written after a singularly crowded day" and beginning about Sumner's defense of "our Emigrant Company", Hovey's bill for roses and other plants, Athenaeum books, and so forth, goes on:

"To this point I actually forgot (so tired am I) that my chief object in writing was to say that T. P. Hale called to ask me in confidence, if I would settle as Huntington's successor, if they would give me a unanimous call. I have written him to say that I think not. This being after a good deal of doubt, my opinion, I told him, however, that I would write again at the end of the week, if I saw any reason to change this decision. Could you make a chance to come up Friday P.M. and talk it over? We expect Miss Day here that day, but will give you a bed somewhere, and I should like

to compare notes on some points in the matter. The whole is a profound secret; I have not told Nathan and would rather you did not tell father or mother."

This is the first mention I find in my father's letters of his call to the church which he served so long. Frederick D. Huntington was at this time Professor of Christian Morals and Preacher to the University. He had been the minister of the South Congregational Church of Boston but had resigned to take up his college position about a year prior to this time. Yet I presume the matter had been mentioned before. There is a letter from Mr. Huntington to my father on the subject dated two days before this. He says "some hopes are entertained" and goes into some description of the congregation. It seems as though my father must have received it before this; perhaps it was timed to reach him just before the visit of Mr. T. P. Hale. My father himself said, some twenty years afterward "quite by accident I preached in the old pulpit and was asked to settle there."[1]

There seems to have been little doubt in my father's mind about the main point of accepting the call. There was discussion and hesitation lasting for a considerable time, but it was occasioned by what seem at first minor matters though doubtless of great importance just then. Exactly what were the deeper reasons for his decision can only be inferred; as is so often the case with important matters, his letters of the time assume that we have the main things in mind.

[1] "Historical Discourse," February 3, 1878, p. 34.

The chief and sufficient reason for accepting the call was that the South Congregational Church was an active, vigorous church in a large and influential city, and opened a much greater opportunity than did Worcester for just the work he had been coming to see was his work. But this reason did not at first seem very apparent, for his first impulse was to decline the offer, and he wrote to Mr. T. P. Hale to that effect. But his letter, which is not preserved, mentioned "a contingency" and Mr. Hale did not, therefore, take it as a positive refusal. Mr. Huntington also wrote again saying, "From your note received, I find that your chief reason for hesitation is a distrust whether your services will be acceptable to them." It shortly appeared that there was some question as to the unanimity of the call. This doubt Mr. T. P. Hale and Judge G. P. Sanger of the South Congregational Church did everything they could to dispel.

In the course of a week my father rather changed his mind. On June 8 he went to Dorchester to preach at Church Green and at that time had an interview with Judge Sanger and a committee of the South Congregational Church. He wrote to my mother:

"But, about 8/½ appeared Judge Sanger with his Jury of twelve men, constituting the Huntington Committee. They had with them their formal invitation, very well drawn and signed by all of them. This Judge Sanger read — after some preamble, — and then we had a free talk, in which they certainly made out a very strong case as to their

agreement and the spirit with which they go into the thing. It even appeared that most of the men who were supposed to have stood up among the five malcontents (in the Standing Committee) now say they did not vote against the majority. They quite reversed the feeling with which I came down."

The letter of invitation was as follows:

"Boston, *June* 7, 1856.

"Rev'd and Dear Sir:

"At a meeting on the fourth instant of the Proprietors of the South Congregational Church of this City it was voted that you be invited to become their Pastor at an annual salary of Three Thousand Dollars; and the Standing Committee of the Society were entrusted with full power to carry the vote into effect.

"In thus tendering to you formally the invitation as the Committee of the Society, we cannot refrain from individually expressing to you our most sincere and earnest wishes and hopes that you will accept it, and thus enter upon a wider field of labor in the Master's service.

"And with the prayer that you may become favorably disposed to our request,

"We are, truly, your obedient servants,

"Geo. P. Sanger, S. Tinkham, Peter C. Jones, Charles B. Darling, Oliver Carter, David F. McGilvray, Samuel Wadsworth, John L. Emmons, Ebenezer Morton, Theo. P. Hale, Chas. G. Wood, Elisha Copeland, Wm. F. Nichols."

In the course of the week that followed, the question as to the unanimity of the call passed away. As a friend wrote him: "The case is open to all eyes, and to yours, just as it is. I do not wonder that you feel deep regret at the prospect of relinquishing a post where you are held, as I know, in such regard; but a sphere of influence will open itself at once such as your professional life has not yet afforded."

The following letters need no comment:

"DEAR MOTHER AND ALL:—

"I have drafted all the letters asking for a dismissal from the parish but I do not get them all copied in season for this mail, and so send none of them till afternoon. After Saturday morning you need not think it a secret, as they will all be in Worcester at eleven tonight.

"I am sure the decision is right though not pleasant. I am confirmed in this by my success in stating it briefly. Look brightly on our great decision, and pray for us that we may carry it through.

"Ever yours,

"EDWARD."

TO HIS MOTHER

"*June* 23.

"As I have said to Father I dread the counter clap of my Saturday letters. I have a dozen more to write in answer to as many kind expostulations. It is a sad business, but one which, as I read biography, most men (except Saint Bernard) have

had to go through, if they did their work well enough to be regretted."

His own congregation were naturally unwilling to accept his decision and sent a committee to ask him to reconsider it. He wrote an account of the matter from Boston to my mother.

"*July* 2.

"My dear Lady Pemberley:

"This unexpected place of mine is thus explained. Last night, just after I closed my letter to you the parish committee (not the regular Standing Committee, but a special one) came up to see me. They were Hoar, Chapin, Tolman, Sargent, and Messenger. Hoar was Chairman and stated that there had been the most earnest wish expressed for our remaining and read the resolutions to that effect which appointed them to come up and see about it.

"I said that I had hoped that Dr. Sargent would read my letter at the meeting, and that that would have stopped any such action. To which they replied that they had seen it, but still wanted a discussion of the matter.

"I, of course tried to keep this within as narrow a range as I could, saying that he must confine it to any new facts which they could bring forward, which I could be supposed not to know and so we went at it.

"First, as to the attachment of our parish to me, — its real strength its weight and mine in the community and so on.

"Second, they thought I was deceived as to the weight and unanimity at the call here. And Hoar went with some detail into his view of the politics of this parish. To which I referred in a way which showed them that I knew more of that matter than they — and I think, quite took that ground from under them.

"Then we got on the general question of the comparison of Boston and Worcester as points of important influence, and the question of the permanency of the pastoral relation. It was all talk, — and quite brilliant and funny talk, no speech making and not at all formal. I said distinctly that I thought I should lose the respect of our parish if I changed a decision made with care on so important a subject. They said no; — that if there were new facts involved I ought to consider them, and that nobody could wonder at my doing so.

"It ended in my saying that I would of course take into consideration what they had said, and review them a written answer before Saturday, to which day the meeting adjourned."

He did take the matter into consideration and went immediately to Boston to make one or two inquiries into the state of feeling in the parish there. He found nothing, however, to lead him to change his mind as to the unanimity of the desire for his service, and on June 5 he wrote definitely to the Worcester Committee.

"*Saturday afternoon, July* 5, 1856.

"My dear Sir: [1]

"I received with the most grateful feeling the expression of the Parish, which your committee brought me on Tuesday.

"To the request that I would withdraw my letter I have given the most anxious thought and prayer. I have listened to all the suggestions made so affectionately by your committee and have considered them carefully. I have attempted to find any additional facts relating to the subject, in every quarter which has been suggested.

"I was never at all in doubt as to the warm attachment and unanimous support of our parish. At that score I needed no further assurance; but the assurance you have given me is most gratifying to me.

"I cannot see — after all consideration of the subject — that any additional facts of importance have been produced when I wrote to you from Hartford.[2] Eagerly as I have sought therefore for any reasons for remaining here, strong enough to outweigh the sense of duty under which I wrote those letters, — I have not found such reason.

"I am sure therefore that you will agree with me that I ought not to withdraw my letter asking dismissal.

"I say this with great regret. I know it gives pain to very many friends. I must beg them to

[1] The letter is printed from the rough draft which lacks the address. It was presumably written to George F. Hoar.

[2] The letters mentioned here on page 273.

remember that my parting from all is very much harder to me than it can be to any one of them; — and to think of me always, as they do now as their affectionate and grateful friend and minister.

"With many thanks to the Committee I am, as always,

"Faithfully yours,

"Edward E. Hale."

So the matter was definitely decided. He wrote to Charles later in the month.

"*June* 27

"I was very glad to get your letter last night. It is strange enough how much ten years has put us through. After I had finished my two sermons in the midst of a tremendous randan, I had a soothed feeling of rest and satisfaction come over me such as I have never seen described. In that mood I was most glad to have you or any one recognize that it was an era: — much more marked indeed than any birthday. It was the finishing of a ten year's job. Something as McClure may have felt when he got his men paid off and everything done, only more so." He says much the same thing in writing to his sisters from the Adirondacks, where he went in August for a vacation journey.

"It has been infinitely strange, almost as solemn a novelty as Niagara, to have nothing to do this last week, to feel a ten year's job is over (not to use the word *job* in a poor sense.) I can feel the blood vessels of my brain dropping back to a normal condition after the effort and excite-

ment of the last two months, as your foot expands for hours after you have had a tight boot on; till the 18th of October it is play time. That day is the installation."

He had rather desired that there should be no formal occasion on his installation, but there was quite a desire among his parishioners that there should be some celebration. He naturally acceded to their desires and afterward was very glad of it. He wrote an account of it to his brother Nathan, who was still at Worcester.

"BOSTON:—MASS., *Oct.* 2, '56

"DEAR NATHAN;

"This note, rejected for another because I had added the *Mass.* (as was my custom in writing to unknowing correspondents from Worcester) shall go to you—as careless of such niceties.

"You know how indifferent I was about the Installation. I had not wanted to have it, and it seemed to me like a disagreeable parade. But I was wholly disappointed by it, entered completely into the spirit of it, and feel now as if it had made things a thousand times easier. Huntington is a preacher par excellence. The sermon was simply magnificent—rambling, disjointed, beginnings without ends and ends without beginnings, but eager, all on fire, seductive therefore and exciting, a sermon exactly. Little Mr. Stone was poetical and what Susy would call lovely, incredible to the pews, but very pleasant to me. King extempore and

very hearty, Lothrop, quiet and really fervent, Gannett venerable in look and mad with all forms of cant and hypocrisy, generally. I never sat through three hours so well satisfied, and father who from 4:15 to 10:30 went through the whole, declared that he forgot fatigue and pain in the excitement. We went downstairs and ate more and so home."

TO MRS. PERKINS

"BOSTON, *Sunday night*
"*Say Oct.* 18, '56

"DEAR MOTHER:

"My dilatoriness in writing these lines hindered Emily from sending off hers by yesterday's steamer, so I write tonight, albeit I am rather knocked up by the day's preaching as you will see before you have done. I will put into the envelope the printed copy of Aunt Harriet's verses.[1] They were sung by the Sunday School children at the party given by them in our honor just after the Installation, and came into as general use as though they had arrived for the service proper. Everybody thinks them charming and I want to thank you again for them.

"We are getting entirely ensconced in our new quarters and duties. I think I told you that I had not had so much time to myself in ten years. I knew that that was a mere lull, and so of course it proves. But I do have my time at command thus far as I have scarcely ever had in Worcester:

[1] Mrs. Stowe, who was traveling with Mrs. Perkins, had written some verses for the installation, but they had arrived too late to be used.

— and I think I can make this continue. There is also the luxury of preaching, con amore, old sermons; about which there is this to be said, that to a congregation which has heard them before it is just as odious to preach an old sermon, as it is to finish a story at a dinner party — when by the manner of the guests you observe that they have heard it before. But to preach an old sermon to a congregation which has not heard it, is just as agreeable as to find a brand new audience for one of your old stories. You tell it, if possible, with all the more gusto because you have told it before. Be it remarked in passing that of Whitfield's preaching and all itinerant preaching, (very likely, therefore, even of Paul's and Luke's and Barnabas's,) this repetition of old sermons has been a great element of power."

The South Congregational Church was one of the later churches of Boston, as the student of history would infer from its name. It had been gathered among the people of the then South End, "particularly those who lived well up toward the Neck." The obvious reason was the need of religious opportunities in that part of the town. Hollis Street Church (with which seventy or eighty years afterward the South Congregational Church was united) was "so crowded that many families in this quarter were destitute of seats in any place of worship, and many are now obliged to go a great distance, which is very inconvenient, especially for females and children" — so ran the circular printed

in 1825 and distributed among those who were asked to form a new religious society.[1] The time was one of interest in the preaching of the Gospel and giving it forms of manifestation in everyday life, the Ministry at Large, and the Industrial Aid Society. It was in 1825 that the first meetings were held to consider the new society; the corner-stone of the church was laid on Castle and Dover streets in the summer of 1827; the building was dedicated January 30, 1828, and Mr. Mellish Erving Motte carried the society through the difficulties of early years. He resigned in 1842 and Mr. F. D. Huntington was ordained in the fall of that year. He was my father's immediate predecessor, about of his age and time, it will be observed, and a near and intimate friend. Twenty-two years after he had resigned my father wrote a few words of his character and his work; after speaking of his power as a preacher, of his change from the "simply ethical preaching" to "the more intense and eager preaching which is not satisfied until the whole man is quickened and his whole life fired", he goes on:

"At the same time he was an organizer as he always has been. He did not mean to do all the work of a church himself, active and eager though he was: he meant to have its members work, and, where he led the way, they followed loyally. He set on foot our Board of Charities here, which has worked on his plans from that day to this. In his time our connection with the Benevolent Fraternity

[1] "Historical Discourse," 1878.

was so developed as to give to that institution new life. He said one day in this parish that if the Fraternity was worth anything it was worth more than the driblet we then gave it. He proposed we should give a thousand dollars that year. The parish agreed with him, raised the money, and gave it. Such a thing had never been heard of in the Fraternity's annals. The rich downtown churches had hardly dreamed of such lavishness; and here this little church of yesterday — this South End Church, built nobody knew where, and nobody knew by whom — had outdone them all. It wakened all the dry bones; and from a revenue of a few thousand, from that hour to this the Benevolent Fraternity has considered twelve thousand dollars as its legitimate annual income, as it is. I think it is mere justice to Mr. Huntington to say that this was his doing. If a thing were worth doing it was worth doing well. Never was a ministry more successful than his had been for fourteen years. The church was full; its debt was paid; its charities were admirably administered; the Sunday School was in perfect order. More than this — oh, so much more than this! — hearts had found living food here that had hungered and thirsted elsewhere. Poor, weary birds, that had been tossed and ruffled under hard gales outside had taken shelter under these branches, and found rest. Here were those who had heard no peace elsewhere, and who had found it here. Here were voices pleading with God and finding answers who had not known how to plead before. Here

was sin repentant and forgiven. Here were exiles who had been lost and were found. Here were those who were all alone in a strange city, and in this church, in its fellowship and in its minister, had found companionship and a new life." [1]

Mr. Huntington was called to be Plummer Professor of Christian Morals at Harvard. My father says: "How indeed was the place to be filled? Nor was it ever filled. It is very, very seldom that men's places are filled. Nearly a year wore by; and quite by accident, I preached in the old pulpit and was asked to settle here. I remember saying at the time, that, if ever two men were unlike, they were Mr. Huntington and I."

He accepted the call, however, and began work.

In many ways the South Congregational Church offered more to his broadening ambition than the church in Worcester. He had declined the invitation of the First Church some years before, probably because he felt that a church of older men and women of the higher classes in the best part of the town did not offer him the real opportunity that he wanted. There would be too much in the way of his developing those ideas which he felt were the real necessities of the Christian ministry in large cities. But the South Congregational Church offered a different opportunity. It was not what we should now think of as a mission church; its congregation was not made up of the poor, nor was it, at that time, in a part of the town given over, as we may say, to the poor. It was made

[1] "Historical Discourse," pp. 31–33.

up to a considerable degree, however, of young men and women with their fortunes to make in the world, and its situation was not very distant from some of the poorer localities that were even then beginning to develop in the newer parts of the city.

Mr. Huntington wrote of the parish:

"You cannot very well overestimate the good qualities of the South Congregational Society. You must make what allowance you see fit for personal favor on my part; growing out of intimate and endearing relations; but I really do not believe there is a Parish in the country possessing more of the traits commonly thought desirable. The number of families is about two hundred and fifty or seventy-five, besides many single persons, as clerks, schoolteachers etc, etc. Nearly all of them are young. I think there are not six grey heads among them. They are of the working genuine vital class, young merchants, mechanics, men of the professions. There are babies in any quantity, — increasing families. Sometimes, I think, I have baptized fifty or more in a year. They are busy energetic, wide-awake people. There are hardly any crotchety fussy folks or crooked sticks among them. They have too much to do, to gossip or criticise or grumble, or worry over things much. They are accustomed to act with singular harmony. Every reasonable thing that a minister wants done they are ready for, acting or giving, everything but talking. In the way of speech-making, at conferences, it is hard to get much out of them, though they are largely inter-

ested in such meetings, believe in them, and like to attend them either to hear the minister or for promiscuous sociability. When they come together on Sunday, they want earnest, direct, practical preaching, religious preaching, preaching that searches their conscience, appeals to their spiritual affections, rebukes their lives, preaching that is done heartily, and braces their mind up to the pitch that their business does through the week. They like to see proofs that the minister is engaged in what he is about, takes pains with his preparation, studies his sermons, puts both mind and spirit into them, does his best. This is the main thing. They like a good deal of pastoral attention.

"It may be said, the church is full and so there is no chance for growth and the satisfaction of building up. This is true in the external sense. But in a society constituted as I have shown this to be, is there not always a chance for progress? Character is growing in all of them. They need to be kept together and edified. It is a great thing to preserve and carry forward such an institution."

My father was not much attracted by one element in this description. He recognized it as a good thing and something necessary to good work, but it was not in itself particularly attractive. This was that very natural feeling on the part of the congregation, that a minister should carefully study out his sermons, and that he should give a great deal of parochial attention. My father gave his whole mind to his sermons and to his parish

calls, but if his ten years at Worcester had taught him anything, it must have taught him that he would never be a minister who gave himself up chiefly, or even largely, to writing sermons and to parish calls. Such things are entirely relative, of course, and we cannot feel precisely what Mr. Huntington or the South Congregational Society may have felt was desirable. I believe the Society never felt any lack in my father in either of these matters. Whether he gave careful study to his sermons or not, he became in no very long time a noted preacher. He probably never got beyond one parish call per family yearly, but he gave so much of his heart and soul to church life that no parishioner could ever feel neglected. Still sermons and parish calls clearly did not fulfill his conception of the ministerial profession. He believed that a Christian minister really must work more outside his congregation than inside, as our Lord used occasionally to say that his business was not with those who were all right as it was, but with those who were all wrong.

It was a question that I find nowhere stated how a minister who believed that his Christian work really consisted in leading the Christian life of the town would get on with a parish that had been accustomed to careful sermons and a good deal of pastoral attention. No one asked that question, which was very well, for no one could have given as convincing an answer as was given by experience. I find nowhere stated any theoretical resolutions of the difficulty on my father's part, but

the practical resolution of the possible difficulty (which probably no one really felt) was obvious. My father's life and act soon persuaded the South Congregational Church that it existed not (as he liked to say later) "as a club of well-to-do Christians who have associated for their profit and pleasure, but as a working-place in the world, of men and women who want to bring in God's Kingdom." It was so clear that he considered himself a fellow-worker together with God, and he so immediately assumed that every least one in the congregation was in like manner such a co-worker, that matters went well.

The church had already more of a conception of work among the city poor than many other churches. It had a definite Board of Charities which had been organized for a dozen years. It was represented in the Benevolent Fraternity, an organization otherwise known as the Ministry at Large, of which the work was to preach round about in the city to all sorts of people who had no one else to preach to them. Its ladies had long been organized into the South Friendly Society for personal work in the relief of the poor. These agencies look slight when compared with the varied multiplicity of organization shown by many an institutional church of the present day, but they offered a chance to begin. It soon appeared however that something new was needed which could more exactly embody my father's ideas and those of his co-workers. In 1858 the Christian Unity was organized. My father was its first president

and in its first published report will be recognized a fine ideal that is characteristic of his thought and style.

"As early as December 1857, this Mission was opened in our vestry by Mr. Bishop, his intention being to call into it those children from the neighborhood, who attended no other Sunday School, and received no regular religious instruction. It began with five boys only; but grew rapidly for about three months, till it numbered about seventy pupils. At this period, says Mr. Bishop, 'we lost nearly all the children of Catholic parents in one day, through the interference of the priest.' In the spring of 1858, some of the families moved away, taking more of our children, reducing our number full one-half. Since then, we have been gradually increasing, without admitting any but Protestant children. Our number is about as large as ever; and it would have been much larger, had we enough regular and competent teachers.

"From the commencement of the Mission School, the teachers gradually became acquainted with the parents of the children, and thus with other families residing in the same or in neighboring houses, particularly with those who happened to be sick or in any other trouble. It was a year when labor was scarce, and laborers plenty; wages were low, and provisions high: the heads of families, dependent on daily labor, needed then, if ever, Christian encouragement and sympathy. The acquaintance which sprang up between the Mission-School teachers and the families of the school-children and

their neighbors showed at once the value of the mutual help which could be rendered by one to another among a crowded population. There was thus suggested to Mr. Bishop the formation of a Christian association, with its headquarters in the vestry of our church; which, by the mutual assistance which its members should render to each other, should afford relief and encouragement to those who were almost strangers to each other, yet might well be Christian friends.

"This suggestion was eagerly taken up by the teachers of the Mission School, by other members of our own parish, by the parents of the Mission School children, and by many of our friends. The Christian Unity was established thus, by the adoption of the following —

"'CONSTITUTION

"'The Christian Unity is a society for mutual friendship and assistance.

"'Its members strive to do to each other as they would be done by, in the spirit of our Saviour.

"'They render each other mutual help in all sickness, or other want of body, mind, or soul; and they ask help of each other as readily as they offer it.

"'For these purposes, they unite in this society; undertaking to do such duty for the society as the proper officers may request, to sustain its character, to assist each other by strict temperance and purity of life, and by fulfilling the duties of good citizens and friendly neighbors.'

"On the evening of the fourteenth day of December, 1858, a business meeting was held to effect a permanent organization. The Constitution, previously drawn up by Mr. Hale, was adopted, signed by the sixteen members present.

"We named the society 'The Christian Unity' and chose for our officers, as President, Edward E. Hale; Vice-President, H. P. Kidder; Secretary, James M. Chase; and appointed a Visiting Committee of seven, and were now ready to work."

The Christian Unity was long one of my father's chief interests. This was his way of carrying on Christian work in cities, and he gave to it his very best work and care. He did not himself absolutely become the minister of the Unity; he remained the minister of the South Congregational. But he was long its president, and its particular workers were his close coadjutors. Mr. Charles J. Bishop and Miss Maria Simmons, the founders of the Society, Rev. Charles E. Rich, Rev. Loammi G. Ware, Rev. John Williams, its ministers; Mr. Henry P. Kidder and Mr. Fred Nazro, its treasurers, were of those who knew him in the way he liked best to be known, as one grappling with the difficulties which arise when thousands of people try to live together in that strange agglomeration, — the modern city.

In this particular work and in the more general work of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches he found a means to develop those growing interests and convictions which made so great a part

of his later life. Here are some words spoken at this time which indicate plans which did not come to realization for ten years.

"It is a fond hope of mine, which I will state here, though you may think it a fancy or a dream; that such work of gleaning after the reapers will yet be taken up, for the different localities of the city by the different Christian churches which are scattered over the whole ground; that each shall work thus, as we might say, for the circle around it in which the daily shadow of its own steeple falls. We now divide the town into charity districts; we appoint local boards of relief. What more natural decision than to say, in any church, 'We here are responsible for all those so near us that they hear the tones of our organ, if we open our window to the air of heaven. We will not let one perish who catches the sound of our hymns of praise as he waits through the long night for the day'? Eager as our churches are for the relief of the poor; willing as they are to say 'We help all Pagan Infidel, Christian, Jew, or Gentile, bond or free,' I do not think it would be hard or strange to re-arrange here that which was the old Christian custom, a system of neighbourhood relief, in which each congregation should thus care not only for its fellow worshippers, but for those who live around its temple-walls. This was what Chalmers, that light of practical philanthropists, found possible even in crowded Glasgow. No harm would it be to the spread of the Gospel, if the poor should gradually come to congratulate themselves that

they live near a church, as now they tell you gratefully that they live near a great hotel, or that they have the privilege of picking chips in the wood station of a railway, or broken coal round the doors of a gas factory, if in the fullness of time our churches come to be recognized as helps as positive as our railroad, our factories, and our inns." [1]

[1] "Discourse delivered before the Howard Benevolent Society at the South Congregational Church." December 14, 1857.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

NINETY DAYS WORTH OF EUROPE

1859

IN the summer of 1859 came a great opening. His mother tells of it in a letter dated August 21 to his sister Susan:

"Charlie and Edward came out to dine yesterday; we dined at two thirty and Charlie went at four. Edward made a great revelation, which is at present a secret, that will come out soon if it is carried out. You must not lisp a word till you hear more. Firstly, Uncle Edward don't want to go to Europe with Will, don't want him to go alone, wants Edward to go with him. Will pay all his expenses, supply his pulpit while he is gone. Edward at first thought it impossible, but Uncle Edward urged it almost with tears. Edward consulted Kidder of his parish, and he says the people would be glad to have him go and advised it. Uncle Edward while urging the most profound secrecy, was so desirous to accomplish his wishes, that he consulted Judge Sanger and he has summoned the Parish committee. Edward says Emily is willing and the programme seems very attractive to get this little peep at the heart of England under Uncle Edward's eye. Uncle Edward reserved to himself the right of going himself instead

at the last if he can, which would simplify matters. But is it not amazing? He seemed to think if he went they should shut up the house and Emily divide her time between here and her mother's. It seems as if we were never to settle down quietly. But Edward would enjoy it so much, and it would build him up so entirely."

William Everett, the son of Edward Everett, who was the ultimate cause of this excitement, had just graduated from Harvard in the class of 1859 and was desirous of going on with his studies in England, and had chosen Cambridge as offering the best chance for the work in Latin, which he wished to continue. It is of interest here, though perhaps a little out of place, to give some of my father's remarks on this subject made at a later time. Writing to my mother October 18, from London, after having seen Will established at Cambridge, he said:

"It has all turned out admirably, nor has there been any difficulty as it passed along. I thought so ill of the whole plan before we got to Cambridge that I had told Will with great definiteness that if he was not satisfied by the experience of one term, he must not let any feeling of pride hinder him from taking up his connections with the college. I advised him that in that case he should go to a German University for a while [1] and come home. But we had not been in Cambridge long, before I saw that it was just the place to satisfy his tastes, if indeed it did not satisfy them too well. When

[1] Edward Everett had been one of the first American students at Göttingen.

I left college I was in much the same mood as he is; most boys are; a mood which centers in a passion for scholarship, the more useless the better. The English Cambridge, of which I speak with great respect; for I have contracted a great affection for it myself and regard for the men who were so kind to me there, is the impersonation of this same useless scholarship. As the Smithsonian prints books which no ordinary publisher will undertake, and which by consequence, no ordinary public will read; just so does this giant corporation of corporations give home and all home's comforts and luxuries (except wives and families) to men who seek this life rather than any more useful to the public, and of most of them I am afraid the public gets but little real good. Still they are not mere monks. They are God-fearing men, in their kind, who keep up for their own sake the feeling that they are doing something. And just as in the Smithsonian, Professor Henry persuades himself that there is real service done in the subjugation of the world by his printing a Sioux grammar that nobody in the world wants, these gentlemen persuade themselves that a book in five years on the text of the *Antigone* or a lecture twice a week on the same, discharge their account with God in that business, if only the intervals be kept filled up with enough microscopical scholarship.

"Now all this is the mood to suit a bright Cambridge man from our Cambridge, dissatisfied with the immense range of our curriculum at which these men stared aghast, and which, *en passant*,

I will say is worth theirs forty times over. We graduate dissatisfied because it is necessarily superficial. We are left, as I used to say, with the base of the pyramid of Cheops built, and we are to build on some part each man his obelisk.[1] Well! that which I said in satire in 1839, I say in praise in 1859. Every man *has* his own to build. And I suppose in the compensations, he is damned, or nearly so, if he do not build it. Between us and these men on graduating the difference is this that they must go on building Latin verse, or the $\int x^2 - y^3 d\ (a - z)$. They have *no* other choice and if it ever occurs to one of them that that is the thing he is least gifted for and that he never had the least chance in his life, there is nothing left for him but strychnine; while with us, a man has surveyed his ground, and unless he is an ass knows what he does in the choice he makes.

"Still with us, one leaves college with the intense wish for more, and that is what Will has got."

All of which gives more of a notion of my father's general ideas and character than it does of this special trip. But how characteristic an utterance it is; not only in his clear understanding that the Cambridge Dons and the Smithsonian scholars feel that in their way they are doing real service in the subjugation of the world and so discharging their account with God, but also in his appreciation of the superficiality of his own broad scholarship and the immediate uselessness of the depth of erudition that can produce a Sioux grammar. Not

[1] A curious figure dating perhaps from my father's Egyptian studies.

that either phrase can be taken literally, but that both express with the bold extravagance which was natural to him the necessary limitations of people's work in a finite world.

It will not be necessary to give details of the hurried time he had in getting ready nor of the interests and delights of the trip itself. He wrote a good many letters while he was away, some to the members of the family, some to the newspaper. When he came back he made them into a book which is excellently called "Ninety Days' Worth of Europe." He sailed for Liverpool, left Will Everett at Cambridge, spent some days in London, and there, with Dr. George Hayward, an old college friend and classmate, went to Antwerp, thence up the Rhine, crossed the St. Gothard Pass, saw Florence and Rome, and returned by way of Marseilles and Paris to London. He sailed from Queenstown, Ireland, whence had recently come so many of those who had aroused what was becoming the strongest interest of his life. He writes with pleasure of the Rhine and the Alps, of Stratford and Rome, of the Pitti and the Louvre, and certainly all these things were matters of immense importance to a man of his tastes and interests in literature. But these were things that every traveler saw. It was more personal that he should have gone to see the Working Man's College in London and taken out a card for it, and should have gone to Ireland and taken a jaunting car out of Dublin to find the relatives of a certain Margaret Foster who had come to America.

One can make but the slightest selection of the

letters; there are a good many of them and sometimes a single one is long enough to fill a chapter.

TO MRS. HALE

"*Oct.* 2, 1859.

"Today we rose early to be sure to see the Giant's Causeway. For, as I hope the Africa has informed you (whom we met about that time) we took the Northern passage around Ireland. Wednesday I shall arrive at Liverpool about midnight, if all works well. We were not disappointed about the Causeway, though hardly near enough to it. It was curiously like in some of its effects my sailing by the Pictured Rocks, and I recognized the little island pillar which [Here is a little sketch of the pillar, and later one of the Giant's Causeway.] I think you will remember in Mr. Waterstone's Sketches. For any detail, however, we were quite too far off, and the G. C. will remain in my memory rather as a sense of receding cliffs much like that in the geography pictures, than with any such specific aspect, as Mr. Waterstone portrayed. Soon after we doubled the North East Cape of Ireland, Fair Head, which we came close to, and which had a much finer appearance for us therefore. An immense basaltic cliff like the Palisades, and the country each side very much like the Highlands of the Hudson. You may imagine how pretty churches, cottages and fields looked after this imprisonment. I had on my knees little Clara Hay, a pretty little pet, about Nelly's age, the daughter of Capt. Hay of the R. Navy. She asked me to show her Scotland. So

Mrs. Hale and Her Daughter Ellen

From a daguerreotype taken in 1855

I lifted her up and pointed out to her the Mull of Cantire which was hazy in the East. It was as it proved the first sight the child had seen of *her own land*. She a little blue eyed flaxen-ringleted Scotch lassie, who was born in Malta, and has been ever since she left there, in Halifax with her father and mother who are returning home with us. This Capt. Hay, her father, is a very pleasant man, was one of Arnold's boys at Rugby till he was fourteen, and since has been all over the world. Mrs. Hay we have not seen. She has been sick. She is Lady Napier's sister.

"We kept very close to the Irish shore till we passed the Lough which makes the harbor of Belfast, having, by the way, before this, passed the Lough Foyle where the horrible Londonderry battles in Macaulay were fought. We then began to cross toward the other side, the rain and fog began together, it came time for service which I read again, and the Gospel for the day happening to be Mark five, I added 'into the same' briefly."

"Teddersley, Penkridge

"I had better make this a journal of the day, which has been perfectly lovely, just such a day as you have had, and throw in my comments as they come. Nothing could have been more perfect than the skill in entertaining, nothing more lovely, even wonderful than the place, nothing more charming than the whole day has been, and nothing more unreal. I cannot believe that I am here.

"I slept sound, meant to get up and write this at seven, but when a servant came in to open my shutters, and take my boots, it was twenty minutes of eight. Breakfast was at nine, I did get up, washed with splendid appurtenances, dressed and wrote two or three notes and memorandas: among others sending off to Kidder the letter I told you of. A large clock in the stables keeps the time, and when it struck nine the breakfast bell rang and we went downstairs. A good deal had been said about its not being necessary for anybody to come, but everybody did, and I inferred that late breakfasts were not understood. As soon as the party were gathered we marched into the large dining-room, a different one from that we had dined in, where were the servants standing, six men and seven women. (Thursday, four men and eleven women.) We took our seats, they theirs. Lord H. then read the Gospel for the day and a prayer *not* from the prayer book they made each a bow or a courtesy and we retired to the breakfast room. Breakfast was a little of everything served by servants from a sideboard. The gentlemen habitues got up and helped themselves but neither of three guests did.

"After breakfast Mr. Stimson, whom after a day I like very much, as a gentlemanly amiable young fellow, showed us all through and over the house; beer vaults, pantrys, game houses, and all such. This was while the ladies were arraying for the gardens and we then joined them and walked into the American Garden, the ferneries, the vegetable garden, the nurseries, and coming back to the lawn in

front of the house stood loafing there and enjoying the exquisite view."

"LEAMINGTON (after a visit to Kenilworth).

"It was my first ruin, and I could well use this new sheet in giving you the impress which ruin and meditation on ruin wrought on me. Utterly unlike as is every association but ruin, every historical memory, and every present aspect, when one compares our unique Ticonderoga with this immense pile, I was instantly set thinking of all that by all this. The same sense of the change of the world's centres and its interests, the same moralizations on the vanity of human expectations and plans, even the same mental effort in making out in the luxurious sheep-walks, whether this be a bit of old cellar or of new drain. But in the masses themselves, yet four and five stories high of the old palace, there is of course no comparison with anything that you or I have ever seen until this living day. I have bought two or three prints of it and one or two stereoscopes, which of course are better."

"ARMSTEG, *Tuesday Evening*.

"Oh my dear child! such a day as we have had, peerless for weather and through such scenery. I am wild to try to describe it and yet know I cannot describe it. But just as we arrive at this charming Swiss inn (*Le Blanche Croix* the standard of Uri) I must at least go into a little enthusiasm. You will hardly find Armsteg on any map, unless indeed in the Murray's Northern Italy which I have left

at home. It is not even a post horse place; but is a village between Altorf which you will find at the Southern end of Lake of Lucerne (the most beautiful sheet of water in the world, says Sir James Mackintosh whom you will please to see) between Altorf, I say, and Hospenthal at the beginning of the St. Gothard pass. We have driven here in a post carriage through the gloaming that we may have a full day for the passage of the St. Gothard, which if the weather is fine we make in the same carriage tomorrow.

"It was a valley ride, — like the passes of the Potomac in many places, the woods on the hills in all the glory of an Indian Summer save the red maple; the other colors quite as brilliant. Mountains higher and still higher shut in this valley, and at last began to be white with snow; not because they were Alps for they were not, but because it snowed on this Righi [Rigi] range last week for our express benefit. The valleys are as green as summer. The dahlias even were untouched which had been cut down by frost through Bavaria yesterday. The men and women were at work in the fields. The country was a garden still, as, for that matter every inch of Europe has been, but the hills which shut them in, just as the hills shut in the valley at Hinsdale and Becket, were of this gorgeous autumn coloring and the sky as blue as with us or as in Switzerland. They have built the prettiest stations, perfectly in keeping, and there is not a house in sight of the road anywhere (a hundred miles or less) that is not prettier than any architect in Boston knows how to build.

"So at last we swept through a tunnel into Lucerne which looked as if it had been saved under glass for five hundred years for you and me to look at. It was the end of the railroad. Of course the baggage, instead of going by any vulgar porter or coach was put into a little boat to be carried across the river to the dampschiff. Of course it was a market day and the deck of the D (think of the baggages being chalked with D because they were going on a steamboat) the deck of the D was crowded with the most picturesque peasants you ever dreamed of, pretty girls, farmers going home with their purchases, a Dominican friar, of whom I surreptitiously make a good sketch, and two hundred more of the funniest people you ever dreamed of. Of course the water was as blue as the sky, and the day as lovely as heaven. I did so wish you were there. A nice Swiss *guide*, who would have liked to take us up the Righi (whose little house was in sight) was very pleasant and communicative, and my German thawed in talking to him. I told him that I hoped to bring you soon and he should take us both up there.

"I do not think the hills around the lake are higher than the White face mountains or Red Hill, say, north of Winnipisogie. I know you have not seen these, but you will read this to Kate, who has. (I forgot that Kate will not be at Hartford) I mean higher than the lake. (I stop to look at Murray to find that they are rather higher, or rather that the Righi is four thousand and seventy above the lake; Red Hill is not) but these rise sheer from the water, by steeper lines than the White Mountains

show but in exceptions, and literally this lake has nothing but mountains round it. It is a gulf in the range filled with water. Snow capped, all of them today, and the foliage below, of the richest colors, with these wonderful farms carried up ever so high on the sides, and these sweet little villages on the shores. You must come there and see them. Then of course just as we landed most of our peasants, at Brunnen, up comes one of the gusts from the south, just as at that very place where Gessler in his boat was bringing Tell this way, so that he was compelled to give Tell the helm: and he jumped ashore where the chapel is. We were wrapped and double wrapped but could hardly keep our caps on. It blew as I hardly ever knew it, and made so real the Tell story. Do you know that in 1827 Miss Whitney gave me for a prize a book of William Tell? Take it and read it. It is one of those I brought in to Nelly from Brookline the other day."

"FLORENCE.

"No! do not expect my raptures yet! I liked the Venus de Medici too well before to go into much further enthusiasm now. Of all the statuary I have seen, not much, the casts have given me better previous impressions than the copies have of the pictures. I have never seen many statues till now, but what I have seen were good and I have seen them well. In old days, after I graduated and before I preached Dr. Bass and I were the only two occupants of the old Athenaeum, he as librarian, I

as visitor. He was so cross that he had frightened away everybody but me. I used to go there to read divinity, among (inter alias) some nice old editiones principes which William and Mary gave King's Chapel when they came to the crown, a gift for which I always blessed the glorious and happy memory. Well, in those days I used to top off my theology, by saying to Dr. Bass that I would thank him for the key of the Sculpture Gallery, and there without bother as if I were a grand Duke who had walked across from the Pitti on a festa day, with no public, I had the Venus, Night and Morning, Greenough's Venus Victrix, Canova's Ditto, and about six good antiques and I learned them thoroughly. This all by the way of parenthesis, that I may say, in all loyalty to the past, that exquisite as the Venus is; and I have now been to see her four times, go again tomorrow, she is no more beautiful than I expected her to be. She expresses no more and no less. I had rather have the original than any copy I ever saw, but if you would throw in Power's *California* with the copy, I had rather have the two than the original.

"Now of the rest of the Tribune, which is a collection of the finest things in this gallery, the picture which won me most, which I remember best and shall, is Andrea del Sarto's Holy Family. The connoisseurs call it the Harpeian, because Harpies are carved on the throne on which she sits. Andrea del Sarto is almost a new name to me, but everywhere I have found the same dignity, reality, and sweetness combined in his pictures. As I said to the girls

about Vandyke you soon get to feel whether these men did or did not go the root of the matter. Enthusiast as I am about Rubens, I would not have one of his sacred pictures in our church if either of the Leopolds would give me one. No, not the Descent from the Cross itself, I believe, though I should probably make an exception for that and for one other. But of this Andrea, the quality is good, really good, and then the coloring and the rest is all but up to the Raphaels. You know I like Dr. Frothingham so you may imagine that I was pleased when, today, I set out to make this remark to him, to have him fairly anticipate me, and say he had followed up Andrea with this feeling, since his visit to Europe when he was quite a young man.

"The other pictures in the Tribune are Titian's Venuses, two, both very beautiful, one of them really attractive, so far as you can get over the odious associations of the whole of that line of painting, the Fornarina, which is much finer than the copies, but which I do not care a straw for, Guido's Virgin so often copied and exquisite beyond all copies, and a good many other pictures which we have seen. You could almost reproduce the Tribune in the large room of the Athenaeum by the copies they have there."

The foregoing passages are from letters to my mother. The following on Italian politics is from a letter to my grandfather, who, as a journalist, he probably thought would be more interested in public affairs than in country houses, or scenery, or pictures.

"LEGHORN, *Nov.* 5, 1859,
"On board the Vatican.
"French mail steamer.

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"In the long run I do not suppose that I should rank the politics of the place among these agrémens. But there, here, at Genoa, and in our run through Sardinia we have been in a transition-time, it has been very curious to watch the signs of the times among these descendants of Machiavelli, and when I have emptied my coat pockets at night, I have found not only Florentine mosaics (the opera libretto) and the catalogues of the gallery, but parcels of revolutionary songs. Every day I have been tempted to write you one speculation more on the position of Central Italy. Every day I have rather shrunk from the doing so, for the reason that Cousin gave when he abstained from Buddhism, 'I say nothing of the Buddhists, in these lectures, gentlemen, because I know nothing about them.'

"Without knowing much of the inside of affairs, however, we have seen and heard and read a great deal that is very curious of the outside. I am apt to think also, that nobody knows more than three days worth more of the inside than we do. When we landed in this place from Genoa, a week ago, we found the Leghornese very enthusiastic and demonstrative. They have a reputation that way, and are called even savage by the more delicate Medicean Florentines. We spent Sunday here, and the streets were alive with Italian tri-colors, which flaunted from almost every house, many of them

bearing the cross of Savoy to indicate regard for Victor Emmanuel. What seemed funnier was that every shop and house almost, had a little rough printed placard on, 'Viva Vittorio Emmanuel *il Nostro Re.*' As poor Emmanuel has not been able to consent to be their King to this day, this loyalty to a King who had not taken the crown seems very touching. Streets and squares had had their names changed to Palestro, Solferino, Carol Alberto, and Vittorio. Even the square, where are statues to Leopold, the grand duke, and Ferdinand, from a grateful Leghorn, was altered in its own name into Piazza Carlo Alberto. I may say, *en passant* that the statue of the late Duke looks like an indifferent portrait of Professor Longfellow, and so do the effigies on the coins.

"This intense loyalty to their new King who is not their King marks everything we have seen in the week we have been in Florence. There is not so much show of tri-colors as in Leghorn, but quite enough, the flower seller offers you a leaf of geranium with one orange blossom and there are crimson picotee tied into it to make the mystic three. But every official document, of the city of Florence or of the state of Tuscany is headed with the cross of Savoy, and the words 'Regnando S. Vittorio.' The actual government of Tuscany is in the hands of three ministers, of whom B. Ricasoli, a nobleman of great wealth, and, as I am told, of great cleverness and ability, is the chief. But all their edicts begin thus with 'Regnando S. M. Vittorio Emmanuele.'

"At the bottom of their hearts they all fear re-

NATHAN HALE

Edward Everett Hale's Father

action more than anything else, more than Mazzinism, more than Austria, and more than the approaching Congress. I cannot learn that there is any real cause for this, which anybody knows, but what has been may be, and the Italians, though as ought to be everywhere said, now behave magnificently, having been fickle in their lives long before the day of 'Ay down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,' and long since. Everybody here remembers the fate of the revolution of 1849; when things seemed as prosperous as now, one fine day the Livornese national guards fired on the Florentine mob in a quarrel, the Florentines pitched into the guards, somebody shouted 'Vive Leopoldo' whom everybody had been cursing the day before, and in two hours it was settled that the Grand Duke should come back again. Now, nobody knows why this should be done again, but they think that Napoleon hopes for it, and that he is trusting time, and the chapter of accidents to bring back the Grand Duke in this, which I may call the natural way. . . .

"You will readily understand that on such a state of popular opinion Napoleon's letter to the King of Sardinia has fallen as a very wet and very cold blanket. Their press, however, both here and in Turin stands out very gallantly, and very civilly towards him. With Machiavellian ingenuity all the journals take the same tone in an argument which must have been suggested from some central headquarters; that it is important to distinguish between the principles to which Napoleon pledges himself, and the individual opinions which he sustains.

The principles, they say, are that there shall be no armed intervention, and that universal suffrage is to dictate dynasties; to the last he is of necessity pledged, to the first he pledges himself now. The individual opinions are that the Grand Duke of Tuscany shall come back, &c. But, as this is impossible without an armed intervention it falls to the ground if the principle is sustained.

"Of course, in the midst of all this, we hear a great deal of talk about everybody's position, on the outside, to whom these poor 'hereditary bondsmen' are looking. Of the Pope and his Counsellers everything bad is said in Tuscany. The press is indulged in license in discussing his right to his temporal possessions, and they do it extremely well. An intelligent gentleman said to me that this revolution differed from that of 1849 in this, that the people now know who is their true enemy, viz. Pius IX. You would think so if you saw Florence. I was present on Tuesday, at the most elaborate service of the church in the Cathedral on All Saints Day. The day, in the town, was a complete holiday, every shop closed and every other place of business. The Archbishop and an immense body of the clergy joined in the most brilliant service with every accessory. But there were not, in attendance on the service when I arrived, as many people as there were priests. Before it ended more dropped in, but at no time in that immense cathedral, with the whole pomp of the church before them, were there attendants enough to have made a respectable Sunday congregation in one of our meeting-houses.

This observation, which I made myself, confirms the remark which well informed persons here make to me that there is no part of the world where the Roman church has less influence than in Florence.

"Yet the insurgent army in the Romagna does not and dares not hazard any attack on the Roman states proper, Catholica, as they call it there. On the other hand they steadily deny, and what is more disprove, the Roman Catholic stories as to their outrages on the Roman priesthood. If the Neapolitan forces would take the initiative, it would be a perfect blessing to the whole Revolutionary movement, but Garibaldi cannot and will not take it. The *on dit* here is that when General Guyon threatened to withdraw the French troops from Rome Cardinal Antonelli replied, 'We ask nothing better, but in a fortnight after they go, your master will cease to be Emperor.' Probably untrue in itself, the story is *ben trovato* and shows well enough what the deadlock in the 'situation' is. Nobody can move anywhere and Paul Morphy himself would be puzzled to escape the stale-mate consequent, which I find people dreading. Napoleon cannot desert the Pope, lest the French church desert him. He does not want to support the Pope, because just now he is himself 'the first soldier of Italy.' Garibaldi cannot attack the Pope, because thus he attacks Napoleon. He cannot stay without doing anything, because his *cacciatori degli Alpi* must have some excitement to keep them together. Victor Emmanuel cannot take the provinces which beg him to do so, because he has promised to await the Congress. But while he

waits they melt away. They, poor fellows have given up the local nationality which we have always been told was the curse of Italian freedom and yet, now they have given it up, nobody will take them as subjects even, for the asking.

"I am afraid my dissertation is not half as edifying as the journals, pamphlets, songs, and gossip from which I distil it. I am sure it is not a hundredth part as entertaining. I sent Emily a version nearly literal of one from a thousand of these broadside ballads. If I have time before I close this, I will translate another, bitter almost to blasphemy in its assault of the exiled Dukes, which will show you another tone; I think I hardly swell the number at all in speaking of a thousand of these things, I think I have seen (not read) that number and they print new ones every day."

TO MRS. HALE

"Rome.

"I am still talking of detail, I see, saving myself, as usual from the effort to convey the whole grandeur of the hours we spent there, by talking of one and another of these incidents of it. All I knew of the general effect and the whole grandeur is, that I was wholly at home there from the first. I had felt that I belonged to the church and that it belonged to me, that I had entire right there and that it was a temple by no means the special property of this fag end of Christendom, which is burning here at Rome. I do not think I had any sense of wonder about it, nor of disgust with the little Romanisms, the

St. Peter's toes, and so on. *It is — and it is right* was rather my idea all along; glad that Michel-Angelo had planned it. I was not and am not worried by a thought of the taxes which paid for it, nor of what the stones might have been sold for and of how that *quiddam ignotum* resulting from that hypothetical purchase might have been given to the poor. Indeed the interior of St. Peter's has been (except the Vatican sculptures) the most satisfactory thing in Rome. Indeed — again it is a fit culmination to this marvellous journey of ours."

"DIJON, BURGUNDY,

"I was charmed with Geneva and am well repaid for the two days it has cost me. Not that I saw Mt. Blanc; a heavy cloud threatening snow hung over the valley all the time I was there and when I asked Mr. Magnin to whom I had a letter of introduction from our Mr. Bigelow, when this would clear away he answered very simply that it might remain all winter, though they generally saw Mt. Blanc in January. I gave you some account of the exquisite ride up the valley of the Rhone. The city itself always beautiful, has lately been a good deal enlarged and they have built the most charming walks and promenades along the side of the lake. It is more like one of our towns than any place I have seen in Europe. In a long walk I took in the environs on Sunday there were places where it fairly seemed as if I were at home. You see it is the same thing; a manufacturing and commercial republic, with plenty of old families, with great wealth and

a good deal of culture, but with no hereditary aristocracy and no army; Protestant to the backbone — even to Unitarianism and very proud of its Protestantism. Think of a town not much larger than Hartford, say with thirty-five thousand people, which has collected the enormous wealth of these republican princes, has the taste and enthusiasm for science which we associate, I think, always with Geneva, and rightly, and you may imagine what they have made of it in three hundred years since Calvin's time. The environs are curiously like those of the neighborhood of Boston or Hartford, and in a long walk I took on Sunday I saw a great deal to remind me of home."

"25 Montague St., LONDON,

"Last night having just finished these official letters I tell you of, I went to Maurice's Working Man's College. It is a large dwelling house, once Lord Thurloe's, in every room of which was somebody teaching last night. The lower floor was a library, I entered myself a member of the college by paying 2s.6d. with ulterior views. Only think Ruskin was giving lessons in water-colors upstairs! I could not get into that class last night, but I mean to next Thursday, though I shall probably never get a second lesson. Wednesday night Tom Hughes presides at a social party at which all teachers and pupils are present. I introduced myself to the gentleman who conducted the evening prayers and he walked home with me. Altogether it was a very good glimpse at the thing, and a satisfactory illustration of what one may do here."

His most characteristic experience, however, was in Ireland, where he spent his last day abroad in an effort to find John Foster, the brother of Margaret, one of the maids in his house.

"My business in Killishandra was to see a certain John Foster and his family. I knew one of his sisters in America. I summoned the landlord of the Imperial Hotel, and consulted him. Then I went to the postoffice, and soon found there were so many John Fosters as to make an *embarras des richesses.* But my John Foster was, pretty clearly, a man of "Arrish Island," who worked for Mr. Behan, and had a brother Robert in Australia. There was a thick rain by this time; but I took out my mackintosh (not used since the Rhine), had another jaunting car brought round, and we went down to find him.

"It was not a long drive; and the driver, after a mile and a half perhaps pointed out five or six men at work on a new road, one of whom was John Foster." He was not, however, his John Foster, so the search continued.

"James Markinson's was two miles the other side of the town, up a villainous road. Into the cabin — first of his brothers, then of him — I pitched; and great was his delight and his wife's. Frequent outcries of 'O heavenly Father!' at wonder that I had come, and great enthusiasm at my account of 'Margaret:' when the whole romance was dashed by their asking for Margaret's children; and it appeared she had been married these four years, and had two or three. Of this there was no doubt, as a sister had been home this year. I had a little

warning of this at the Tralee house, when the good woman had insisted that Margaret's hair was black. This was a comforting result of the morning's work. It was now two, and I had to leave for my train at four. I was no nearer my John Foster than when I began; so I resolved to sacrifice this train, and to continue the investigation in what was left of the day and evening. This I did, first on the great principle of life which Napoleon expressed, when he said, 'If you set out to take Vienna, take Vienna;' second, on that principle of travelling which I commend to all my young friends, that it is better to see one place thoroughly, than to half see two, or to pass through three without seeing them at all.

"By this time it appeared that Killishandra, instead of being a village, was something much more like a Virginian county. It is called a parish, and this had misled me: but 'parish' in Ireland does not now mean the district for which one church suffices; if, indeed, it ever did. It is more like a large American 'township.' After a solemn series of councils with the innkeeper, the postmaster, the doctor, and the English archdeacon, I got a new basis of operations. These various visits and conferences showed me some Irish interiors, and at the surgeon's and the clergyman's I met the cordial reception which gentlemen give a stranger. Since that day's journeying up and down this quaint, crowded, street, crowded so unnecessarily in the midst of a great half-settled farming country, the details of Trollope's novels have come out for me with singular sharpness. The result of the conferences as to my 'Holy Quest'

was this, that in the neighborhood of Arvagh, the other principal town of the parish of Killishandra, were two more John Fosters, one of whom was probably my man. I could take one on my way to Arvagh, which was only eight miles across the country. I had seen, meanwhile, two other Margaret Fosters, who knew nothing of my Margaret or my John. So we started, with a fresh horse in our jaunting car, and 'jaunted' over the eight miles. It rained all the time, but I enjoyed all the ride till the twilight failed me, about the time I came to my first John; I think his name proved to be Hugh. I'm sure that he knew as little of what I wanted as the most un-Irish Know-nothing.

"How we ever came to John Foster's cabin that night, I cannot tell. When we came there, it proved to be the right place; and the cordiality of its humble reception is beyond description. I have no more right to put in print the details of this stonemason's family life, than I should those of palaces, if I had seen them. I will say that I believe the regret was perfectly heartfelt which was expressed there and in other similar visits which I made in Ireland, when they found that I could not spend a week with them to test the sincerity of their welcome. The mother of this family of six or seven fine children offered to send her pretty daughter of fifteen to her friends in America by my care, if I would bring her with me. Observe that this was at nine in the evening, and the girl would have to be 'ready' at four the next morning for the expedition.

"I spent two or three hours with these new-found

friends, and left them with real regret. It proved that I could go most easily to Crossdony to the train, without returning to the village of Killishandra. I gave directions, therefore, that a man should be sent there at three in the morning for my St. Gothard walking stick, which I had left by accident that I should myself be called at five; and so retired for the night after my first day of Ireland."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE WAR

1860–1863

MY father came back from Europe into a very busy life. During the breathing space of his vacation he had spent a little while looking at his life from a distance and had determined:

"First, To give more care to my work, and write sermons of permanent value.

"Second, To cut loose from the *Examiner* and all other avocations.

"Third, To *devote myself exclusively* to my parish and refuse all other duties." [1]

He began with spirit on his new program. There were particular reasons for preaching, for Dr. Huntington, who had been his predecessor at the South Congregational Church, had aroused feeling and interest by resigning his position at Harvard and becoming a member of the Episcopal Church. [2] There was opportunity for parish work, for the church was considering a new church edifice. His first days at home were full of all sorts of things, and even when he got through the first days he had plenty to do.

[1] A letter to Charles, February 3, 1865.

[2] He subsequently became Bishop of Central New York.

TO WILLIAM EVERETT

Jan. 30, 1860. I was fairly driven from my guns last week and missed the Europe's mail. You cannot conceive of the *randan* and confusion of the first week at home. This goes by the Africa tomorrow.

"I found everybody well; my own family here and at Brookline, your father, Helen, whom I saw the first day I was here, in short everybody. They were all eager to hear from you. I distributed as quickly as I could your messages and commissions and gave, as you may be sure, glowing accounts of you.

"I went to your father's at once, and told him in great detail everything I could of your Cambridge life; successes, feelings, expectations and plans. I think he was thoroughly gratified and pleased. You had said modestly that you did not expect to take the scholarship in competition, and he had worried himself a little to think that you should expose yourself on anybody's advice to a failure which you thought certain. But I told him that I expected you to succeed; that I thought you meant to succeed, and as far as you had any right to look forward confidently, you had gone into the competition with the expectation of succeeding. I think I reassured him. Of course, if I had thought when I saw you last, that for mere practice you were exposing yourself to certain failure, I should have dissuaded you, as far as I could, from the competition. But I thought you were right in entering for it, and I think so still. I told him so. I told him also, what

you may have heard that Frank Channing, son of our Rev. W. H. C. (of Liverpool now) took an Exeter scholarship at Oxford, at the end of his first term (just before Christmas) over forty-one competitors. He had not, more than yourself, an English public school experience.

"I think your father looks a great deal better than he did when we went away.

"I made Ruah come into the dining-room, and told her, in as much detail as I could, of your housekeeping arrangements. She wanted to know who mended your clothes, on which point I was not well informed. But as my laundresses mended mine whenever I was in Europe, I told her I thought that must be the custom at Cambridge. . . .

"Our establishment here at Worcester Street with which you are not so familiar as I wish you were, has taken up its line of march again quite steadily. Emily has been at Hartford almost all the time I was in Europe. She came back with the children on Wednesday, I the next Tuesday morning for we had a villainous voyage. My boy is a new element which quite varies as you may suppose, many lines of our proceeding, he makes Nelly feel a great deal older and more confident. She had profited by my absence to learn to read; an accomplishment for which I have so little respect that as long as I was here I had not permitted her to aspire to. In revenge for which that her feet may keep pace with her head I have sent her to a little folks' dancing school kept at Brookline by Sarah Phillips whom you used to meet at Shakespeare.

"Whether Shakespeare continues I do not know. There is however, an Italian class to which I brought home galore of Italian books, in the same Brookline coterie.

"Cambridge has its new President, my candidate and I think yours, Mr. Felton. I believe there is no doubt of his confirmation. Huntington has resigned in a very manly letter, after printing a very absurd sermon showing that he has at last succeeded in believing the Trinity. Everybody is replying to it, quite unnecessarily, I think, — as the second head of it is a reply to the first à les Kilkennys, as it is. The drift of the statement is 'The whole church, with one or two exceptions believes this — ergo I do' and the tone is so 'sacramental' as you Churchmen say — and so traditional that I do not think he will tarry either with orthodoxy or Episcopacy.

"Your college friends will have told you about the desecrations of the Chapel, and the Forbes row.

"I look back on Cambridge with delight. I hope this will find you well and happy. Remember me to all my friends, and believe me.

"Ever yours,

"EDWARD."

TO WILLIAM EVERETT

"I have been pretty fully occupied since I came home. First in writing five sermons of the 'Elements of the Doctrine and its development' which, having preached I am now carrying through the press and shall send to you. The plan of them was in my mind a year since, but there are one or two points

suggested by Huntington's change of attitude, and the new interest attached here to the Trinitarian discussion has called the attention of my people to them particularly. For my parish having been Huntington's, is I think specially anxious to clear itself from any responsibility for his heresies. The Corporation acted on the principle of your government in filling the vacant Plummer Professorship. That is they accepted Huntington's resignation and appointed Andrew Peabody his successor the same evening. Huntington is to continue Professor until next September, but he supplies the pulpit by substitutes meanwhile. He was confirmed at the Cambridge Episcopal church ten days ago."

A matter of more immediate importance to him and his congregation was the building of a new church edifice. The course of population in Boston had been setting steadily toward the South End, and not only was Dover Street becoming almost "down-town", but the greater number of the congregation lived, as he did himself, much farther out on the "Neck" as it was still vaguely and each year more and more inappropriately called. Union Park Street had been chosen for a situation, and early in 1861 was gradually completed the church in which he preached for thirty years and which is most definitely associated with his work.

In the midst of this and other such interests came the Civil War. My father had believed till very late that the war would not come. In the first months of 1861, however, he seems to have changed his mind. He joined a drill club. On February 26,

he wrote to his brother Charles, who was in Washington:

"There is not any news at all, but that we drilled with muskets yesterday for the first time. Why the pesky things did not fall on the floor before us I do not know. It is excellent exercise and so trivial in its detail that it is perfect rest. I have slept better since Feb. 1st than for a great while before and have not once been tired."

When Charles came back from Washington, he urged him to join the club. The following is undated, but must have been written early in March.

"DEAR CHARLES:

"I have just come in from drill. There is a new company of as much as forty men (Ol. Peabody and a dozen others whom I knew) who had their *first* drill yesterday. You had better fall in with them.

"Minot's Hall, Sudbury St.,

"Ever yrs.,

"EDWARD."

"DEAR CHARLES: "*March* 24

"I have just sent your name to Cabot as a member of the drill club. You will have to pay Salignac six dollars; there is a fee of twenty-five cents a month to the man who cleans the guns, hence called quartermaster. If it is convenient for you to come round at 11 tomorrow (over Jones, Louis, & Ball's, No. 20) or a few minutes before eleven, I will meet and introduce you. But you cannot take your first drill at that hour, — and if you are pressed for time, I will find what the hour for the new comers is, and let

you know. We are to move this week to a hall in Sudbury St., because the floor where we are is not safe."

He remained in the drill club during the spring, even after the outbreak of the war, but there is but slight mention of it in his letters. "If the weather is fine," he wrote April 30, "I shall celebrate May day by going to Longwood with our drill club." "I found again, what I found often, that my Light Infantry experience has set me up on my pins very decidedly. After a day mostly spent on my feet, I had no sense of foot-soreness or of stiffness." On July 3, "I am to dine with the Cincinnati tomorrow. 'Seems as if I ought to wear my parade cap and jacket."

I remember the drill jacket, as a boy; he must have kept it a long time. It was a tight-fitting single-breasted jacket coming somewhat below the waist, blue with brass buttons, not unlike those we used to wear later at the drill of the Boston School Regiment. There used also to be in the study two old Springfield muskets. They were very long compared with the Springfields of to-day, and of course had percussion locks. There was also a belt with cartridge box, bayonet case, and bayonet. The cap vanished before my day.

In the fall there was a new arrangement. "Our old Salignac drill club has broken up under the weight of its own prosperity. The real leaders of it have quarrelled with Salignac, who did neglect his business badly in the pomp of fuss and feathers, and have deserted him to establish the Massachusetts

Rifle Club at Boylston Hall. I have joined there and have drilled two evenings under a philosophical Prussian drill master who has been found name unknown. He interlards the drill with anecdotes, philosophical reflections on the reasons for the manoeuvres of a sort which, as compared with Saligniac's *elan* illustrates very well the distinction between the French and German service and their comparable success in the war business of the last seventy years."

On October 29, he writes: "Our new Rifle Club fares very well. There is added to the regular drill instruction in shooting at a mark."

In the winter of '62 his brother Charles went abroad. In the spring he wrote to him "Frank Peabody. . . does *not* want the rifle, — says the enthusiasm has rather past. In fact before you come home we shall all be beating our rifles into gas-pipes, and studying war no more."

Up to the last he had felt that war would be averted. On March 2, 1861, he wrote to Charles in Washington:

"I doubt if we have any news. No other paper than ours had the final report of the Peace Conference. That august body seems to have done its duty in biding over the weeks before next Monday, perhaps would have done more duty if it had bided a little longer. There is great virtue in Time."

But of course the war did come. "War has begun," he wrote to my mother, "I am exquisitely sorry, now that it is here. I did not know that I could be so sorry about anything out of the family." On April 1, he wrote to Charles:

"I want to congratulate you specially on the dignity, spirit, decorum, and wisdom of the paper since the war began. I think it really deserves all praise.

"In the way of war poetry, print again Holmes's verses of the President's Fast. We had them the day after. The burthen

> 'God bless them when our Northern pine
> Shall meet their Southern palm.'

runs in my head all the time. Indeed the whole thing fills me with unutterable sadness. But if we come out of it a nation it is worth something."

"Your letter," he wrote about this time to Mr. George Abbott, "shows that you had there no idea of the way the whole North is backing up this movement. I have no idea that in 1775 there was such unanimity. There was not, of course, a thousandth part of the power."

TO CHARLES HALE, OR ——, EDITORS OF THE BOSTON *Daily Advertiser* marked "private"

"I wish the enclosed might be printed Monday. Cannot there be a very solemn Editorial to the point that *Taking the Loan* is the solemn business of the week, — quite as important as any week's work the war has done. The banks will never take the second if the people do not lift this off their hands, and I really believe that if there were anybody whose personal look-out it was to bring people to the mark, — and to take as much pains as would last winter

have made a torchlight procession, we might have stampedes of people swarming to the treasurer's office — and making long tails in the streets as they waited for their chance. I have a great mind to go to the Union meeting and make a speech proposing they adjourn to meet at the Assistant Treasurer's office the day he gets the notes.

"The reason for saying it is the business of the new week is that they say the notes will be ready on the 10th. Of course if there is to be any popular demonstration there must be time for it, and now there is a good deal of sporadic enthusiasm, which helps.

"Pray give us a thundering leader *double leaded if necessary*, Monday. At all events, I shall follow up the week through in second column brevities with a mitraillerie (which means musquetry) of small talk, not always songs, but utterly in earnest.

"If only I had a fifty-spot myself!

"Ever Yours,

"E. E. Hale.

"On Sunday the 15th, I shall preach on the Religious duty of *Taking the Loan* from John VI, 12 or Matt. V, 42.

"Went to the museum where was a very bright adaptation of Great Expectations, really with a most bloody new finale and then

"*Take the Loan*

"They sing it very well standing like sticks as they do so. The last verse was encored, and we came home."

TO CHARLES

"*July* 25, 1862.

"The recruiting goes on perfectly steadily. William Loring my old parishioner, who is Lt. Col. commanding the 34th wrote down to me to ask me to be chaplain of his regiment and I was sorely tempted, I confess. I suppose if I was at even a regiment's headquarters, the feeling that all was ill done would be rather worse than it is in this blissful ignorance in which we live."

TO CHARLES

"*July* 31, 1862.

"Our recruiting goes on very well, except in Boston where it has been badly botched, and drags terribly. I suppose we none of us knew last year how much the recruiting was stimulated by the zeal of officers to fill their companies and earn their commissions. Now we make few or no new officers, filling the vacancies from the ranks, and exhorting people to go into the old regiments. It is therefore nobody's business in particular to go round hunting up the men. In the country where everybody attends to what is nobody's business this makes no difference and every day the selectmen of any number of towns appear with their full quotas of men taking them to the camps. But public meetings and all that sort of thing do not do this work for us in Boston. They say today that the Maine quota is full. I dare say, that with the absurd bounty we are paying for men which has done more to check

recruiting than to help it, we shall draw men from Maine to fill up our gaps. People are getting into better spirit and the tone of the public is absolutely firm, 'They have just found out that this is not a picnic,' as I heard some one say in the cars today."

TO CHARLES

"*August* 5th, 1862.

"Old Abe has called out 300,000 men by draft, and has informed us that if the 300,000 volunteers do not appear by the 15th he will draft for them. This is as it should be — if he had put his figure higher it would have been better. The act giving him power was run through just in the heel of the session. The old theories of war are exploded, which spoke of people's staying at home and sending a few wretches to do the fighting. For if everybody goes on both sides, universal service justifies itself by the great appeal in fact, which I have so often lectured about in theory; viz. the appeal to physical force. The result of universal suffrage may be right or may be wrong, but it is the result which will be carried through."

TO CHARLES

"*Aug.* 8th, 1862

"But Abraham's draft is universally well received and has hurried up the volunteering at once. When it is filled, nearly half our military population in Massachusetts will be under arms. . . . Gov. Andrew is sentimentally opposed to a regular draft, a very absurd opposition. I think

there are already evidences that he means to call out the volunteer militia for nine months, instead of bravely taking by lot his 15,000 men."

TO CHARLES

"*Aug.* 15th, 1862.

"The enthusiasm of the outbreak of the war did not come up to the steady movement of people now about the two quotas as we call them familiarly. The regular topic is the quota of this town, and the quota of that, — how much a town is in advance: of its quota and so on. Nothing ever illustrated better the self-governing principle. Andrew receives this order for 15,000 at once. He gives it to a clerk who calculates that if the men came forward equally Boston would furnish so many, Hull so many and so on. Andrew publishes this list, and *requests* the selectmen to see that those quotas are made up. The reasonableness of the thing approves itself at once. It is, of course, no more the selectmen's business to enlist them than the Shah of Persia, but they do it with alacrity and in incredibly short time, appear in person, dear souls, bringing their quotas (of course through State Street) to the camp of inspection, and reporting with enthusiasm that they have more than filled their number.

"The draft helped all this. It was the most popular thing that was ever done. I have not seen a man myself who was not hoping to be drafted. But Andrew prefers to fill up his militia battalions and send them, and with some reason, —

though on the whole, I think he is wrong — and it is probable that he will have volunteers enough for all his 34,000 (15,000 of the first call, and 19,000 of the second).

"We are in much better spirits about the war. Gold is only at 13 premium again and exchange is down with it, I believe. I sold at the very top of the market. [This alludes to a draft which his brother Charles had sent him a while before.] Government securities of course are steadily advancing. Our crops are magnificent, and our importations not much larger than last year. So the Lord fights with us."

His brother Charles was at this time suffering under a personal experience of the most painful kind. He was now a man of some position, being editor of the *Advertiser* and member of the House of Representatives, of which he had recently been the speaker. At the beginning of the war, he had gone to Washington, but had found no opening in the varied work that was going on. In the fall of 1861 he went to Washington again, and shortly afterward, still unable to fix his mind on any work, he went abroad. My father's letters to him at this time form an excellent record of all he was interested in. The only trouble is that they are so full that one can select but a small portion of them:

"I believe if I had seen you this morning I should have reiterated the commonplace advice which I urged on you Saturday, of the value of mere

mechanical work, the more mechanical the better perhaps, to drive out of heart and mind a sorrow as great as yours. I know it, from what I went through when Sarah died and Alexander, and I think you will remember the same thing, that firm steady occupation, and that not perhaps of the highest level was the only thing that helped. Unless you fill the empty house, the devils of different kinds come in, and brooding over what might have been or should have been is the worst devil of all. This is why I am glad you are in Boston today, it is why I hope you are not there to-night. You must not think of going back to your lonely No. 22, [Ashburton Place] but at three o'clock regularly: *regularly*, for clockwork is what you will have to rely on now, you must go to Brookline or come here. Pray come to us, if it seems pleasant to you, sure that it will be a real pleasure to us.

"I don't like to say this, in a world where advice is so cheap, without going a little more into the rationale of it. I think you have never read *Sartor Resartus*. The rationale is there and very well put too; though it was in the four Gospels eighteen centuries before. It is this, that God trains us sooner or later to find out that our happiness (etymologically, that which happens to us) is not after all that matter of A. no. 1 consequence to us, that we should lay ourselves out much to secure it, or that we should think the great essential lost even if it be lost for our lives. Carlyle puts it, by saying 'There was no act of Parliament that I

should be happy.' Jesus Christ had put it more to the point, when he said 'unless a man take up his cross — he cannot be my disciple' — Because this is true; because we cannot teach it to each other; God himself teaches it to us sooner or later, in some such terrible crash as yours. And it is part of the lesson that laying stone wall, or cheapening potatoes and Indian meal for beggars, or hearing Mr. Salisbury's accounts of a collection tour shall be of more real use to us, than any review of part pleasures or part pains, or any studying out of the laws of them. I had meant to say this as soon as I could write this note. Just now mother's Sunday evening note to me comes, with the very same thing in it. 'I have often found,' she says, 'that the week's mending and tending a worrisome child were a help even when the heart was bleeding under a last parting or the head racked with the breaking up and remodelling of the whole establishment. Plain, hard, humdrum work is an excellent soother, and in using it thus, the body pays back some of the debts it owes the mind.'"

"*Sept.* 14, 1861.

"I learned with surprise of your sudden departure, but I was glad you had been sent for and know you must be glad to go. I have nothing to suggest about the Loan, but that in general I think you want to make people see they are acting together. If for some days the subscriptions of the preceding days could be printed (as those to everything else have been) the amour-propre of

the subscriber is so much the more gratified, and, which is much more, everybody is forced to read and understand what has been done. Now not one in ten persons appreciates the announcement that '$ —— was taken yesterday.'

"*Here* I should say [in Boston] that a public meeting at which a few really crack speakers, as Thomas, Everett, and perhaps Franklin Haven would speak might be of real purpose. The country is to be moved simply by the action of the cities. You can always make Worcester do what Boston has done, never what it is going to do.

"1st. I wish you would ask anybody who knows why the government will not let the contrabands at Fort Monroe come to Boston. We can absorb the two thousand in a month, or in less time if it is necessary. If the government does not want to take action it need not. But it can let them go as freemen would. It does not know them as slaves. No one has attempted any legal process for their recovery. If they were permitted to take passage North, we could be all ready for them on a week's notice, and could make the first squad so comfortable that others would follow rapidly. As it is, the strictest surveillance is kept upon them. Officers of our regiments were not permitted to bring individuals as body servants to whom they had got attached. On the most conservative view even, this is straining a point. Who made the government, Wool or Butler to be keeper of a nigger boarding house?

"2nd. I am very anxious to send to Richmond

sheets and shirts for our prisoners there. The Sanitary Commission write me that there is no way in which they can do so. I can see that Government does not want to recognize the enemy in such ways as might be involved in a negotiation about it. But suppose we put up say five hundred shirts, and addressed them to some clergyman or Masonic Order in Richmond, — would not the Government give a flag of truce at Fort Monroe to get them in? If the rascals steal them, there is no great loss and there is great shame to them. And I do want to let the prisoners feel that we have an arm long enough to reach them if we have.

"If you see Seaton will you ask him to print Take the Loan in the *Intelligence*. You may tell him I wrote it."

"*Sept.* 16, 1861.

"I enclose to you Nelly's two cents, which she wanted to give the President for the war. 'Conscience money' seems to be unknown to our exchequer and gifts even more so, so I could not get Ezra Lincoln to take the gift. But perhaps you can give it to Mr. Chase or to the Treasurer of the United States, at all events Nelly will be satisfied at knowing I have sent it. You can say it is a legitimate two-mite contribution. For she has never heard of the machine beggary of sums from children for charities, and she had nothing more and expected nothing more, but, hearing me discuss the Loan, brought in her contribution spontaneously.

"Abe seems to have put his foot in it mildly by his letter to Frémont. It will make him no friends, and many enemies: do the constitution no good and do the country a little harm.

"Mother had an impression that you would confine yourself at Washington to writing C. Hale as rapidly as you could fourteen hours a day. Pray do not embark in such mechanical work as that, which, after all Mr. *1A* could do better than you: but accept one of Mr. Chase's appointments as Loan agents, and come on here to 'Canvass the State.' Don't do anything that shuts you up in an office. You see if any letters have come from you I have not yet seen them. Perhaps I shall before I close this so no more at present."

"*Oct.* 24, 1861.

"Our public news is that the great advance has begun. Banks has crossed the Potomac, having possessed himself of the command of Edward's Ford on Monday, in a series of skirmishes which cost our Mass. Fifteenth, Devens's regiment, five captains killed, and in which we also lost Baker of Oregon, whom Dunbar thinks the ablest man we had in the Senate. It is evident that our men were severely exposed to sharpshooters. They did all that they were sent to do, but evidently attempted more than they could do, and though the result is more or less veiled in the fact that the army is advancing, the action itself seems to me rather badly botched. For us, locally, the merit of it is that our Massachusetts men behaved well.

Our Col. Lee of the Twentieth is, however, a prisoner. Dunbar has won great fame here by a guess in the *Daily* that our great military expedition by sea is going, not to a Southern port but to Fredricksburg in Virginia. I think myself that they will move up York and James Rivers. They sailed from Annapolis on Monday: a fact announced in the New York papers of Wednesday morning only, so much reticency have we gained. Seward made a bad botch by publishing a circular to the State governors, recommending them to fortify the harbours in the Sea and *on the lakes*. The stocks fell plump at once; and were only cossetted up by repeated assurance that the despatch meant nothing at all. Fortunately for him, Lord Lyons just then wrote him to say that the Queen's law advisers thought our suspension of Habeas Corpus unconstitutional. Seward wrote a dashing reply, very good though not so good as Dunbar's leader on it, the *same day* as Lyons's letter; printed it at once, with Lyons's note, and had so much chance to recover in public esteem. He is nervous, utterly shattered by his constant smoking, men say who know him: certainly everything he does seems like impulse more than reflection.

"The next night uncle Edward opened the new Mercantile course with his new lecture or address on the Causes of the War. It is in his best, i.e. his conversational style. I even doubt if some parts of it have been committed to writing. It contains some very curious passages, one where he expresses his real regret that the nullification

trouble was patched up, 'if Jackson had been permitted to strangle the hydra of Nullification in 1832, the hydra of Secession would never have been born etc., etc.' Another, and by far the best in the address a passage of ridicule of Virginia; what she would not secede for, and what she would. But, in face of the current opinion of the week, I must say that it is not in any sort, 'as it seems to me' one of his philosophical addresses; — not to be compared, for instance, with that of the fourth of July at New York. He ascribes the origin of the the whole row distinctly to the ambition of *eight or nine* men, a curious number which seems to show he knows what he means, or who precisely. You are likely to see Mason and Slidell in Paris. The N. Y. *Post* says boldly, that they are rats deserting a sinking ship. That is my own belief. That the Confederacy, for want of strength within is caving in. We do not help the process much from without, alas! The next week will show if we can."

"*Dec.* 19, 1861.

"We are just in the excitement of the news of the English passion about the Trent matter, our latest news being General Scott's very judicious letter, which shows that he has not had any paralytic stroke as I guessed he had. You will see that Dunbar toned down, with my assent one of the paragraphs of your very valuable and well-considered letter. The truth is that the seizure, as you must have seen, has been regarded here with such unmitigated exultation, that a handle against

you personally would have been made of expressions of yours indicating regret at its occurrence; under whatever lights of circumstances you wrote. Of this danger you must feel we were better judges than you. Curiously enough in all the discussion here as to the way in which England would take the seizure, the point made (and as I think well made) by the Queen's Law officers, although brought forward, has not received till now any attention. I was not even aware that anybody had stated it. But Emily is sure she had seen it. So complete was our feeling that Wilkes had mitigated the matter to his utmost by sending the Trent on. The truth also is that the arrest was managed in the most courteous manner. Lt. Fairfax is himself a Virginian, and may be supposed to have wanted to be courteous to Mason. Twice the people on the ship made such a row that his boat's crew rushed up rescue him, and both times he sent them back immediately. One of the girls ('Noble girls,' says the purser) slapped him in the face, at the door of her father's state room; and all this time, it appears from your side, Mrs. Slidell was holding the despatches in her unsearched state room ready to drop them into the sea.

"The only pity is that M. and S. were not well hung before this row from England came over."

"*Jan.* 16, 1862.

"Mother will tell you the report she had of the dedication of our church. It was truly a magnificent and solemn fête. I think I am sensitive

about the details of such things, but even my excited observation could find nothing which was not completely satisfactory. The church is very beautiful, lights up splendidly, and was perfectly overwhelmed with people. Nobody got standing room even but those who stood three quarters of an hour before the service began, so that thousands of people literally went away. I do not mean to speak of these last as if their absence contributed to the impression of the occasion, but certainly the sea of upturned faces, the mass of people who did get in, made it intensely solemn and joyous and triumphant together. The Orpheus Club sang a chorus with our Choir, so that for the Congregational Hymn at the close, there was that body of disciplined voice to lead the two thousand singers below. Really the movement of that singing seemed to take you off your feet. When Bradlee the architect found the next day that his galleries had risen a sixteenth of an inch under the throng, we told him it was Old Hundred that took them up, as so sung. I made the congregation dedicate the church. They read alternately with the pulpit the service of dedication and, at the close, came out with a will, in 'We devote and dedicate this church.'

"Really grand as all this service was I enjoyed Sunday more, because it had the thorough *home* feeling almost immediately. It was a stormy day, but the church proved light enough and it is deliciously easy to speak in. I long to have you see it and compare it with Karnak.

"You have guessed rightly that the last cares about this, and the leaving of the old church, which have been legion, have checked my letter-writing, although, as I say, I have always meant to get off a note when Tuesday comes. You know I have not your faculty of writing in the night, or rather the correlative faculty of sleeping after it. Fox, by the way, has just printed my article called the 'Mind's Maximum' of which I believe I wrote you when I was finishing it. It is rather funny and has some good advice to men who work with their heads, if anybody would get so far as to read it.

"We have sent back Mason and Slidell to their dear English friends. In fêting them I hope you will remind John Bull, that in Sumner's epigram Mason is the author of the Fugitive Slave Act, and Slidell the chief leader of the filibustering system. The utter deep-seated contempt which England has earned by the hypocrisy of the flareup about the Trent, is something you will never conceive till you get home. 'I thank God this is not an English coat,' Kidder said the other day, and that is just an illustration of the way in which grown men, not given to excitement throw England over, as a power which has lost all moral force in the world. For though our friends write us kind words, no public men but Bright, Stanley, and Argyle have dared express a wish for our success. Just now there is a pretty general thought that the Lord has taken Slidell and Mason to himself and that they are at the bottom of the sea.

"The surrender was most readily acquiesced in."

"Brookline, *June* 24, 1862.

"I have been wrestling yesterday, and since six (till nine) this morning with a pamphlet I am writing for N. E. Emigrant Aid Co., a résumé of its history of eight years. Looking back on 1854 I am astonished at the amount of work I then did in that cause; indeed which all of us did. I believe History will say, for I believe History will notice, that the expenditure of twelve thousand wretched dollars that summer, with infinite agility, rapidity and promptness on everybody's part turned the destinies of this country at a time when all our side was wretchedly dejected. 'Good God!' said Loammi yesterday who was copying for me, 'it was an apprenticeship.'"

We may close the chapter with a letter of a little more personal character.

TO HENRY P. KIDDER

"Boston, *Nov.* 25, 1862.

"I cannot tell you or our friends how much pleasure your note and its very generous enclosure gave me. It launches me on my Thanksgiving Day with a new sense of gratitude. For it is everything to me to feel that in trying to do my duty I have secured the regard and confidence of you — the people — who place me at my post and keep me there.

"I am sure that no minister was ever surrounded by people so eager to relieve him from care and save him labour. I wish every one in the parish might know how entirely I appreciate this eager-

ness of theirs, for me, and how grateful I am for such kindness. It is my loss and my great regret I cannot see them more at their homes. I could more often express to them personally my sense of this. I do hope they know that I never forget them, and in that proportion do I value every expression of theirs which shows they do not lose their confidence in me.

"As always, I find your own thoughtfulness and heartiness in the way in which this charming present is sent me. Pray believe me

"Always yours

"EDWARD E. HALE"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

LITERATURE

1856–1865

IN time of war, as at other times of deep feeling and devoted work, certain things in life continue, cropping out at one time or another, almost as if war or crisis were unheard of and affairs were going on in the old humdrum course. It must be so for vast numbers of people who attend to the commonplace but necessary matters of life, but it is so also for many who are much more closely connected with the important affairs that make the time remarkable. My father's day books, which he now began to keep more carefully,[1] are full of business and occupations quite unconnected with the War, and there is only now and then any remark on the public events of importance. Sometimes he took himself entirely out of the War and the necessities of everyday life. On one occasion — it was after some Union reverse in which the Boston regiments had suffered severely, so that every moment on the street one heard of friend or acquaintance killed or wounded — my father quietly left town and took a train for Vermont. There he spent a week in the Green Mountains, wander-

[1] He continued to do so till his death, so that the series of forty or fifty Clayton's Diaries forms an excellent means of telling what he was doing at any given time.

ing here and there as if there were no war, no Boston, no South Congregational Church. Doubtless he came back a hundred times the better for it.

The pursuits of literature possibly would not come under this head of separate and unconnected interests, for the War, in the intensity of feeling created by it, was certainly the immediate cause of his really beginning the career of a man of letters, which had for so long been vaguely one of the elements in his plans and ideas. "The Man Without A Country" came right out of the War. Still in giving an account of some other matters connected with it, we must make something of a gap in the story of his energies at this time.

In the early months of 1859, my father tucked into the postscript of a letter to his brother Charles the remark, "I finished an article for the *Atlantic* last night, 'My Double and How He Undid Me.'" [1] I find nothing more about the story. He had other literary work at this time; his next letter, February 25, says: "I have finished my lecture on the Pacific, 'my old Panama revamped.' Next week I write the conclusion of my Historical course, which likely you never knew I began. Next week my biography of Mr. Everett for *Barnard's Journal*. Next week my *Examiner* article on Making Power. Next week my notes on Ralph Lane's Voyage for the Antiquarian, and then I shall be ready to go to the India Key with you."

[1] The *Atlantic Monthly* had just been started. James Lowell, doubtless, had asked my father to write for it. It is a testimony to the real conditions which "My Double" caricatures, that in four years my father succeeded in writing only two stories.

Those things, perhaps, do not seem to us so interesting as "My Double", but they were more of the stuff and fabric of his life. I do not find much more about "My Double" except in its own pages, and cannot tell whether it was written as a regular piece of work or in happy intervals between *Examiner* articles and lives of Uncle Edward. Still written it was, and evidently very much as he wanted it. He always used to mention it with pleasure. It is a very genuine production and therefore singularly interesting from the standpoint of the biographer. There will be those who regret to use the fine fruit of letters as the simple pulp for the biographical mill. But much of the literary criticism of our time urges us to look from the work to the worker; the sixth grade teacher explains "Life is real, Life is earnest" by telling about Longfellow and showing a picture of the Craigie House; and the disciples of Coleridge do much the same thing, and of St. Beuve. So I shall quote the passage telling of Frederic Ingham's first days as a pastor in the "active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick on one of the finest water-powers of Maine":

"A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all 'the joy of eventful living' to our heart's content.

"Alas! how, little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping. To be the confidential friend in a hundred families in the town, . . . to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study,

and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!" [1]

The reason the vision did not last was that society pressed too hard with all sorts of formal and conventional duties so that one had no time for the things of real importance. Somehow or other Frederic Ingham was expected to "fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the 'Cataract of the Ganges.' They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me, it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional, — for two sets of people, one my parish. whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was in a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere."

[1] "My Double and How He Undid Me."

Mr. Ingham was a member of the School Committee of the town of Naguadavick, of the Enlightenment Board under old Judge Dudley's will, of the Board of Trustees of the new Coventry Academy, of the Proprietors of the Naguadavick Ferry; indeed he became a member of the Legislature, and besides such definite institutional positions he had certain other "functional" duties, like going to Sandemanian Conventions, to meetings of Societies for teaching the right use of the knife and fork, and other such, and all this took up his time and mind and energy so that he had no time and mind and energy for his own life. I never heard my father say, as a later philosopher has said, that Our Lord told us we should love our neighbor *as* we loved ourselves, and not *more* than we loved ourselves, and that to have anything to give others one must somehow get it oneself first. He does not say this, nor is it clear that he felt it. What he clearly did feel (at least at this time) was that there was somehow the possibility of a fine, wonderful, individual life, and that the claims of "the world" were too apt to crush it out. When Dennis got used to going to all the stock formalities from school committee meetings to lectures by foreign exiles, the Rev. Frederic Ingham "fell into that charming life which in boyhood one dreams of, when he supposes he shall do his own duty and make his own sacrifices, without being tied up with those of other people." He and his wife finally live the true and real life of an active minister and minister's wife

of an active parish. But it is too good to last, and the experiment of the Double ends in explosion. The Rev. Mr. Ingham and Polly exile themselves from society and settle in the Minister's Lot in Number 9 in the Third Range in Maine, where his wife and little Pauline are his parish, where they raise corn enough to live on in summer and kill bear enough to live on in winter, and where he works steadily on his work on "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries." "We are very happy," says the story, — and what wonder, since life embodies the ideal which had been in view for twenty years? My father always had longings to be one of the old pioneers.

It was perhaps only a coincidence that the literary form of this tale should have been borrowed from the great classic story of the victorious strife of man by himself, man, against nature.

I suppose there never was a time when my father did not know "Robinson Crusoe." By this time, at any rate, Defoe had become something of a literary ideal. "Besides these, I say, (imitating the style of 'Robinson Crusoe')", he wrote early in the story. In the times that I remember, my father often spoke of Defoe as a master of fiction, and besides "Robinson Crusoe" he used to read a number of Defoe's other novels, though I do not recall his mentioning any but "Colonel Jack." I suppose he may have got some notion of Defoe as a stylist from Charles Lamb, whom he read with great admiration in early days, for Lamb mentions precisely the same point of style that my

father notes in the effort to give the appearance of truth.[1]

However he came by it, the particular style which suited him may be seen fully developed in "My Double", which in this respect is the type of his most successful later work in fiction. A wholly impossible conception dealt with in an absolutely matter-of-fact way, — this is the material he liked when he wrote a story. It might be a story about an over-worked minister whose hired man looked so like him that he could act for him at all formal functions; it might be the tale of a high-spirited boy who was condemned to endure the carrying out of his hasty wish never to hear of his country again; it may have been a young lady who wanted to go out in the evening and improvised an escort out of a tailor's mannikin; it may have been a man who lived in New York City as though on a desert island on an empty lot surrounded by a tight board fence. Whatever it was, it was treated as a perfectly common and ordinary fact.[2] The most successful pieces of work were sometimes supposed actually to be fact in spite of the obvious impossibility. Many who read "The

[1] "So anxious the story-teller seems that the truth should be clearly comprehended, that when he has told us a matter of fact or a motive, in a line or farther down he repeats it, with his favorite figure of speech, — I say, so and so, though he had made it abundantly plain before."— Charles Lamb to Walter Wilson, December 16, 1822.

[2] This way of writing short stories, it may be remarked, was rather the usual way at this time. Poe was probably the man who made it widely known, but in the fifties there were not a few who were very successful at it, the most notable being Fitz James O'Brien whose "The Diamond Lens" is quite as good an example of the form as "My Double."

Man Without A Country" supposed it to be true.[1]

"My Double" and "A Man Without a Country" were written in the days when magazines did not print the names of their authors,[2] and came before the people as the work of Frederic Ingham. My father amused himself with the versatile Frederic Ingham. Sometimes he was Captain in the United States Navy, commanding the *Florida* captured from the Confederates; sometimes he was the Sandamanian minister at Naguadavick and later in the Third Range. In practice he held rather to these functions, but in theory he could have done all sorts of other things. He was an all-around man, a man who could do anything that came up in the course of daily duty. "If it were his duty to write verses, he wrote verses; to lay telegraph, he laid telegraph; to fight slavers, he fought slavers; to preach sermons, he preached sermons, and he did one of these things with just as much alacrity as the other; the moral purpose entirely controlling such mental aptness or phys-

[1] "The charm in his things is — as nearly as we can get at it — that the characters, in no matter what absurdity of attitude or situation they find themselves, always act in the most probable manner; the plot is bizarre or grotesque as you like, but the people are all true to nature, and are exactly our friends and neighbors, or what our friends and neighbors would be if they were a little livelier. The Rev. Frederic Ingham and his Man Dennis, so wildly fantastic in their relation to each other, are never anything but New England clergyman and Irishman in themselves; Philip Nolan, amidst all the sad impossibilities of his fate, was so veritable a man that many have claimed to know his history apart from Mr. Hale's narrative."— From a review of "If, Yes, and Perhaps", the first volume of my father's collected stories, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November, 1868.

[2] The names of the authors of the *Atlantic* articles were first given in 1862.

ical habits as he could bring to bear."[1] This is the all-around man of earlier days, with the added conception of a man as he must be in the life in common.

At about this time he made "a list of Edward E. Hale's printed works as far as can be ascertained at this date", which need not be reprinted in full. The first entry is "One article in *Harvardiana* for 1838–1839." From this first entry to "The Man Without a Country" there are forty entries. A few are fiction: "Jemmy's Journey", a child's story; the stories in the Boston *Miscellany;* "The Rosary"; Margaret Percival in America"; "My Double and How He Undid Me"; and "The Man Without a Country."[2] Three or four are reviews, though he does not mention by any means all the reviews he had written for the *North American Review*, or historical studies. But by far the greater number are publications of an economical or political character. "How to Conquer Texas"; "Kanzas and Nebraska"; "The State's Care of its Children"; "Letters on Irish Emigration"; "The Christian Ministry in Large Cities"; "Christian Duty to Emigrants", are some of the titles which he remembered when he made the list. A good while after this, in speaking of a dinner given by the Aldine Club of New York, in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, he says of the opening speech

[1] "Mr. Herbert D. Ward, to whom my father read these words from the title page of a volume he was making of his own poems, asked my father, 'Is this your epitaph?'

"'I am willing to stand by this as my epitaph,' said he."—*McClure's Magazine*, I. 4, 299.

[2] "The Children of the Public", *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, January, 1863, is not in the list.

of Mr. R. W. Gilder, "He pleased me by squarely recognizing the truth that I considered literature in itself as worthless, and that my literary work has always had an object." As he looked back over the busy years, he could have recalled thousands of hours when he was considering a letter on Irish Emigration or a sermon on the "Relief of the Poor", to scores in which he was imagining a "Double" or a "Man Without a Country." And at the age of seventy-five he stood definitely on what had happened and approved of it. It may be that he would hardly have felt just the same if he had looked forward over the list at the age of twenty-five. And yet there is a possibility; Cecil Danby, Vivian Gray, Henry Pelham would certainly have been able to pronounce upon Irish or any other kind of emigration, or upon how to conquer Texas or any other place. To understand public affairs was certainly a part of the duty of the all-around man.

The War perhaps put a clincher on the matter; if "My Double" asserts the rights of the individual, "The Man Without a Country" asserts the yet more paramount necessity of the demand of Society. All the longings for the life of the pioneer, for the island of Robinson Crusoe, become vague and indefinite mists which melt away under the warmth of that firm, fine feeling that it is a great and necessary thing to have a country.

But if "The Man Without a Country" is the great and well-known assertion of the life in common, a somewhat earlier and really more definite

treatment of the subject may be found in "The Children of the Public." I do not remember ever hearing my father say anything about this story, but this was probably an accident, for it seems as if the story must have been a favorite. At any rate, favorite or not, it contains my father's fundamental idea and the duties and privileges of those who observe it. "We have found in our lives, that in a great democracy there reigns a great and gracious sovereign. We have found that this sovereign, in a reckless and unconscious way, is, all the time, making the most profuse provision for all the citizens. We have found that those who are not too grand to trust him fare as well as they deserve. We have found, on the other hand, that those who lick his feet or flatter his follies fare worst of living men. We find that those who work honestly, and only seek a man's fair average of life, or a woman's, get that average, though sometimes by the most singular experiences in the long run. And thus we find that, when an extraordinary contingency arises in life, as just now in ours, we have only to go to our pork barrel, and the fish rises to our hook or spear.

"The sovereign brings this about in all sorts of ways, but he does not fail, if, without flattering him, you trust him. Of this sovereign the name is — 'the Public.' Fausta and I are apt to call ourselves his children, and so I name this story of our lives, 'The Children of the Public.'"

"The Children of the Public" was based on an old suggestion, and perhaps written some time

before its publishing. In the introduction to the tale when it was first republished he mentions the original suggestion, and its results:

"This story originated in the advertisement of the humbug which it describes. Some fifteen or twenty years since [about 1850], when gift enterprises rose to one of their climaxes, a gift of a large sum of money, I think $10,000, was offered in New York to the most successful ticket-holder in some scheme, and one of $5,000 to the second. It was arranged that one of these parties should be a man and the other a woman and the amiable suggestion was added, on the part of the undertaker of the enterprise, that if the gentleman and lady who drew these prizes liked each other sufficiently well when the distribution was made, they might regard the decision as a match made for them in Heaven, and take the money as the dowry of the bride. This thoroughly practical, and, at the same time, thoroughly absurd suggestion, arrested the attention of a distinguished story-teller, a dear friend of mine, who proposed to me that we should each of us write the history of one of the two successful parties, to be woven together by their union at the end. The plan, however, lay latent for years, — the gift enterprise of course blew up, — and it was not until the summer of 1862 that I wrote my half of the proposed story, with the hope of eliciting the other half. My friend's more important engagements, however, have thus far kept Fausta's detailed biography from the light. I sent my half to Mr. Frank Leslie, in competi-

tion for a premium offered by him as is stated in the second chapter of the story."

The real history of my father's most famous story, — just what was the suggestion, when and how it came to him, what he thought of it, and why he treated it as he did, — as to these things his letters and journals give very little evidence. Such mention as there is, however, may well be put down, if only to show how little impression the great events of life make on the written record, or else of how little real importance in life are the things that seem to outsiders great. The few notes that we have on "The Man Without a Country" are as follows:

Diary, *September* 24, 1864. "Letters and Man Without a Country."

Diary, *September* 29, 1864. "After dinner; Finish Man Without a Country."

To his Mother, *October* 1. "I had written to Mr. Frank Leslie telling him I had a sensation story, with a national moral, and asking him if he would print it before November. But as Mr. Fields has assumed the getting out of the 'Man Without a Country' in the November number [of the *Atlantic Monthly*] this letter became useless. I got an answer from Leslie, today, however, asking me to send it."

This hints at something otherwise known, that "The Man Without a Country", however conceived and first thought of, was written with a practical object. In 1886 he wrote in a prefatory note to the story:

"This story was written in the summer of 1863, as a contribution, however humble, towards the formation of a just and true national sentiment, a sentiment of love to the nation. It was at the time that Mr. Vallandingham had been sent across the border. It was my wish, indeed that the story might be printed before the autumn elections of that year as my 'testimony' regarding the principles involved in them, but circumstances delayed its publication till the December number of the *Atlantic* appeared."

He also, it seems, rather liked the mystification which came from the careful realism of the story.

To Charles, *November* 8. "The story is announced on Fields's list as by Frederic Ingham, Esq., United States Navy."

To Charles, *November* 13. "I think it would be a good joke in your notice of the *Atlantic* for December to say this: [What is to be said has been cut out, — probably to be used.]

"You understand that there is no *Levant* in the service. But I think this may possibly mistify some one a little, possibly Fields. We are having a splendid time.

"Ever Yours

"EDWARD.

"In private I make no secret of my writing 'The Man Without a Country.'"

To Charles, *November* 28. "Dr. Shipley says the officers at the Navy Yard understand that

Philip Nolan was not meant to deceive them but the public: — and are much tickled with the ingenuity of the hints given the Navy that it is not true.

"If Fields had not been a fool what fun it might have been!"

Such notes amount to very little, but no story needs comment or explanation less. That it is, like some of its less famous predecessors and successors, an extravaganza told with the simplest of realism, that it was written with a practical end in view, that many persons believed it to be the narration of an actual fact, that it was pointed out at the time that this was not the true history of Philip Nolan, who had really gone to Texas and been shot by the Spaniards, — these things and other things of the same sort are not necessary to be known, and they are impertinent also if they distract our minds from the real power of the story itself. My father sometimes said that he thought "In His Name" was the best book he ever wrote. "The story of 'The Man Without a Country' has circulated in much larger numbers," he also said. "It was forged in the fire, and I think its great popularity is due to its subject." Few will agree with him, and those who do may well reread the story.

Besides these things one ought to mention his historical studies. He sometimes thought that he was meant to be an historical student rather than anything else. Whether he were or were not he

always had some sort of historical work on his hands. And he usually took rather the position of the historian: his fundamental idea was the examination of original sources. While yet in college he listened to Edward Everett's lecture on the Norsemen in America and planned an excursion to Dighton Rock to study for himself the evidences offered by that curious monument. Of course his historical studies were by no means always from the original sources; after leaving college he wrote a number of things for the *Monthly Chronicle* and the *North American Review* which would hardly come under this head, and he was always having historical clubs and classes in his church which certainly did not. Indeed the two historical principles which appear to have been most important in guiding his work seem, if not contradictory, at least hard to combine. One was, as had been said, the importance of studying the original sources. The other, naturally in his case and almost inevitably, was the importance of being interesting to all sorts of people. This was most natural. We can hardly imagine such a man studying the original sources without regard to people's getting the advantage of his studies, any more than we can imagine him publishing a text of the *Antigone* or a Sioux grammar that was quite unnecessary. A history had to be founded on the original sources, he held; but then also it had to be interesting or it might as well not be at all.

As time went on and he became involved in other interests, he still continued historical studies of

all kinds. He studied Puritan politics in England and New England; he gave lectures on the Pilgrims in Holland, but also he lectured on Rome in the time of Paul and wrote (following perhaps Coquerel) on Paul before Nero. As he says above, he became interested in the history of the Pacific Ocean, and "Kanzas and Nebraska" is full of reading on the excursions across the continent of Lewis and Clarke, Bonneville and Fremont. He studied various other matters farther afield; the ancient Egyptians and Arctic voyages make the most frequent appearance in his letters and notebooks. These things, however, did not take any regular form, as we might say, of historical study: they showed an absorbed interest, but they remained only evidences. In 1847 he was elected a member of the American Antiquarian Society, an association which he valued through life, and five years afterward he became a Trustee and wrote the report of the Council. He could not, however, devote himself to any great historical work, as about this time did Parkman and Motley, but had to content himself with doing here and there whatever he found opportunity to do.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE WAR

1863–1865

WE have seen that as the War went on, my father found himself more and more carried away from the sermon writing and parish work which are so important in the everyday life of a working minister. In writing to Charles (February 3, 1865), he says, after speaking of the earlier resolutions which have been already mentioned (p. 319):

"In this system I worked very steadily till the war. Even then I clung to it so firmly that when it was suggested that I might have been Secretary of the Sanitary, I knew I should decline it. But last summer, at Milton, on a careful review and forelook, I saw distinctly that I was living in the most critical period of the country's history; — that I held official position, even in spite of myself, in relations which enabled me to be of some use in the country. I had felt this on my visit to Boston, — that at such a time a man had no right to regard his own reputation or even *the condition of a parish* in contrast to public service, and with my eyes open I determined to address myself as best I could to the national problem of the hour. You see of course that this is one of the

decisions that you and I are constantly called to make pro and con, whether we will or will not stick to the calling to which we were trained. I must, however, say that I think the greatest Civil War, and the greatest National Reformation known in history, constitute an exception to all rules. Well, — I was Vice-President of the Freedman's Aid, Vice-President of the Emigrant Aid, and in a few weeks more, President of the Refugee's Aid, and Director of the American Unitarian Association, besides being a high private in the Sanitary. These are the specific agencies through which — see tomorrow's *Daily* — I conceive the reconstruction is to come."

His letters of these years need little comment.

TO MRS. HALE

"BRIGHAM HILL; GRAFTON.
"*May* 14, 1863.

"MA CHÉRE MAMAN:

"We are having a very successful time despite this pitiless storm. The country is exquisite at every outlook and I am surrounded, as I write, with tokens of it in the shape of wild flowers and apple blossoms. I found Will at the station. He had received my despatch of Thursday, which had, however, mystified him a little because the telegrapher had chosen to date it 1/4 4 instead of 4.1/4. We actually found Rhodora in bloom by the wayside as we rode up, and I have been trying my skill in drawing and coloring from that very plant.

"The place is beautiful; an immense house

built fifty years ago, thoroughly comfortable and with rooms high as well as large; barns for forty odd cows who with their calves etc. are there. We saw them milked, in part last night, and an orchard of fifteen hundred apple trees, with the dependent 'mill-house' which means cider-mills, and such other appurtenances as you may conceive of, as belonging to a great New England plantation. It is in no sort a show place, but is in the neat good order of a working farm. The farmer's family lives in a wing of the house. But we have nothing to do with them. Will conducts our cuisine himself, and in fact we have established ourselves in the kitchen, — as being the room most easily warmed.

"Will is indignant that the weather is so thick that we cannot get the good of his tower, which, however, we ascended yesterday. It is more of a work of art than I had supposed: twenty-five feet high — thoroughly framed, stayed and boarded, and with a stairway within. As this hill is the highest hereabouts — the view of course is very extensive — ranging directly up the valley of Long Pond, and quite commanding us at the chimneys. After we had mounted this, we took a long and very pleasant walk, the wild flowers at every step seducing and exciting us. I brought home three kinds of violets, every shade of glory in maples, oaks and other budding trees, blossoms of sugar — maple, — apple and wild pear; houstonia, anemone and thalictrum with no end of the saxifrages, vernal grapes, and other spring wonders. And, as

Mrs. Nathan Hale

Edward Everett Hale's Mother

I said, in the afternoon I tried my hand at indifferent water color representation of some of them. Their garden here is very fascinating, just such as you and I would like to have. Will and his mother have introduced a good many wild shrubs and plants, and have a great many curious trees, Western, Southern, and others such as we do not often see here. They have a great deal of fruit of every kind, from strawberries forward: little fruit and large.

"We shall take this over to the village, which you remember, perhaps, is about two miles off and post it, and perhaps we shall find something there from you. I hardly know at what time I shall come down. If tomorrow is a bright day I shall be tempted to stay till the afternoon. Otherwise there are one or two things I ought to do in Boston before Sunday.

"Goodbye. Much love to all from

"PAPA"

TO HIS MOTHER

"*June* 12, 1863.

"For me, I spent the morning in a long essay to the Sanitary about the condition of discharged soldiers, in answer to a letter of theirs, and the afternoon in trotting round to see my own boys who came home in the Fourty-fourth. It has certainly very much improved those whom I have seen, not only physically I think, but in real manhood. I had a nice old lady, very sick, who has been counting days till her grandson should come

home, that she might die happy. I called there to congratulate her, and the good old soul had died an hour before I came. She had seen him twice, and then let go the hold on life which this passion for him had been strong enough to maintain.

"I think we have really no news. Much love from

"EDWARD"

TO CHARLES

"*Sept.* 24, 1863.

"I have just come from the Examiner Club, and though it was not particularly brilliant, I felt particularly sorry you were not there. There had been a conversation, introduced by Warner, on a possible literary Weekly journal, which I did not hear nor indeed regret. But I arrived just in time for a particularly nice tea, such as I did not suppose the Parker house could furnish. After which the talk went on a subject introduced at the last time, viz. the recent contributions to the Philosophy of History, Buckle and Draper's book especially coming up. Hedges who presided, made a very clear statement of the three theories of human progress: Buckle's that it depends on physical laws, Bossuet's that it depends on ecclesiastical order, and Herder's that it depends on a development of pure reason. This was itself very clear and worth hearing, and into the talk, Alger, Allen, Whipple and I dropped. The laymen present were Warner, Chas. Cummings, W. R. Ware,

Whipple, Walker (of W. & Wise) and W. F. Allen, the teacher of Newton. The ministers were those I have named — and Loammi Ware, and Chaney. We put on the nomination list, Norton, Parkman (the Sioux Indian man), Shackford, and Wasson.

"They asked if you meant to join and I said I thought you did, and this is to encourage you to save the last Friday in October for the meeting.

"This is the kind of thing which I meant, when I said that a man wanted, in a thousand ways, to get rid of himself. My life, is I think more fortunate than yours, in the requisitions made in it. But any man needs to make machinery to keep him from thinking of himself and his own concerns, as Ware says from eating his own heart. A hobby, — a philanthropy, a railroad, or a Back Bay, if they only draw you out of yourself, have their chief value in doing so."

TO HIS MOTHER

"*Sept.* 30, 1863.

"He is here to see what encouragement he can get in undertaking a new weekly journal, political and literary, — to be called perhaps *The Week* and to embody I need not say, the best lucubrations of the best minds. A sort of critic of the press, and general discussion of the great questions now forthcoming.

"I need hardly say that I entered into the subject with interest, having, since the year began been acting editor of the *Army Spectator*, chief counsel of all parties interested in the purchase of

the *Christian Register*, which is now on the tapis again, and being at this moment on a committee of the Examiner Club, to which is given the consideration of a plan for a Weekly.

"Be this as it may, Godkin proved to be an agreeable person, the least possible slow perhaps. He is a great friend of Olmsted of the Sanitary and knew the pros and cons of his going to California."

The most characteristic experiences of the War, however, occurred in the year 1864, when he made a visit to General Butler, then in command of a force lying at Bermuda Hundred on the James. The occasion was one that gave him the greatest pleasure. Like everyone else he was glad to have a chance to see something of the fighting forces which he and so many others at the North had toiled so arduously to help. He was always curious about the way public affairs were managed, and was delighted at the opportunity to see something of the routine of army life at close range. The life under canvas revived in him all the old happiness in the outdoor life which was so strong in him.

"TO HIS MOTHER

"*May* 22, 1864, Curtis House,
"BERMUDA NECK, VIRGINIA.

"In company with the whole of General Butler's staff, I have been riding along the lines at which this army is stationed, and while he and General Baldy Smith and General Brooks and Gen. Weitzel are in the cupola of this house, which is a signal

station, the staff and I and the escort are lounging away an hour on the piazza and in the grove and in the interior of the unfinished house. The Curtis family seems to have begun a new house on a somewhat extended scale, but to have left it for some reason before it was finished. It is on a beautiful bluff of land commanding a view of this royal James River, which is a magnificent stream. A fleet of three monitors and three or four other gunboats lies below us in the stream.

"No sight or sound of the rebels, in my humble opinion has been had by anybody in this command for the last forty-eight hours. Last night a furious cannonading of gunboats for a few minutes waked up everybody and has been traced to nothing. But it does not become watchful soldiers to believe there is no enemy. The army is on a sort of island — one side is made by the James River, one side by the Appomatox, one by both, and one by two long ravines which run towards each other, which we have united by very heavy forts and bastions. We should be quite safe from attack if 100,000 men were in front of us instead of the number I have indicated.

"These people themselves who surround me, interest me even more than the military operations. They are mostly very young men, very simple and straightforward, and with a few exceptions very interesting in the sort of frank way in which they give themselves up to their present business. This habit of implicit obedience is a most excellent illustration of what higher Faith

would work for men. Just before noon we stopped in this place, a hundred men, staff and escort. Everybody made himself comfortable, nobody fretted. No one has wondered what we stopped for. If we were in these piazzas a week as far as I can see, it would be the same. Capt. Puffer, an aide I was talking to till I began this note, has just received an order which he is to carry to Gen. Ames and get an answer. He mounts his horse and goes off in the hot sun, affecting to have no thought whether he wants to do the thing or not; indeed I think in fact he has none. He has very little to do and is glad that something turns up, perhaps, but in the main it is the blunt feeling that his likes and dislikes have nothing to do with the matter. They do not swear, they do not drink, they do not brag. They tell little simple stories and laugh at them pleasantly, almost as the nuns in a convent might do. Indeed they impress you as living very much out of the world, as indeed they do."

TO MRS. HALE

"It is exactly like life in the White Mountains in its physical and moral effects on me. The early rising, the early bed-going, the open-air exercise, the indifference to newspapers (this I write as Gen. Butler throws down papers like an editor) the *insouciance* to all but duty which I have been trying to describe in a letter I wrote to mother at Curtis's to-day, all this is just like vacation life at the mountains.

"I am sure for myself that only the twenty-four hours that I have spent here have been to me an invaluable piece of education, not in war or its science, for of this very little is thought or said, but in character and feeling of men isolated from the world and intensely excited by the work which they have to do. There are some admirable men here — some very young men, all of them men to whom this is the beginning of a liberal education. To see the way this works is profoundly interesting.

TO MRS. HALE

"In the Field, *May* 24, '64.

"Who should appear this morning . . . but Willson. I cannot tell you how handsome he looks, now he is burned so brown, nor what a nice talk we had together. We went off into the woods together, where we found a cool shade and lay down together and had such a talk as I fancy two school girls might have together. Different from little men, he began at once on what was nearest his thought and heart, the officers and men under his charge. It was profoundly interesting to hear him. It was really grand to see a man who does not think himself well adapted to his work, who has simply come out because he cannot stay at home — must have his record right or die. You see it was not as the others are, the eagerness to hear from home or to talk about home. It was the desire to talk with some one who would sympathize about the thing that interested him so much.

"We lay there till nearly one o'clock and then came up here and found Gen. Butler reading the newspaper. We sat down and he talked very freely and pleasantly about the campaign, about politics, and indeed about everything. We dined, and W. and I were going off again when he stopped us while he told some story and smoked his cigar. The detention proved to be a pleasant thing, as it gave us a chance to see an experiment with a newly invented cannon rather after your heart.

"An aide came in to say that he had just receipted for a Gatling cannon which had arrived and where should it be put. I asked what a Gatling cannon was, and Gen. Butler said we had better have this brought out in front of his tent for us all to see. So round it came with its ammunition, and as it is an entire novelty everybody came out from the kraal to see the trial.

"I think the feminine mind would like it because it is a gun which is worked like a coffee mill. One man pours cartridges into a hopper, and the other grinds a crank and so it gives thirty bullets a minute as long as a man can grind. A post was selected in what was left of the fence whose boards make my floor and that of every other gentleman here, and the General sighted and ground away. We could see the bullets strike; they are large minie balls, — and by advice of the forty loafers the piece would be aimed accordingly. An orderly mounted was kept on the road to prevent people from riding by. . . .

"Well Willson went away and I walked off to

a cool place in the wood to my meditations and my drawing. In camp it was hot, — in the woods it was nice and cool. Very strange it is, the sort of feeling of a watering place or mountain house, which on such a day the whole gives you. Some of the gentlemen were hard at work, on their maps or papers. But these you did not see, they were in their offices. The rest were lolling round for air, talking under the tent-fronts (flies), lounging the day through. The arrival of this gun was just like the arrival of a pedlar's cart at the mountains, — and people went out and practised at a mark in just the same way."

TO ELLEN

"Headquarters in the Field,
May 25th, 1864.

"My dear little good girl;

When we write 'in the Field' we mean that we are in an army ready to march, and only temporarily staying here. But if you will look on the map of Virginia for the places named in the map I enclose and will imagine me in a tent not far from the middle of the white space left to the east of General Butler's lines, you will know where the particular field is that our Headquarters are in. I think you might pin on a blue cross there on the map for mamma to see as she sits at table.

"Today I took a very pleasant walk and seeing a house and well I stopped to see the people. They had not run away and were very glad to see visi-

tors. It was a farmer's house, and looked much as such a house in the country would look in New England, with a few well worn books piled upon the bureau, and a good many high colored pictures of Mary and Nancy and such, framed on the wall. These were pictures painted as battle pictures are.

"The mother and the oldest daughter were sewing and two or three boys and two or three little girls were in and out of the house evidently quite wild with excitement. The man was a shoemaker and was mending soldier's shoes; two or three soldiers were waiting for their turn and so there was quite a little party of us. I borrowed the scissors which the oldest girl had, and cut out a nice ring of boys and girls. It seemed to be quite a new invention, and the little girls were very much excited by it. The smallest one was about three. She could not talk plain. Her name was Nan. When I asked her other name, she said it was Sissy. But it proved it was really Bradley. The other girl I talked to was about eight; her name was Martha Bradley. I should like to have you write her a letter. Then we will get some of those pretty picture cards and send them all together. I will contrive some way so they shall be sure to get them. Do not send the letter till I come home.

"Then I went on to see the Union Church, I am sorry to say our men had broken some of the windows, and defaced the interior of it. It was only the plainest little building in the world, but they used to have a meeting there once every other Sunday. If I should be here next Sunday perhaps

I shall have another. But I shall probably start for home before then.

"I had another visitor last night just before I went to bed, and tonight his little brother or sister came; I do not well know which. It was a little toad, on the floor of my tent. The floor was dry, and toads do not like wet, and the grass was wet with a shower. So the little man jumped in here. Then he did not like my light, so he jumped all round the tent and up on the canvas to get out again. At last he came to the little open chink, — and I shook the board and he hopped out. To-night, when his sister came I took her in my hand and put her out bodily, so as to give her no anxiety. The name of the first was Bat, and of his sister was Rachia.

"It has been the quietest of summer days here excepting the thunder storm. I took this pretty walk, but have had no other adventure till this with the toad came. Yet we had at breakfast the news of Gen. Grant's great success in driving Gen. Lee across the North Anna. But we are all so busy, that I found the two surgeons just now at nine in the evening had not heard the news. This it is to have no newspapers.

"Write till I tell you to stop. Give my love to my dear boys and Mamma.

"From Papa"

TO HIS SONS, ARTHUR AND CHARLES

"This is the way the camp looks from my tent. This only shows part of the camp. The first tent

is the fly in front of the chief of staff's tent. A fly is a square sail stretched above or over a stick, and here it makes a porch in front of the chief of staff's tent. The chief of staff is writing at his desk in his verandah or porch. Next comes the General's tent. It is the grandest of all. A fly is stretched over it to keep off rain and sun. He is not dressed yet, so it is closed in front. But when he is dressed it will be opened and a flag like this will be set up in front of it. One stripe of the flag is red and one is blue. There is a star in the middle. But the red has faded so that we must have another flag. In front of the flag walks a sentinel day and night to guard the General. You see him next a post. I do not know what are the next tents to the General's. In front of the next, in the fly some of the staff dine. I believe the tent is Col. Kensil's, and the next Capt. Davis's. The next I do not know.

"On one side of the General's tent there are thus stretched eight tents, — most of them with flies in front for verandahs. On the other side are nine much like them. Then the tents begin to run down the hill on one side, — not on their legs for they have none, but in a line. There are about ten more here which front on the field which the General's fronts on, but are on the side of it. The last but one is mine. On the third side is a little separate camp of little soldiers' tents, — the tents are small but the soldiers are not. Their tents are not grand and have no flies. Mine has a fly on it, but none in front.

"The soldiers' tents are directly opposite me. They look something like this. These soldiers are the General's escort or bodyguard. If he were attacked in riding I hope they would close up around him, with him in the middle, and fire their little guns till the enemy all ran away. They are the First New York Mounted Rifles. When the General goes to ride, all his staff goes with him, unless they have been excused. This makes twenty or thirty. The escort follows behind, — and one man carries the big head-quarters flag. So you can tell if the General is here by seeing if the flag is here, unless he is asleep or unless it rains. If it rains I observe the flag is taken in. The escort does not always go. If it is dusty they are rather more plague than profit.

"As I write the black men who are servants are getting the breakfast. The different officers eat their breakfasts in little parties which are called messes. There are three doctors who make one mess. The negro man sets the table in the fly in front of the tent. The table is sometimes a little table, but generally it is a few boards laid on a box. When I took tea with Dr. McCormick's mess their table had been borrowed and the tea was served on some boxes of medicines. Almost every one has tin plates.

"But first I must tell you how we know what time it is. When it is time for the First New York Rifles to get up, their bugler blows on his horn a sweet little tune which is called by a French name which means the wake-up tune. Then from other

camps of cavalry regiments you hear the sounds coming over very sweetly. Then if the wind is right you hear the drums of the infantry and artillery regiments beating their get-up tune. I have not heard this but once. Then your black boy comes in with your water, and blacks your boots and brushes your clothes, and you turn over and go to sleep again. But in about an hour the bugler blows another little tune for the cavalry men to have their breakfast. And by the time he blows his third, we generally have ours. I am now waiting for Stephen to come and tell me that breakfast is ready. I take my meals with the General because I am his guest. No one else does, — unless there is some visitor. Today we have a visitor for whom the General had a bed made in his tent.

"After breakfast there will come round a Provost-Guard to clear up the camp. For we like to have it very neat. First will come a sergeant or corporal, then two soldiers carrying a barrel like this. Next them will be two men with shovels and every scrap of paper and stick and rope-end and other disagreeable things which they see they will throw into the barrel for these men to carry off. So every day the field looks as if we had but just come.

"Now I must put this up and go to my breakfast.

"So good-bye. Kiss the baby and mamma and Nelly and grandmamma for Papa,

"And be my own good boys."

TO CHARLES

"*Nov.* 8th, 1864.

"I write at the end of our Election Day. More exciting, it seems to me, the last days of the canvass have been than they were four years ago. But tonight every one is in good heart and spirit, from that pervading sense of good news, I trust, which anticipates even the Castor and Pollux that brings it. Up to this afternoon there had been no mob in New York, and that has been at heart the seat of our real anxiety. . . .

"The McClellan canvass has, me judice, been losing strength every hour since the nomination. In Boston, of course, there was the disgusting snobbery of people who really do not believe in popular institutions. I wish you would read my lecture to them in an article on Curwen I wrote in the *Advertiser*, which has been a good deal complimented. People in the midst of this often get badly frightened about the campaign. But I am enough in the wider circle of the people themselves, — not to say of the State itself, — and I have learned so well that Milk Street is not Massachusetts by living ten years in Worcester, that this glamour does not deceive me. You see we had the real trump cards on our side — if you will read the lists of Vice-Presidents and such. Poor Winthrop's only intelligible account of his folly is that he did not want to be in the same boat with Henry Wilson. Disgraceful for a man to admit that a personal prejudice should influence him when

the National Life is at issue. But perfectly characteristic, and as far as he knew true. The real difficulty with him is that he did not and does not believe in the people, — or in short that all men are brethren. . . ."

"*Nov.* 22nd 1864.

". . . . Not a word yet of politics, because after Election Week we all settled down to such absolute satisfaction that we have said nothing of politics. The McClellanites who have any sense are mighty glad they are beaten. You will have observed that my statement of the East and the West doing the thing[1] proves true, and as your old friend Banks suggests, it is mighty well they did. I believe, however, that if all New England and New York had gone wrong, the West would have still been the corrective. I commend you to Lincoln's own speeches, which are admirable. In one of them he repeats an epigram from his first message which I have steadily quoted, but have heard from no one else: — that the War is to decide 'Whether a government strong enough for its own preservation is necessarily too strong for the liberties of the people,' or I believe he puts it better, the other way, — 'weak enough for the liberties of the people is too weak for its own preservation.' We have no secrets about the war. We do not know where Sherman has gone."

We may close this series of letters by two which commemorate the end of the War.

[1] I.e. without the assistance of the Middle States.

"BOSTON, *April* 12, 1865.

"DEAR CHARLES,—

"We are wild with victory. The sense of it comes again and again and again and yet we do not feel it. I give up my postage to the despatches, because they tell the story as nothing else can or does. The cleanness of the thing was in the way they came. The capitulation was made some time Sunday, I do not yet know when. At midnight Sunday the despatches I enclose began to arrive here, so that they were all in the morning's paper. Grant had said from day to day he thought they would surrender, but except that, the news announced itself without other omen than steady victory every time. Sheridan struck their retreat. Fayetteville, — where Lee's headquarters were at our last date, is the head of batteau navigation on the Appomattox two miles S. W. from Richmond, the largest village in Prince Edward's county. Our telegraphs must have been laid to that neighborhood in the seven days between the fall of Richmond and the surrender.

"I got the news in the paper yesterday morning. They had been firing salutes since 5 o'clock in Chester Square, but none of us had waked up. All day long we did nothing that we ever did before. The enthusiasm of the time was splendid. I send you by Millar my Thanksgiving proclamation. We had a very good impromptu service at church, —. which seemed the natural thing to do.

"Dunbar is at the South, and I had the pleasure of writing the leader of exultation, which, rather

badly misprinted you will find if your paper comes."

"BOSTON, *April* 15, 1865.

"DEAR CHARLES:

"I write to you in the first gloom of our great calamity. To think that it is in the same world, and in the same week of our victory and gratulation. It is a picture on the largest human scale, of the eternal and divine contrast between the triumph of Palm Sunday — and the wretchedness and glory of the Crucifixion. The dates, you know, are absolutely these dates in the calendar.

"The news was brought into our house by the man who makes the fire. They told him he might be mistaken and the poor fellow said he wished God he were. But there was all the fatal precision which there was in Grant's despatches of victory.

"The rebellion dies true to itself. And in this act — it leaves a seal and illustration, which will stamp it in all time — after each separate memory of barbarism and cruelty beside is lost. Almost the last word I said before I went to bed, was to the editor of the Savannah *Republican*, under its new status. I said this had not been a work against slavery but against barbarism; it was civilization against barbarism. It has been impossible to make your English friends understand this. Nor do I suppose they will understand it now. But this is very patent illustration of it before man and God."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

RETROSPECT

THE War makes a point in my father's life at which we may look back and forward as at no other point. He said himself some years afterward: "Until 1861 I was only known in Boston as an energetic minister of an active church. I didn't want anything else. I believe now, as then, that if anything is going to be done it is to be done through that agency. Then the war came along. I was in the Massachusetts Rifle Corps. Then I was in the Sanitary Commission. To save the country — that brought one into public life, and I have never got back into simple parish life again." [1]

He appreciated this change in a general way at the time. While he was in England, looking at his working life from the distance of a leisurely vacation, he saw that his attention was being distracted from the more particular duties of his calling, and made up his mind that when he came home, he would devote himself more particularly to his parish work, especially to his sermons and his parish calls. When he did get home, he began to carry out this good resolution, and the business

[1] From an interview with Mr. Herbert D. Ward, in *McClure*, January, 1893.

incident to the building of a new church kept him up to the mark. But then the War came. He could not enlist, but he found much else that had to be done. With his eyes open, as he says himself, he took up one outside duty after another, — the Sanitary Commission, the Freedman's Aid, the Soldiers' Memorial Society, — though he saw that he was thereby prevented from carrying out what had seemed so necessary a change in his plan of life. At the end of the War he found himself in a different position.

Just what the difference was he did not perhaps wholly perceive. But he gives a very curious summary of his own thoughts on the matter.

"*Sunday night, Sept.* 24, 1865.

"Dear Charles.

"I said as I closed my last letter, that I would write soon about myself. I said this half with a consciousness that such letters as I am apt to send give as little idea of my personal or interior life — as if I had a clerk write them, partly because I have been greatly roused lately by a sense of gratitude to the thought that while we are sure to speak of any accident or misfortune, a sprained ankle or a sick child, if on the other hand, everything is perfectly halcyon its history is not written as Montesquieu says and leaves no record on the after history of life, certainly none on its distant history, when that history is read by one as far away as you are.

"Simply then I have a right to call this summer

and autumn halcyon days; — storm breeders, if you please, but for that God may care and will. What I know is that I am well, successful and happy; that my wife and children are well and happy, that I am as near out of debt as a man of my temperament is likely to be, and am on the way to be farther out. That so far as I know or care, good men think well of me, and that so far as I know or care, I have no enemies."

It seems a good thing to omit a part of this letter. "This is a thing," he says of one remark in it, "one may say to his wife or to his mother possibly, or to his confidential brother, but hardly to any other man or woman." But most of the letter, and especially that part about his particular position in the world, seems no more intimate than much which it is quite right to publish.

"Going then into the radii of the outside circles, to speak first of my profession. I entered my profession with little ambition for success in it. I soon abandoned what little I had. I entered it with no theory but to take it much as I found it. I soon abandoned that, I mean that I was soon satisfied that the New England minister who thought that theology was his province because he must be a theologian, was as much mistaken as the soldier would be who thought mathematics was his province because every soldier must be a mathematician. I soon satisfied myself that the profession in our time could not subsist on or by or in its old standards. For myself, I understood that my work of the ministry should be carried out with certain dif-

ferent methods, in search of certain results not aimed at in the ministry of the generation before me.

"Or without saying that I started upon any definite plan, I soon saw that the man who meant to move the community by moral agencies for its good, needed a wider base for his operations than any deference given to the pulpit, even in its best successes, would give him. My theory is that the pulpit gives a man the influence which he must use in other walks and spheres than the pulpit alone. All which I say only by the way in this memoir, which is not a memoir of my plan of life. I say it only that I may say that this theory of the profession, has so far as I am concerned succeeded. I do not know that it would find any imitators. I even doubt whether it would. But [bottom of the sheet worn away] the largest protestant church in Boston. And thus while no one would call me what I never aspired to be, the most distinguished preacher in our communion, I suppose I would be popularly called our most successful minister. Whether called so, or not, in an attached congregation eager to forestall my wishes I have the evidence of that sort of success, so far as I can ask for it, of the deeper evidences of the more true professional success I do not care to speak here.

"Now to go outside what is personal to me, on which I have lingered unwillingly enough because these are confessions of gratitude. Perfectly satisfied myself that this country is to be made a

civilized nation by the practical application of the Christian religion, I was of course dissatisfied that this Unitarian body of which I am conscientiously a member and minister, should sulk on one side and leave to accident or providence the propagation of such views, and their practical introduction in politics, in education, and the other functions of society. So soon then as I found I had any influence in the more general councils of this body, I exerted myself to see an effort made that we might assert ourselves as a communion as the advance body in Christian civilization not satisfied with any position in the rear. This theory of our position is certainly getting itself recognized in our churches and throughout the country. The apologetic vein of speech on our side, and the condescending tone on other sides have wholly disappeared. We understand ourselves and other people understand us as being a leading power for good or for evil in the working out of the fortunes of the land. It is a great thing, it is a great source of personal comfort and happiness to see such an advance in the self respect of the Ecclesiastical body to which in conscience one belongs.

"In that body just now circumstances make me a leader. Such sort of leadership is lost as it is won, without any effort or any fault of one's own, and I know that this will fly away as idly and foolishly as it came. While it lasts it is a satisfaction to have it, not to grumble because 'they' do not do this or that, but to have quite as much right and opportunity as any one to say whether

'they' shall or shall not do this or that. While I certainly expect to yield this with a good grace, I will not fail to insert among these satisfactions the present hold on it.

"I must ascribe to the same accidental hold of that influence the position which I have in the councils of the Freedman's Aid, the Emigrant Aid, the Soldier's Memorial, and which I have had in the Sanitary. The reconstruction of the country is, in my point of view, much more in the hands of these agencies, if they be bravely and broadly administered than it is in the hands of the Government itself. I am certainly glad, therefore, to be of counsel in the administration of their affairs.

"For any influence on the community which their affairs may demand, I have as good an influence with the press, or as warm an entrée as one can ask for. Accident rather than desert has made me a contributor and a favored contributor to the *Daily*, the *Examiner*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Register*. These journals are glad to have me write for them as often as I will, and excepting the *Register* compensate me for writing, the *Daily* and the *Atlantic Monthly* handsomely. Godkin who edits the *Nation* and Norton who edits the *North American* have urged me most cordially to write for them. If I do not do so, it is because I like my other organs better, and do not need those vehicles to the public ear.

"And I will not close this memoir, written as a detailed expression of gratitude and, God knows,

without a thought of boasting, without saying one thing more. All such real satisfactions as these may be embittered after all by a tight shoe, or a bad corn, or by those moral or mental annoyances for which these are the metaphorical names. A man may be harassed by his neighbours, by his parish, by this party, by his rivals. I am not conscious of any such harassment. First of all, I am eager to say that the body of men with whom I have most to do, viz. my own parish and its officers; are eager to find out how I can be most at ease. In the way of money, in the command of my time, in leaving me free from surveillance, in satisfying themselves to let me do my own work in my own way, and in persuading themselves that I am doing it when they do not see that I am, they give me all the freedom so far as I can see that a man has who has an 'independent fortune so called.' In giving virtually to my direction the expenditure of more than $10,000 a year in charitable or benevolent undertakings, they give me most of the satisfaction which a man of fortune would have in expending that amount on his charities; they take away the only annoyances which can connect with life on a salary paid by other men.

"If I had not already sent you the first half of this I should probably never send the rest, for I see how of necessity it runs into the tone of self conceit. .But I say again, what indeed you know, that it is not written in that tone, but that I may not be guilty, by the accident of correspondence,

of dwelling only on the minor annoyances or interruption of the current of a very happy life.

"Finished at Tremont R. R. station in Wareham, I believe Bristol County, waiting for the Hyannis train."

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